

*Beginning A Wife Who Couldn't Be Bad*

# SMART SET

*September  
25 Cents*

*True Stories  
from  
Real Life*

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AP2  
S6

Photo by Seely  
Hollywood

### Viola Dana Reveals the Secret of Her Beautiful Eyes

Miss Dana, world-famous for the beauty of her expressive eyes, accentuates the lovely sweep and length of her curling lashes by darkening them with the dainty toilet requisite she is here shown applying, "MAYBELLINE."

She has used "MAYBELLINE" for ten years, both for street wear and in her screen work, and regards it as indispensable.

Millions of women, from charming girl to quietly matron have discovered how "MAYBELLINE" reveals the hidden beauty of their eyes.

"MAYBELLINE" is harmless. The popular Solid Form or the waterproof Liquid Form, BLACK or BROWN, are 75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

*Maybelline*

Beautifies Eyelashes and Brows Instantly

Al  
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co  
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va





7  
246

## Prevent infection in summer —insect bites, prickly heat, etc.

SOOTHE the baby's sensitive skin with a solution of Zonite—one tablespoonful of Zonite to a quarter-glass of water. In cases of prickly heat or water blisters on the body and legs, you will find that Zonite quickly relieves both the pain and the irritation, and still more important, it prevents infection if the child scratches the skin with the fingernails. Also, many mothers have obtained splendid results in treating baby's eczema.

Zonite is used in scores of baby-hospitals. It is a blessing to mothers in the "second summer." Then as the child grows older, there are the daily cuts, wounds, poison ivy, sunburn, etc. Take no chances. Use Zonite.

Directions on  
every bottle

# Zonite



2658  
4604

## Treacherous germs of blood poison—kill them outright

IN the summertime the dreaded scourge of infection creeps on its victims unawares. Broken bottles, rusty nails and barbed wire threaten every camper. Mosquito-bites, sunburn and blisters are dangerous sources of infection.

But you need not carry a whole medicine chest full of special preparations for all these purposes. The same bottle of Zonite which prevents infection from knife-cut or gun-wound will soothe your sunburn and insect-bites or, as a mouth-wash, will prevent colds and more serious diseases of throat, nose or gums.

Best of all, Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous. With this marvelous antiseptic available, there is no longer any excuse for the skull-and-crossbones in any family medicine chest.

For sale at all  
druggists

# Zonite



## Concerning the Safe Practice of feminine hygiene

WOMEN especially have extended to Zonite a sincere welcome, for this new form of antiseptic has lifted a cloud from the minds of enlightened members of the sex. Before the arrival of Zonite, women were forced—actually forced—to depend upon poisonous germicides such as bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid.

These poisons, labeled with the skull-and-crossbones, carried their own warning of hardened membranes and areas of scar-tissue. Doctors and nurses knew of this, but no germicide existed which was harmless, powerful and quick-acting. Zonite, however, is absolutely non-poisonous and safe to use. Millions are using it. Ask your doctor about Zonite.

Full directions  
in every package

# Zonite



## Prevent Deadly Gum Diseases —also protect gold dentures

PYORRHEA is a germ-disease of the gums which in advanced stages also attacks the bony structure of the tooth sockets. If infection is allowed to continue, the system will absorb the poison, with possible serious disturbances in the blood, heart, kidney and intestinal tract.

All cases of established pyorrhea should have the attention of a reliable dentist, but as a preventive measure Zonite is invaluable because of its enormous germicidal strength and its harmlessness to human tissue. Zonite actually kills germs. Use it as a daily mouth-wash and prevent infection.

Dental plates of metal or vulcanite are kept clean and wholesome if placed overnight in water with ten drops of Zonite.

In bottles: 25c,  
50c and \$1.00

# Zonite



### Also Zonite Ointment

Also, the Zonite Products Company has perfected Zonite Ointment, which contains the active principle of Zonite in a new organic chemical compound, invaluable for skin irritations and infections.

This ointment, applied to the perspiration centers once or twice a day, is a real body deodorant and absolutely non-injurious. In form it is a true vanishing cream—greaseless, stainless and pleasingly aromatic.

Zonite Products Company  
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below:

- ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home  
☐ Nursery and the Baby  
☐ Feminine Hygiene (P-17)

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Please print name

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VOLUME 79  
No. 1

# SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

SEPTEMBER  
1926

## Q The Best True-Life Serials

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## Next month ~ Beginning MEN WHO HAVE KISSED ME

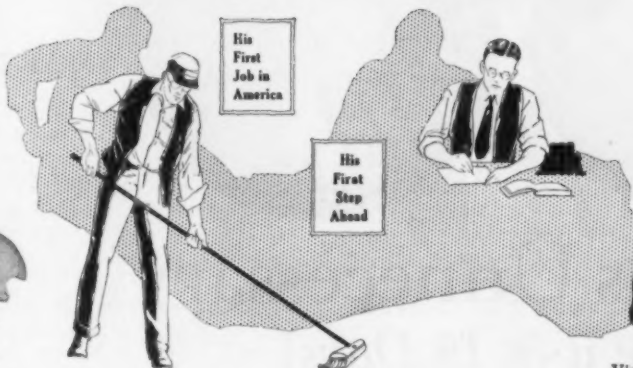
SIX LOVE EPISODES ~ In the Life of a Beautiful Woman

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# Stenographer and Clerk when He Started Five Years Later — General Manager



**J. W. ELLIS**  
President  
The Chemical Supply Company  
Cleveland, Ohio



**H. A. NELSON**  
Vice-President and General Manager  
The Chemical Supply Co., Cleveland, O.

## How H. A. Nelson Made Each Place a Stepping-Stone to Bigger Things

### "Any Man Would Be Benefited"

"Mr. Nelson entered our employ as a clerk. Soon he began your training. By 1920, he had developed sufficiently to take charge of our correspondence. He later took your training in Business Management and is now Vice-President and General Manager of our company.

"We feel that your training has been, to a large extent, responsible for his development and we think that any man with ambition will be greatly benefited by a course in your institution."

**J. W. ELLIS, President**  
The Chemical Supply Company

### Used Training in His Daily Work

"The LaSalle Problem Method makes your training a real pleasure and immediately useful. When I had completed only a very small portion of the training, I applied the principles to my every-day work.

"When I first enrolled, I was employed as an ordinary clerk. Today I am Vice-President and General Manager. My LaSalle training in Modern Business Correspondence and in Business Management has been a powerful factor in that five year progress."

**HENRY A. NELSON**  
Vice-Pres. and General Manager  
The Chemical Supply Company

ON a June day in 1917, H. A. Nelson reached New York from Holland—without friends or relatives, and unable to speak English. The only job he could get was sweeping floors.

He took it—learned our language—and began to build his future systematically.

Quick to sense the opportunities for men of this country to improve their business knowledge, he added LaSalle's great resources to his own.

In 1919 he started as a clerk and stenographer with the Chemical Supply Co., Cleveland, Ohio, manufacturers of sanitary specialties. Because this firm, the oldest and one of the largest in the country, sold its products entirely by mail thru jobbers, he saw the importance of effective sales letters and enrolled with LaSalle for training in Modern Business Correspondence. That helped him to move up in one year to assistant sales manager, with 100% increase in salary.

These bigger responsibilities brought new demands. Following his policy of preparation for the job ahead, he trained with LaSalle in Business Management. This added knowledge and ability carried him to his present place as Vice-President and General Manager.

*H. A. Nelson rose rapidly because his ability grew rapidly.*

### How You, Too, Can Improve Your Position and Income

Nelson followed a universal business principle just as thousands of other LaSalle members

have done. You—and everybody else—can utilize the same principle.

To succeed—to make progress steadily and rapidly—added ability is necessary. The more efficient you are, the more you'll earn.

### The LaSalle Plan for Business Success

For 17 years LaSalle has been preparing to help you. Every resource of business and education has been utilized to perfect home-study training for adults that will speed your progress with the least possible cost and effort. *The LaSalle Plan is the result.*

How successfully this plan works out may be judged from the fact that an analysis of the progress made by thousands of LaSalle graduates following the completion of their training shows that the average salary-increase is **40 per cent per year!**

Information about such a plan can be worth money to you immediately—and—the coupon brings it to you **free**. With it you will receive a 64-page book setting forth the opportunities in your own field of business and explaining clearly how you can turn them into a bigger income. This book contains information of the utmost value to the man eager to advance to a position of responsibility and power.

*Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career — then clip and mail the coupon NOW.*

## LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

### FIND YOURSELF THRU LA SALLE!

#### LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 950-R

CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of your salary-doubling plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- ☐ **Traffic Management:** Foreign and Domestic; Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance.**
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
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- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
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- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping.**
- ☐ **Business English.**
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish.**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking.**
- ☐ **C. F. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**



**free!**  
mail  
coupon  
now

Name

Present Position

Address





## Bunions Unnecessary

### Prove it in 15 Days!

Can you believe your eyes? Note the actual photographs above. (The same foot, pictured twenty-seven days apart.)

Will you trust your own senses? The same wonderful demonstration on your feet, free if it fails.

No wonder *pedodyne solvent* has caused the whole world of foot specialists to turn their attention from surgery to the miracle of chemistry that gently but surely *dissolves the growth*.

So far as the painful part of bunions is concerned, you may forget it from your first day with *pedodyne*—for relief is almost instant.

Actual reduction of the enlarged joint takes a little time. Two weeks or more. Isn't it wonderful that you can absolutely do away with the malformation and be

wearing a smaller, trimmer shoe by the time you need new shoes again?

### Trial FREE

The *pedodyne* process is scientific, and cannot be explained here. But the *full treatment* guaranteed to bring *complete results* may be yours to try—if you'll only clip this special coupon:

KAY LABORATORIES Dept. E-12  
186 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please arrange for me to try your *pedodyne process*, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore normal ease and flexibility of affected joints.

Name.....

Address.....

(This is NOT an order; ship nothing C. O. D.)



**Want  
More  
Money**

The best way to earn spare-time income without interfering with your regular duties is to take orders for *Cosmopolitan*, *Smart Set*, and the other famous magazines we publish. Thousands of men and women, boys and girls, are earning extra money for big and little luxuries by the IMC plan. No capital, no previous experience necessary. Write for details to International Magazine Co., Inc., Dept. SS-926, 119 W. 40 St., N. Y. C.

# Tires Hammered Full of NAILS

## LEAK NO AIR

MAKE YOUR TIRES PUNCTURE-PROOF In ONE Minute

### Galacite

The new scientific invention—has the marvelous property of sealing all punctures INSTANTLY. You can pick up any number of nails WHILE RIDING without the loss of a pound of air. One application, made in a minute, without taking tire off wheel or rim. Actually makes tire puncture-proof for life. Guaranteed not to injure tire, tube or valve. On the contrary Galacite preserves rubber, often—

**Increasing Tire Mileage from 10,000 to 12,000 Miles**

MAKE THIS TEST—Take a hammer and drive as many nails into a tire as you wish, 10, 50, 100, it makes no difference; all punctures seal instantly. Used in all kinds of tires including low pressure BALLOONS. Galacite is inexpensive and can be tried out at our risk. Warranted for one year but will last indefinitely.

**GUARANTEED TO DO ALL WE CLAIM**

Don't confuse Galacite with anything else ever intended for the same purpose; it is NEW and DIFFERENT—a revolutionary invention, the result of years of research and experiment. We are a long established highly rated concern. Galacite is backed by our Money Back Guarantee. It must make good—or we will. You take no risk.

**AGENTS—Earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 a Year**

TREMENDOUS PROFITS—A NAIL DRIVING demonstration does the selling. No lengthy arguments. Demonstrate and sell to car owners, Garages, Filling Stations. Work all or spare time in your home town or traveling. You can also manufacture and sell GALACITE PUNCTURE-PROOF inner tubes. EXCLUSIVE territory and splendid FREE ADVERTISING HELPS make your business permanent. SEND NO MONEY but RUSH your name to us TODAY for full particulars. Territory is going fast. ACT NOW!

**C.F. JOHNSON & CO., 19 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 312, CHICAGO**

**AGENTS MAKE \$5,000 to \$10,000 A YEAR**

## Some Good LAUGHS

From

### SMART SET Readers

G. D. K.,  
Fort Dodge, Ia.

FIRST Husband—"I suppose that your wife, like most women, likes the last word."

Second Husband—"Well, I don't know. She seems very reluctant about reaching it."

\* \* \* \* \*

M. J.,  
Lincoln, Neb.

"MOTHER, how many kinds of milk are there?"

"Well, there is grade A, grade B, and condensed. Why?"

"Oh I'm drawing a picture of a cow, and I want to know how many fawcets to put on."

\* \* \* \* \*

A. M. S.,  
Jamaica, Long Island.

"MA, TEACHER'S awful mean."

"Hush, my daughter, you must not say that."

"Well, she is. What do you think? She borrowed my knife to sharpen her pencil to give me a bad mark."

\* \* \* \* \*

G. W.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

THE inspecting officer had just left, after caustic words to the captain about the condition of his company. Now listen to the captain, addressing his men:

"The failure of you men to pass a creditable inspection is inexcusable. No one will be allowed liberty for ten days, during which daily inspections will be held."

At this a voice far down the company was heard to say, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

The captain, irate at this breach of discipline, demanded: "Who said that?" at which the same voice answered:

"Patrick Henry."

\* \* \* \* \*

A. M. S.,  
Jamaica, L. I.

AT a small country school the scholars were having a lesson on animals. The teacher had asked a number of questions which were easily answered. At length she said:

"Why does a dog hang out his tongue when running?"

A little chap who had not answered before held up his hand.

"Yes, Tommy, what is it?" she inquired.

"To balance his tail," he answered.

\* \* \* \* \*

G. W.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

"DON'T you think, doctor, you've rather overcharged for attending Jimmy when he had the measles?"

"You must remember, Mrs. Browne, that includes twenty-two visits."

"Yes, but you forget that he infected the whole school."

[Turn to page 8]





**Over \$10,000 a Year**

C. V. Champion of Illinois counts it a "red letter day" when he first read this remarkable book—*"Modern Salesmanship."* He says, "It enabled me to learn more, earn more, and live MORE! Today he is president of his company and his earnings exceed \$10,000 a year!"



**\$1,000 in 30 Days**

W. Hartle spent ten long years in the railway mail service before *"Modern Salesmanship"* put him on the road to big pay. He has earned more in a week than he formerly earned in a month—averaged over \$1,000 for thirty days!



**\$554.47 in 7 Days**

N. B. T. A. graduates have established many records by astonishing earnings. F. Wynn, for example, made \$554 in seven days. In another single week he made \$400. And his first step was to send for *"Modern Salesmanship."*



**\$13,500 First Year**

A. H. Ward was formerly a Chicago clerk, earning \$25 a week. Within one year he increased his earnings over \$1,000 a month—or to \$13,500 a year! The book—*"Modern Salesmanship"*—proved the first rung in his ladder to success!

# -and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For a Limited Time Only This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! If You Ever Aspire to Earn \$10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail.

## Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE!

A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and a printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals the facts and secrets that have led hundreds of ambitious men to the success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far reaching has been the influence of this little volume, that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed."

This vital book—*"Modern Salesmanship"*—contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without

spending years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

### What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading *"Modern Salesmanship"* are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams of California who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. *"Modern Salesmanship"* opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning \$10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

And then there's J. H. Cash of Atlanta. He, too, read *"Modern Salesmanship"* and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from \$75 to \$500 a month and has every reason to hope for an even more brilliant future. And still they come! W. D. Clenny of Kansas City commenced making as high as \$850 a month. F. M. Harris, a former telegrapher, became sales manager at \$6000 a year. O. H. Malfroot of Massachusetts became sales manager of his firm at a yearly income of over \$10,000 a year!

### A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience proves that salesmen are made—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the *National Demonstration Method*—an exclusive feature of the N.S.T.A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.



**NOW FREE**

### Free to Every Man

If I were asking two or three dollars a copy for *"Modern Salesmanship"* you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. I cannot urge you too strongly to take advantage of this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association stands ready and willing to do for you. Find out exactly what the underlying principles of salesmanship are—and how you can put them to work for you. No matter what your opinion is now, *"Modern Salesmanship"* will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession.

Mail the coupon now!



Dept. M-26, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### These Men, Too, Found Success From \$15 A Week To \$7,500 A Year!

"A few years ago I was working in a shop for \$15 a week. When my factory 'friends' heard of my intention to become a salesman, they laughed at me. Today these fellows are still working in a shop and I am making \$7,500 per year. I can only speak words of praise for N.S.T.A. for it offered me a position which I took and raised me from a \$15 a week job in the shop to \$7,500 a year as a salesman."

C. W. Birmingham, Ohio

### \$7286 Last Year!

"I was working as a clerk earning \$1,000 a year when I enrolled with N.S.T.A. After completing the course, my first year's income was more than double the old salary! Last year my income tax showed earnings of \$7,286. My grateful thanks will always be due to N.S.T.A. for opening my eyes to the opportunities offered by *"Salesmanship As You Teach It."*

F. G. Walsh, Mass.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n., Dept. M-26  
N.S.T.A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, *"Modern Salesmanship"* and all I promise to do is to read it through carefully.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....  
Age.....Occupation.....



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### 26 Famous Authors

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Fannie Hurst  
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E. Barrington  
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J. W. Thomason, Jr.  
Sir Philip Gibbs  
Martha Ostenso  
George Ade  
Gouverneur Morris  
Theodore Roosevelt

has looked deep into the *heart* of a Modern Young Woman—a Girl who *demand*s freedom—and has seen what has not been seen by any other living writer. She tells it dramatically in her new novel

### A FREE SOUL

*which begins in*  
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combined with  
**Cosmopolitan**

ON SALE AUGUST 10TH

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Makes  
**\$50**  
IN ONE DAY



Makes  
**\$70**  
IN ONE DAY



Makes  
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IN ONE DAY



Makes  
**\$120**  
IN ONE DAY

# Averages \$90 a Week and Often Cleans Up \$90 a Day-Extra!

Think of averaging \$90 every week and, in addition, often making an extra \$50, \$70, \$90 or \$120 in one day, bringing your earnings up to \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year! Can you make sure of an income like that? T. S. Gill, Louisiana, who made \$600 in one month and who has made as high as \$122.50 in one day, says: "I am firmly convinced that any man joining the Fyr-Fyter force and working 8 hours a day will soon show a profit of \$5,000 a year."

## Why You Can Earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 a Year

Fyr-Fyter is the most perfect fire prevention device ever invented.

It bears the label of the Underwriters' Laboratories. It is nationally advertised and known the world over. After exhaustive tests, the U. S. Government purchased 250,000 Fyr-Fyters. Every month thousands of American factories and homes turn to this new way to fight fire.

### Enormous Demand

The field is boundless. Only 5% of the possible market has been supplied. Practically every factory, home, store, farm, garage, school, church, hotel, public building and theatre is in need of fire prevention equipment. And there is a Fyr-Fyter of every size and type for every building in America.

### New Low Price

You can average \$90 a week selling the amazing new, low-priced Fyr-Fyters to homes, garages, stores, farms, churches, etc., and countless new buildings. On top of this, big office buildings, factories, schools, hospitals, etc., buy fire fighting equipment as a matter of course. These big, easy sales often pay you \$90 at one time!



### Full Time or Spare Time

See how easy it is to start.

Choose any one of a number of plans. We do not ask you to do an hour's work that will not pay you well.

### Send for This FREE Book

Read how W. E. Saal, Ohio, made \$100 in six hours. How Hickey, Ont., made \$148 in one day. How Viles made a \$1,700 sale. How Baker, Ore., 68 years old, who can only work occasionally, often makes \$25 to \$30 a day. How any number of men make earnings of \$50 in one day.

### Free Selling Course

Selling experience is valuable, but not necessary. We make you the Fire Pre-

vention Expert in your territory. We give you a 90-page manual that covers every point. It tells you exactly what to do and what to say. I see so many men start green on spare time and make \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year, that I am convinced that any average man who comes here wanting to make \$90 a week can do it. Don't think I am exaggerating—we have plenty of men making a lot more than \$90 a week—dozens of men making \$500, \$600 and \$1,000 a month.

Fyr-Fyter Factory Representatives are one of the highest paid selling organizations in the world. The Fyr-Fyter Company is the largest business of its kind in the world. It offers you a lifetime opportunity. Send today for your copy of this free book, "Building a Permanent Income as a Fyr-Fyter Representative."

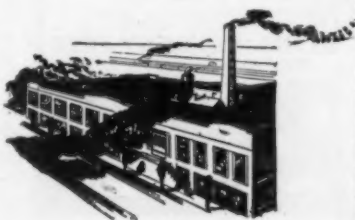
Get these facts and see for yourself how easy it is to earn more than \$5,000 a year.

R. C. IDDINGS, Pres.

### Fyr-Fyter Company

Devices Approved by The Underwriters Laboratories

1226 Fyr-Fyter Building, Dayton, Ohio



FYR-FYTER CO.  
1226 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Without obligation send me full facts and a copy of "Building a Permanent Income as a Fyr-Fyter Representative," FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



# HOW TO GET THIN



**Without Weakening Diets  
or Strenuous Exercises**

**Try it at our expense!**

There should not be any need for fat men or women to remain so and keep on being the target for jokes. If you are ashamed of your figure, especially in a bathing suit, where fat cannot be concealed—if you cannot find clothes to fit you—if your friends call you "fatty" and if you are not popular—you should try SAN-GRI-NA. If you suffer from the distressing symptoms of obesity you owe it to yourself to try and rid yourself of your excess weight.

Not only should SAN-GRI-NA reduce you but it should greatly improve your health in general. There is no magic, no secret about SAN-GRI-NA. Your own physician can approve (should there be any doubt in his mind about the safety of this formula we will gladly mail him a free box of SAN-GRI-NA for analysis upon his request). Do not expect a reduction over night, but a steady logical loss of generally from three to four pounds a week should be attained, leaving you stronger and healthier week after week.

## Why we do not send samples

Many people ask for free samples of SAN-GRI-NA, but experience has proven that it takes more than a sample to show results. WE DO BETTER—we guarantee results or your druggist will refund money, so the trial does not cost you a cent. Simply go to any good drug store, get a package of SAN-GRI-NA tablets, (insist on these) take them as per directions and see what it can do for you. Sold at all good drug or dept. stores or you can send direct to the SANGRI-NA CO., 1841 Broadway, Dept. 70, New York City.

**Clip This Ad**

**GENUINE 5-PASSENGER**

## Ford Sedan Given

Or Full Cash Value \$700.00 if Preferred

I have given away many autos to advertise our business. Now I will give a latest improved model Ford Sedan, freight and tax paid. Ideal all-year car. Someone wins—why not you?

### Solve This Puzzle

There are 7 autos in the picture. By drawing 3 straight lines each can be put in a separate garage. See if you can do it! Mail answer with your name and address for full information. Doesn't cost you a penny.

**Send Today!**

Nothing hard to do—all can share in prizes and cash. In case of a tie prizes will be duplicated. Try for the Sedan and bring your loved-ones the joy only a Sedan can give. Mail answer at once.

**H. A. SMITH, Mgr.**  
Dept. 1916 622W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

**Send No Money**

**Mail Coupon Today**

## GIVEN

**52 Pc DINNER SET**

**Sell only 10 Jars COLD CREAM**

and with every jar give to each purchaser all the following high grade toilet preparations: large can Talcum Powder, box Orange Blossom Face Powder, bottle Bouquet Perfume, large bottle Toilet water, and jar Vanishing Cream (as per plan 2330), and this artistic, full size Dinner Set is yours.

**NO MONEY NEEDED--WE PAY THE FREIGHT**

We trust you. You have nothing to risk. Many other equally attractive offers of Household Supplies, Toilet Articles, Jewelry, etc., and a wonderful variety of useful Prelums or large Cash commissions. Turn spare moments into Profits.

**6-PC. FULL SIZE SILVER ALUMINUM SET**

Including Sauce Pan, Preserve Kettle, Pudding Pan, Pie Pan, Mixing Bowl, and Graduated Measuring Cup given FREE besides Dinner Set. If you order promptly. Satisfaction and a Square Deal Guaranteed to you.

**Write TODAY for OUR BIG FREE SALES OUTFIT and full information.**

**THE PERRY G. MASON CO.** The Reliable House.  
DEPT. 414 CINCINNATI, OHIO. In Business Since 1887

## More Laughs from

### SMART SET Readers

[Continued from page 4]

J. J.  
Ogden, Utah.

"I'll give you fifty cents if you'll wash your face," said the college professor to his small son.

"Keep it and get a haircut," was the young hopeful's reply.

\* \* \* \* \*

A. B.,  
Chicago, Ill.

IT WAS growing late and tiny Mary was getting tired but Mr. and Mrs. Jones hadn't made a move toward going home, so Mary looked from one to the other, then walked cautiously over to her mother and said:

"Let's go to bed so the company can go home."

\* \* \* \* \*

J. J.,  
Ogden, U.

DOROTHY, daughter of a tire salesman, had seen a set of triplets for the first time in her short life.

"Oh, mother," she said on returning home, "what do you guess I saw today? A lady that had some twins with a spare."

\* \* \* \* \*

M. S.,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

"SAY, mother," said Jimmy aged six, "does God see everything?"

"Why, yes, dear," answered his mother.

"Even the little things we do around the house, in the kitchen, halls and dining-room?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes, everything," said his mother.

After a few moments of silence Jimmy said, "Gee, I'd hate to be daddy."

\* \* \* \* \*

M. J. J.,  
Leander, Tex.

ONE day a very talkative old lady came into a doctor's office. She started it with a long rigamarole of things. He asked her to hold out her tongue. She did, and kept it out while he was writing. When he had finished he said, "That will do."

She said, "Why, Doctor, I held it out all the time, and you didn't even look at it."

"I know I didn't. I only wanted you to keep it still while I wrote the prescription."

\* \* \* \* \*

M. S.,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

A SCHOOL teacher once received a note like this:

"Dear Mam—Please excuse Johnny today. He will not be at school. He is acting as timekeeper for his father. Last nite you gave him this ixample, if a field is four miles square, how long will it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk 2½ times around it. Johnny ain't no man, so we had to send his daddy. He left early this morning and my husband said he ought to be back late to-night, though it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the nixt problem about ladies as my husband can't afford to lose a day's work.

MRS. JONES."



# No More Razor Blades to Buy



## Just Use This Amazing Invention and I'll Guarantee To Keep You in Razor Blades for Life!

Surprising New Invention Upsets All Established Shaving Theories and Methods. It Carries My Sensational Written Guarantee That You Need Never Buy Blades Again—Never! Astonishing Introductory Offer Good 30 Days Only

**H**ERE is the most remarkable invention in the history of shaving. It marks such an amazing advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. **KRISS-KROSS** is a *super-stropper*—a blade *rejuvenator*! Almost literally it makes a new blade out of an old one every day—makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before. Until you've seen **KRISS-KROSS**—fitted its sturdy nicked smoothness into the palm of your hand, and tested its uncanny ingenuity, you'll never know how really sensational this introductory offer is!

### 365 Shaves a Year From One Blade!

**KRISS-KROSS** employs the diagonal stroke, same as a barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of successfully reproducing this stroke automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain.

But that's not all. **KRISS-KROSS** embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It stropps from heavy to light. It's absolutely uncanny how the strokes grow lighter and lighter until an adjustable auto-

matic jig flies up and notifies you that the blade is ready—ready with the keenest cutting edge steel can take. No wonder that this super-stropper prolongs the life of any make blade, single or double edge, for weeks, months and years! Think what it means! No more bother about remembering to buy new blades! No more "raking" with dull ones! **KRISS-KROSS** coupled with my startling offer below, solves your blade problem for all time. Keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever. And think of the economy!

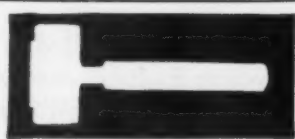
### Sensational Offer

And now for my smashing offer! To introduce **KRISS-KROSS** stropper to those who have not yet seen it, during the next 30 days I am giving with it, free, a new kind of razor. This unique razor, with 5 special process blades, completes the outfit which I guarantee to keep you in razor blades for life! Here's how the plan works. Use the blades and keep renewing them with **KRISS-KROSS** super-stropper. If one of them goes back on you for any reason (except rusting or nicking) return them and I'll recondition or re-

place them with new ones. No strings. No red tape. I give my amazing guarantee in writing. It is an ironclad agreement to *keep you in razor blades for life!*

### Send for Full Details at Once

Write for free information on this astonishing new invention and introductory offer. **KRISS-KROSS** is never sold in stores. You deal direct with me or my authorized representative. Send for description and full details of this limited offer. It's even more remarkable than I can tell you in this small space. No obligation! Just clip and mail the coupon today!



### Get This Mystery Razor Free

Most astonishing razor you ever saw. Really 3 razors in one. Adjustable to any shaving position. Flip of finger makes it straight or T-shape in a jiffy. Novel feature gives sliding instead of pulling stroke. Reduces beard resistance 45% and simply zips through the toughest crop of whiskers. Nothing like it ever on the market before. I'll send you one **FREE** to introduce **KRISS-KROSS** super-stropper. Limited offer. Find out about it today!

Sold Only Through Authorized Representatives

**Rhodes' KRISS KROSS**  
STROPPER  
Dept. M-891, 1418 Pendleton Ave.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

### AGENTS: \$175-\$400 a Month

Make big money with **KRISS-KROSS**! Free razor boosts sales amazingly. H. King made \$48 one day. E. F. Kinsey, Penn., made \$28 in 1 1/2 hours. Others average \$30 to \$65 a day. Every man buys on sight. **SPARE-TIME** workers, **OFFICE** and **FACTORY** men make \$4-\$12 extra a day showing **KRISS-KROSS** to friends and fellow employees. S. Kantala made \$154 extra working evenings three weeks. Unique surprise bonus plan brings big extra profits. Most wonderful sales plan ever originated. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight!

**RHODES MFG. CO., Inc.**  
1418 Pendleton Ave., Dept. M-891, St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligation please send me full details of your special introductory offer to keep me in Razor Blades for LIFE. Also send me full description of **KRISS-KROSS** stropper and **FREE** adjustable razor.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Check this space if you are interested in making money as an authorized **KRISS-KROSS** representative.

# Coming in the October SMART SET

*All of These Amazingly Live and Enticing  
Stories in Next Month's Issue*

**D**ON'T miss SMART SET next month. It will give you a thrilling insight into the plans of your favorite magazine to picture the truth of love and life in its most intimate and alluring forms. Every month SMART SET'S Editor is going deeper into human life, persuading celebrities of America and Europe to reveal astonishing and dramatic episodes in their eventful careers; bringing to light stories that tug at the heart-strings—that make you thrill and vibrate; that astound you with the color and scope and drama of this world of men and women.

*For instance*

## Men Who Have Kissed Me

**C**AN a girl subject herself to the caresses of men without being spoiled? Here is a woman who answers the question by telling six love episodes in her colorful life.

"These disclosures," she says, "represent pictures made from my life, untouched and unadorned. I am neither a prude nor a prostitute, I have been kissed by many men, and though they have caressed my body they have not been able to hurt my soul.

"For some reasons I am grateful to these men, for others I despise them—you who read will be able to tell why—"



## The Girl I Failed

**T**HE girl under the street lamp had called to the young man. He was a high-minded young Englishman who regarded all women chivalrously. Curiosity, linked with sympathy and a desire to help, led him to answer her...

Danger stalked beside this girl. After their first meeting there came a crisis when she needed him terribly. When something told him he should go to her rescue, why did he fail her?

If you knew the name of the man who wrote "The Girl I Failed" it would be a story in itself. His name is brilliant in the world of letters and a household word wherever books are read.

*These are only a few of the features that combine  
to make this an Incomparable True-Life Magazine*

Now turn to page 12

# Take A YEAR TO PAY For This 7 Piece Oak Suite



**Pay Only  
\$3 A Month**

© 1926  
Spear & Co.

Suite consists of Overstuffed Rocker, Arm Chair, and Pair of Book ends. Built of Thoroughly Kiln Dried and Air-Seasoned Solid Oak Throughout.

Finish is a Nut Brown, Fumed Oak. Strong, honest Spear construction; all chairs have Backs and Seats upholstered with durable Rich Brown Spanish Artificial Leather, and are well-padded with sanitary, restful materials. The handsome, rich-looking Tudor Library Table, with gracefully turned posts is 36x24 ins. with a big lower shelf. The Overstuffed Rocker is exceedingly comfortable, with wide arms and resilient 5 Coil Spring Seat. It is 40 inches high and 26 1/4 ins. wide; the seat measures 19x19 ins. Arm Chair and Arm Rocker are also equipped with these same comfortable, non-sag spring seats; they measure 36 inches high and 26 inches wide. The Waste-Basket 14 in. high; the Taborette top is 11 x 11 ins.

Built of Solid Oak  
throughout

## 30 Days FREE Trial Special Sale Price \$39.95

Send for This  
**Big FREE  
BOOK of  
1500  
Bargains**

Everything for your home on easy monthly payments at prices amazingly low. This great book of big bargains in furniture, carpets, rugs, stoves and household goods is now ready for you. We trust you gladly. Everything sent on 30 days' trial with money back bond. Mail coupon today; no obligation to buy.



This Period Library Suite of 7 Handsome, Massive Pieces will completely and beautifully furnish your living room. The Tudor design with gracefully Turned Posts is distinctly beautiful and it will impress everyone entering your home. The comfortable, Rest-Giving spring-seated chairs and especially the attractive overstuffed rocker will provide perfect comfort for the entire family.

### A Tremendous Bargain

Honest Spear construction throughout, guarantees you years of Satisfactory Service and Enjoyment. The **Spear Money-Back Bond** protects you to the limit and makes disappointment impossible. At the Sale Price this Suite is a Fine Bargain.

Order No. WA 620, Price \$39.95, Terms \$1 with order, \$3 Monthly

*Nathaniel Spear*  
President

And you pay the Spear, Confidential Credit Way—in little *Easy Monthly Payments*. Best of all, you don't take a single chance. The day these 7 pieces arrive, put them in your living room and use them as your own, *at our risk*. Keep them and try them 30 Days.

### More Than a Year to Pay

If the suite is entirely satisfactory, you pay in Confidential Easy Monthly Payments. If you're not satisfied

in every way, return the 7 pieces at our expense. We will refund your dollar and all transportation charges. The trial will not cost a penny.

**SPEAR & CO., Dept. S 802, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Send me at once 7 piece Tudor Suite as described above. Enclosed is \$1 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you \$3.00 monthly. Order No. WA 620, Price \$39.95. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your Big Free Catalog also.

Please print or write name and address plainly

Name .....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No. ....

Post Office ..... State .....

If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send shipment to .....

FREE If you want Free Catalog Only, Send No Money, put X here CATALOG and write your name and address plainly on above lines ☐

➔ **Spear & Co.** ➔  
**Dept. S802  
Pittsburgh, Pa.**



# More Things to Look Forward to in October SMART SET

## I'm an Old Man's Darling

By Lady Drummond Hay

YOU girls who have been dreaming of youthful lovers will get a surprise when you read what this titled beauty says openly about the advantages of being loved by a man no longer young.

Lady Drummond Hay is young, beautiful, brilliant. She has been wooed in fourteen languages. Her intimate story of marriage with a man more than twice her age will give you a new and surprising view of married life.



Lady Drummond Hay

## Is a Woman Justified in Leaving Her Husband for the Man She Loves?

"I AM telling my story," says this woman who at seventeen married the wrong man, "in the hope of being able to help not so much those girls who have already made such a mistake as mine, but those who have yet to marry for the first time.

"There are many mothers who keep their daughters rigorously from the 'perils' of calf-love—whereas in reality the kissing and caressing of boy and girl 'affairs' are wisely planned by nature . . ." Are this woman's conclusions true? Read her story and decide!

## Girls, Beware of Your Women Friends By Judge Charles A. Oberwager

YOU girls who are starting out to go to parties, theatres, supper clubs—take care of the older, sophisticated woman who flatters you and offers to introduce you to "nice fellows." In too many cases the girl who makes an irretrievable mistake was led to do so by another woman. Judge Oberwager tells with startling frankness of the methods these "social wantons" use to entice High School girls.



Henry Clive's  
Alluring Cover  
Girl—October  
SMART SET

Turn back and see page 10

## Also~

**IF YOU'RE BLACKMAILED—FIGHT!** Leighton H. Blood says that Blackmail, with its slogan "scare 'em and take it"—is a nation-wide crime—with every man a possible victim.

"Got a good record? My, what a beautiful goose you are for the plucking fingers of a blackmailer," says the writer.

**THE DEARIE SHOP.** The girl who tells her true story of her experience as a come-on in one of these shops that plunder "sugar daddies" describes how these Dearie Shops along Broadway work with "the gold diggers who take out their sweet daddies and gouge them for lingerie, a new dress or silk stockings."

**MAKE ME UGLY.** Is it possible that there is in all the world a lovely girl who would ask a beauty specialist to make her ugly? October Smart Set tells you of such a girl—there's a lover back of it all.

So from story to story October Smart Set opens for you a hundred doors of intimate adventure and covers all phases of colorful human experience.

Watch for October SMART SET



# Face Pores Give Up Their Poisons To New Magic Milk Mask

**Men and Women Amazed as New Discovery  
Almost Instantly Reveals a Hidden Beauty**

**A**NYONE can now have a fine-textured skin, radiant with the fresh coloring of youth, smooth and firm as a child's. In only 15 minutes mind you! In this amazingly short time you can have a brand-new, beautiful complexion!

It seems almost magical. Tired lines, enlarged pores, sallowness—all vanish. Blackheads and pimpleheads are lifted right away. Hidden beauty that you never dreamed you possessed is brought to the surface.

## What Is This New Kind of Magic?

It's all very simply explained. The face is covered with millions of tiny pores, through which Nature intended impurities to be expelled. But when dust, bits of dead skin, and other harmful accumulations clog these tiny pores, the impurities cannot escape. The skin becomes dull, coarse, colorless. Soon poisons form in the stifled pores, and blackheads and pimples make their appearance.

Only now, after years of research and experiment, has the positive, natural way been found to relieve the condition of clogged pores at once. Certain elements, when combined in just-right proportions, have been found to possess a remarkable potency which acts on the face pores as a magnet acts on a bit of steel. These elements have been blended into a fragrant, cream-like compound, which is as easy and pleasant to use as a face powder.

When you apply it to your face, it seems almost as though millions of tiny magnets were drawing the pore-poisons and accumulations to the surface, absorbing them, lifting away the blackheads and eruptions. The feeling is one of physical relief—refreshing and invigorating.



## The MAGIC MILK MASK

(TRADE MARK APPLIED FOR)

That's what it is called, this remarkable discovery—The Magic Milk Mask. It is applied with the tips of the fingers, just as an ordinary cream would be applied. You may read or relax while this fragrant mask is doing its wonderful work. There will be a cool, tingling feeling as the tiny pores awaken—as the Magic Milk Mask draws the clogged-up impurities to the surface.

In fifteen minutes, simply rinse off the mask. With it you will remove every blackhead and pimplehead, every pore-poison and impurity, every bit of dust, dirt and dead skin. Your complexion will be transformed!

You will declare that a fairy must have touched your face, gently removed the blemishes and impurities, and revealed a new beauty!

## SEND NO MONEY

The wonderful beautifying effects of milk have long been known. Many famous beauties have used the milk treatment—among them the lovely Lillian Russell. But only now have the just right elements been found which, when combined with the beautifying properties of pure milk, create a magic compound—a milk mask that draws the impurities to the surface and lifts them away.

**FREE** A jar of marvelous Lemon Bleach Cream given to you absolutely free if you mail the coupon at once. This perfect cleansing and finishing cream keeps the skin soft, white and beautiful, banishes freckles and other discolorations. You do not pay a penny for this wonderful Lemon Cream now or later. It is included **Free** with the Magic Milk Mask if you act quickly.

To enable everyone to try The Magic Milk Mask, we are making a very special introductory offer. If you act at once, a full size package of The Magic Milk Mask will be sent you direct from Maison Madeleine, without any money in advance. Just mail the coupon—no money.

## Read This Sensational GUARANTEE

The Magic Milk Mask is absolutely guaranteed to help:

- 1—to give a lovely, milk-white skin in 15 minutes.
- 2—to make your skin look younger
- 3—to lift out blackheads, all waste matter and impurities.
- 4—to close enlarged pores and refine the skin texture.
- 5—to absorb the outer, dry, withered dermis and reveal the beautiful, young skin beneath.
- 6—to combat wrinkles, tone sagging muscles and firm the tissues.
- 7—to stimulate the capillary action and impart a radiant rose-pink bloom to the cheeks.
- 8—to leave the skin velvety, smooth, fresh and beautiful.

**ONLY \$1.95**

Regular Price \$5

When your package of The Magic Milk Mask arrives, simply give the postman \$1.95 plus postage, in full payment, instead of \$5.00, which is the regular price. If, within 10 days, you are not delighted with The Magic Milk Mask, return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once.

Mail this coupon now. Don't miss the special introductory offer. Tomorrow may be too late—do it today! The Magic Milk Mask will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no marks to indicate contents. If you send at once we will also include, absolutely FREE, a package of Lemon Bleach for removing freckles and other discolorations and keeping the skin soft and lovely.

**MAISON MADELEINE, Dept. C-249,  
Ninth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**THIS COUPON SAVES YOU \$3.05**

Maison Madeleine, Dept. C-249,  
9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$5.00 package of The Magic Milk Mask for which I will pay the postman only \$1.95, plus postage. Although I am benefitting by this specially reduced introductory price, I retain the guaranteed privilege of returning the package within ten days and you agree to return my money if I am not delighted with results in every way. I am to be the sole judge. For promptness, you also agree to send the Lemon Bleach FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

If you wish, you may send \$2.00 with the coupon and we will pay postage.

# *The Big and Rapidly Growing Family of* **SMART SET Readers**

## *Makes This Magazine Human and True*

**S**MART SET readers form a big family—a big and constantly growing family. You, of course, are interested in SMART SET and in each other. The Editors are interested in all of you. You have your problems, your joys and your sorrows. You are human.

The Editors are more anxious to learn from you—to get so close to you that they can listen to your suggestions, be cheered by your praise and learn from your criticism than you will ever understand. That is the reason SMART SET is constantly running contests, in every issue, giving you, the members of this big reading family, a chance to tell what you think of the magazine or of some problem vital to the life of today. With this magazine you get your chance. The Editors want to hear your voice—they want to get your opinion, your ideas.

In the June issue you were offered an opportunity to criticize SMART SET—to offer your suggestions. Out of the great mass of letters received, the best, in the opinion of the Editors, have been culled. It was a hard task to make the selection.

First prize of \$25.00 was awarded to Louise Braden, Dubuque, Iowa; second prize of \$10.00 to Mrs. C. M. Stevenson, Miami, Fla., and third prize to Robert Clark Carter, Philadelphia, Pa.

To the great number who wrote but to whom no prize can be given, the editors extend their best greetings, gratitude and thanks.

Practically every letter was good—a thoughtful, careful attempt to be helpful, honest, encouraging. Obviously not every letter could win a prize—a choice had to be made. But if you, the readers of SMART SET, could each of you have read all the letters, the Editors feel that you would have chosen as they have and would have selected the letter of Louise Braden as best of all. The letter is too long to reproduce in full but here is one paragraph worth quoting:

"SMART SET isn't afraid of injecting a little humor into its stories, is it? Most of your competitors seem to feel that humor belongs in a joke book—only. After reading their so-called 'human documents' one wonders that the nation is not like Alice in Wonderland, swimming in tears. Yet we know real life is occasionally amusing."

In passing, the Editors would like to tell Mrs. Braden that they would publish more humor if there were more humorists in the world. He who can make others laugh is a rare bird for which editors, the world over, are constantly

looking. Bring on your humor, only for heaven's sake make it funny.

As to the story she liked best, Mrs. Braden says:

"*Branded* is the best story in this issue. A fascinating story, it grips the attention with its beginning and you feel terribly sorry for Rose and glad when she is at last made happy."

What do you think of that? Was *Branded* the best story in that issue? A great many of those who wrote, thought so. But a good many others picked *Two in a Car* as the best thing in the number. There's a difference of opinion. Now who is right? What is the best story in the September issue? The Editors want your opinion, so please write us, but this time we are offering no prize. How do you like the story *I Bet My Soul Against \$10,000*? Is it as good as *My Dear Doctor*? Or do you prefer *The Gap in the Fence* or *Show This to Your Grandmother*?

**I**N this issue a new contest is offered you—at least offered the younger readers. For this contest see Page 28. The question is—What's wrong with present day parents? You youngsters are asked to tell because if there's any thing wrong it's wrong from your standpoint. Now, what is it? How would you like your parents to be different?

Don't forget that they can't be just like you, but what would you change in order to make them more satisfactory as parents? And are you sure, after you had made the changes you desired, that they would be any more to your liking?

At any rate this is just another effort on the part of SMART SET Editors to get close to and prove their interest in you readers.

Next month there will be another contest and at that time you parents will have an opportunity to tell what's wrong with the younger generation. Maybe they aren't as bad as they are painted. If they aren't, you parents should be the ones to know it. If they are as bad as some people say, what are you parents going to do about it? In the October SMART SET this contest will be announced. You will want to take advantage of that opportunity to say what you think of this younger generation and their ways.

And don't overlook what Mrs. Madison has to say to those who have love problems. Her department on Page 78 will be a regular feature of the magazine and the Editors expect to make it distinctly helpful for you.

# Own a Typewriter !

A Bargain You Can't Ignore!  
Try It Free, and See!



GET YOUR typewriter now. A genuine Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood is the one you want — "the machine you will eventually buy!" Everyone needs it; now anyone can afford it. Don't send a cent—but do get our big special offer —our valuable book on typewriters and typewriting —free.

You can learn to write on this standard-keyboard machine in one day. A week after the expressman has brought it, you'd feel *lost* without it. A trial will *prove* it—and doesn't cost you a penny!

## A New Plan

Our rebuilt plan gives you the *best* machine and saves you a *lot* of money.

The Underwood is so famous a make, and No. 5 so popular a model, you'll have to speak up if you want one of the lot we are just completing now!

We rebuild from top to bottom; *replace every single worn part*; each machine is in *sparkling* condition. New typewriters are commonly guaranteed for a year; we guarantee these completely rebuilt Underwoods *five years*. That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee! And we guarantee a big saving in money!

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Get our catalog that tells how we rebuild these wonderful Underwood typewriters in the largest factory of its kind in the world, and lowest prices and terms in existence. We will also include free, the new Type Writing Manual—it gives many examples and samples of uses for your typewriter: in business accounts,

social correspondence, recipes, shopping lists, household accounts, etc.; school work; literary work, etc. Clip coupon now!

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Please send me full offer, with Type Writing Manual FREE, prices, terms, etc., and full information about your FREE course in Touch Typewriting. All without obligation; this is NOT an order!

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## How many people actually have halitosis (unpleasant breath)?

*Read what dentists  
have to say about this:*

EVERY reader of Listerine advertising knows about halitosis (unpleasant breath), that insidious thing that not even your best friends discuss with you.

Yet there are still a few "doubting Thomas" folks who think halitosis is only a state of mind.

Out of simple curiosity we put this question up to a carefully selected list of dentists—1000 of them—and in a letter asked them the following:

Do you ever use Listerine, in self-defense, in the mouth of a patient troubled with halitosis, unpleasant breath?

Please answer if you use it this way (1) Frequently, (2) Occasionally, or (3) Never.

Four hundred and forty replied as follows:

83% said "Frequently"

15% said "Occasionally"

Only 2% said "Never"

Now, what human being meets halitosis at closer range, face to face, than the dentist? And who would be a better judge of this condition—and how to combat it—than the dentist?—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

# LISTERINE

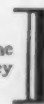
*puts you on the safe and polite side—*

*Special  
Note*



Well—it worked!  
For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine  
Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they  
stick to it!

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



*Special  
Note*



## *If You Were Here Again*

By HARRY LEE

**I**f you were here again—  
Uncomforted—  
How greatly I would give  
Of love denied you,  
Of words unsaid.

*If you were here again  
In the old place,  
The mellow glory  
Of the evening lamp*

Upon your face;  
If I might know,  
Your hands,  
Your wistful lips,  
Were mine, as then—  
I would remember  
All forgotten things;  
Love would be all in all  
To me—to you—  
*If you were here again.*

I feel that I should go  
Into the wide world,  
And cry to men:  
"Withhold not love,  
But give, give now!"  
Even as I would give—  
*If you were here again.*



# I BET *My* SOUL

*The Story of a Girl Who  
Was a Dead Game Sport*



I REMEMBER a few of the things my father had said, though probably not in his exact words:

"When a man wants to make the strongest statement that he can, he says, 'I'll bet my life!' Doesn't a woman bet her life on almost everything she does? She'll marry when all she knows about the man is that all the rest of her life depends on what he may turn out to be; and she bets her life with every child she bears. No wonder they are the great gamblers! In New York I know two men who will bet all they have and in Chicago one—a Greek. But there are a million women."

I knew from other things that he had said that his statement was, in a manner, biographical. For my mother had done exactly that. She had married my father in the belief that he would change his ways, and he had failed to change them. So they had gone slowly down and down, until, from owning horses of his own, he had come to merely training horses for Tralee, who owned a good many horses.

I had no memory whatever of my mother, who had been one of a Kentucky family of beautiful girls. I had a little oval picture of her, but what her name had been before her marriage I did not know. To me, she was a beautiful dream-mother.

It was quite different with my father. He had not died till I was eight, and I recalled his death with startling vividness. I had sat, a little frightened girl, beside his bed—waiting, I did not know for what. I had known that something was very wrong with him. He lay there with his eyes shut and the skin was glassy on his temples and under the unaccustomed stubble of his beard. Then the door had opened and Tralee had come in, and I had realized that it was Tralee for whom we had been waiting, whose presence seemed necessary.

There was a terrifying forced cheerfulness in Tralee's

*Now Torid was only a  
length behind the leaders.*

greeting to me, and he had sat by the bed listening to my father.

"I'm leaving a lot of debts, John,"

daddy said quietly, to the man who was his only friend. "I'll see to that," the owner of the racer answered.

"They're not so important as about the kid. There is no one she can turn to," he continued anxiously.

"I'll look after the kid," Tralee had told him reassuringly, confidence in his tone. I think he meant it.

Then daddy had groped vaguely for my hand, and realizing what he wanted, I had put my small fingers into his thin cold ones, and he had drawn the little hand uncertainly across the bed and put it in Tralee's, and Tralee had held it tightly.

After that, for a few years, I had lived in Tralee's narrow-fronted, brown-stone house in the 70's west of Central Park.

I loved it. It was full, for one thing, of beautiful pictures; Tralee had written books on how to tell the work of some of the old masters. There were ancient, gorgeous, expensive hangings. There were rugs into which one's feet sank as though walking on clipped grass, soft, thick, yielding velvet.

The house had its peculiar features too. The chairs,

# Against \$10,000



*My heart was beating like a trip-hammer; my knees were trembling, Marineaux had won.*

for instance, nearly all had straightened backs; the tables all were round. The small parlor-table top, when one touched a spring, turned over and was covered with green cloth—for bridge. The larger parlor-table top lifted off and revealed another circle of green cloth which had a trench around—for poker. But the most interesting was the table in the back parlor, whose top, when it was taken off, disclosed a cloth marked with lines and numbers, a brightly colored wheel, a little ball; the ball rattled upon the wheel when spun, slowed, seemed about to come to rest upon a color and a number, hesitated and unexpectedly settled on some other number.

There was a mystery about these rooms for me; of evenings I never was allowed to enter them. Day-times I wandered through them, made the smallest table top turn over, peered at the others, speculated on their uses. At night, on my way upstairs to bed, I would hear voices of men and women, laughter, the

click of counters, the whirring of the little ball upon the wheel. Often I lay awake, thinking of what was going on downstairs, wondering. Then I was sent away to school.

I KNEW that it would have bitterly offended Tralee if any one had spoken of him as professionally a gambler; he owned horses, but he was always writing about art. He had these tables for his friends. They played the stock market, the races; in the evening they congregated at Tralee's. They were simply people who skimmed the thick cream off of life and would take nothing else, and it was the cream's cream that he gave to me. When I left school, a little apartment close to Central Park awaited me, with a pleasant old woman to look after things.

I spent most of my evenings at Tralee's at those parties which in my childhood had so interested me. I was not known there, ostensibly, as Tralee's ward;



I did not act as hostess. I liked the men who came there better than the girls. They were big men, many of them, in the world's affairs; and I saw that I attracted them.

I was very small—five feet two inches, but Tralee said I had my mother's beauty. I loved the games; gambling was in my blood as it had been in father's blood. All of my monthly check which Tralee sent me that was not actually required for living expenses was lost at once. I supervised the play of the men I liked; I hoped ardently that they would win; when they were in bad luck I urged them to increase their stake and "get it back in one big plunging effort."

At the same time, I felt that I was in the inner council of Tralee, of his closest friend, Bannon, whose name was above a Fifth Avenue shop filled with amazingly expensive furs, and of Corcoran, who had the place my father once had, and now trained Tralee's horses.

It was Corcoran who, early one evening as they awaited the arrival of the guests, told them about Torid, the horse, unexpectedly developing.

"You've got a different horse there," he said to Tralee, who knew nothing of the change.

Tralee awoke at once to keen attention.

"In Torid?"

Something electrical seemed to have shot through Corcoran; he got up and moved about the room.

"In Torid," he repeated. "You know, John, a horse sometimes winters over into form he's never had before. That chestnut was an average three-year-old—no more. We've just begun to train the horse again; he's different! He's got the earmarks of a coming champion. I think he's the best horse that you've ever had. Nobody knows this yet except us here in this room and a couple of exercise boys who'd be crucified before they'd talk about it even to their mothers. But some day this summer, unless I miss my guess—at Belmont or at Saratoga—everybody is going to find it out. That day you'll have the chance to break a half a dozen books. The day I give the word, you bet your lady's jewelry on him."

Then the door-bell rang, announcing the arrival of some guests, and Corcoran, as always, drifted unobtrusively away and the talk ended.

Tonight it was a dinner party. The first who came were women. I heard their high-pitched voices in effusive greeting. Presently the men began to come—a group of four came in together. There was one among them whom I had not seen before and I looked at him with interest. Tralee introduced him to me.

"Miss Lawton—Mr. Marineaux."

I knew who he must be—Peter Marineaux; only the year before he had played on his college football team and I had heard my schoolmates talk about him. He had the straight brown hair, the strong irregular features and the expressive eyes of his well-known family. I was glad when it developed that he was to take me into dinner.

When we came out from the dining-room the top had

been taken off the table in the back parlor and a servant stood there ready to spin the wheel.

"Of course, you'll play, Mr. Marineaux."

I told him I could not play because all of my month's check had been already lost.

"Will you watch me then?" he asked.

He set a chair for me behind his own, and as I watched, the excitement of the game took hold upon me, and my shoulder touched his as I leaned forward eagerly to look.

After a little I saw he was not greatly interested in the little spinning ball, and before long he gave more definite evidence of this. Every time I looked up I found his eyes searching my face. I couldn't help my heart beating wildly.

"Haven't I played long enough to satisfy them?" he asked, as though anxious to be through.

He pushed back from the table and got up, and we wandered out into the next room. The voices of the players came to us as we talked.

It was not, I knew, a night when there would be high play. If it had been, and had begun so early in the evening, the women would have been mostly actresses obliged to leave the men alone immediately after dinner in order to appear in their performances. As it was, they were women of all sorts, but I noted that they were mostly Tralee's older women.

I was sorry that it happened just like that. I wanted to know that, even in competition with women as young as myself and more beautiful, Marineaux would show this interest in me.

"Can't I drive you home?" he asked when the game had broken up.

"Not tonight," I answered. "Mr. Tralee has a car here for me. I'll go in that."

"What do you do? Do you ride? Will you take tea with me sometime? Will you go for a drive tomorrow afternoon with me?"

Something told me not to agree at once.

"Not tomorrow," I said. "Some day."

HE waited until I had put on my coat and went with me to the car. After I was away from him, I looked almost curiously at the hand that he had touched; I felt as though it must have made some difference in my hand, and that meeting him had made some change in me. A slow pink suffused my face and I began to tremble.

He had never been to Tralee's before; and I hoped that he would come again. I had never known a joy equal to the one I felt when, the next day, he called me on the phone.

"How did you get my number?" I asked.

"I called up Mr. Tralee and asked him for it. He said some wonderful nice things about you. Can't I call



*My father taught me never to welch a bet. But, dear God, how could I pay this one?*



*Tralee was in luck. I stood beside Marineaux and urged him to double the stakes. On the last deal he lost \$14,000.*

for you for a little drive and tell you what they were?" he asked, boyishly eager.

"I said I wouldn't," I reminded him, "and yet I think I will, now you ask again."

He called for me and we rolled out along the Drive where, below us in the Hudson, the war-ships were swinging silently at anchor. The very air seemed enchanted and I felt like singing from pure happiness.

"What did Mr. Tralee say about me?" I inquired.

"**H**E SAID that you were the squarest person that he knew. He said you were one person who could be taken to be in every way exactly what she seemed. I think that is as nice a thing as can be said about anybody, don't you?"

I blushed; I did not know why I felt uneasy at Tralee's saying this. As far as I knew, it was true, and I wanted Marineaux to feel that I was square. I certainly

intended to be square in every possible way with him.

We drove so far that we could not get back to dinner; and so dined at an inn overlooking the river and, returning, we dropped into Tralee's for the games and company.

After that I saw him every day; if we were not both to be at Tralee's in the evening, he saw me in the afternoon. He never made open love to me; he never kissed me; he was not the sort to express what he felt by mauling and petting, but I knew that he would not have taken so much time from his affairs to give to me unless in some way I meant much to him.

One night we arrived so early at Tralee's that no one else had yet come. Tralee, seated at the small table and idly playing with the cards, had been talking intently with Corcoran. The conversation broke off abruptly as we came in, and Tralee continued dealing hands to an imaginary opponent and himself— (Continued on page 90)

# CAN YOU *Recommend* Your *Boss?*



I AM twenty-three years old now and I have been a stenographer ever since I got out of high-school which was when I was seventeen, and I have worked for a great many men. Almost all of these men have made me show them good references. Before they will hire me, they have insisted upon knowing that others have found me satisfactory: intelligent, trustworthy, moral.

Well, that's all right. But what I would like to say is this: To make things fair, I think stenographers ought to be able to make a prospective employer prove that he is good enough to work for, that *he* has good manners, is trust-

*Why, Asks This Girl,  
Shouldn't the  
Matter of References  
Work Both Ways?*





*Some of the bosses I have met will get no good references from me.*

worthy, honest, intelligent, and moral. I have found that few men are such paragons of virtue.

Business men make a great fuss if their labor turnover is great—that is, they know the high cost of hiring and firing people continually. That is why when you apply for a job from them they want you to be alert and at the same time so patient and loyal that you will stay in their employ until you are a very old lady.

Well, for us stenographers,—it's just as hard on us to take a job and then have to get out soon afterwards. Take me for instance. I support my mother who is a cripple from arthritis and can just barely move around. She has a tiny pension that helps a little. But I assure you, I can't afford to change jobs often, with a week or two, perhaps more without pay, while I'm looking for a new one. So it is just as important for me when I take a job, to know that my new boss has no unpleasant peculiarities often found in bosses, as for him to know I'm not a thief nor a detective nor a poor speller.

Now to tell you about some of these men I have worked for. In the first place, I have noticed this general rule. Bosses always suspect you of having their own faults. For instance, I worked for one man called Higgins. In business he was a regular bad man, a cheat and a liar and got arrested not long ago for embezzling thousands of dollars. Well, this one was always terribly suspicious of my honesty. He always thought that I was loafing when he was out of the office. He thought I searched his safe. He thought I went through his private papers whenever I got a chance. In fact, that is

what he finally accused me of. So naturally I was very indignant.

One man was an ignorant specimen, the kind who dictates letters with such long, high-sounding words, you can tell in a minute he hardly knows how to read. And if I misspelled a word, what a scene! In fact, I think he delighted in a chance to show me up in the matter of literacy. And he grumbled about hiring me because I had only been through high-school, saying that his last secretary—he'd call even a filing clerk, a secretary—had been a college graduate and a Phi Beta Kappa which I know for a fact was a lot of applesauce.

Then one man objected to me when I was applying for the job, on the score of my get-up. And yet it turned out that my daily out-fit was the very thing that gave him a thrill. And his behavior . . . I guess I must tell you in detail about B—.

There are not many of him in the world, thank heaven. Still he is a type and I may be able to teach a few inexperienced girls to recognise the type when they see it. And kids, if you ever come upon a man like B—, pass up the job, even if you have to marry a plumber's helper and live up-state in a town that's only a flag-station.

As I said, this man objected to my get-up. This made me mad but I wasn't in the position to be a chooser just then. Also, I wish to point out, in spite of his objections I notice that he hired me.

Now I am quite a good-looking girl. I have reddish hair, very short, and a permanent [Turn to page 122]

# A WIFE

*Why Should a  
Keep in Her  
Into This Wife's  
Adorable.*

## Who Couldn't

JOHN WESTMACOTTE was one of those rare souls who value truth so highly that no matter what the cost might be to himself, he told it on all occasions to all men.

He even told it to me.

"There's no need for me to tell you that I love you, Bertha Ann," he said the night he proposed as he took me by the hand. "You know it without the telling. But before I ask you to marry me there's one thing about me you've got to know,—not a pleasant thing for you to hear or for me to tell,—so we'd better get it over as quick as we can."

He released my hand at that and turning he pulled forward the poor old worn rocking-chair I loved.

"Sit down and listen," said he, and there was a grim note in his voice.

He stood with his back to the fire, his hands behind him, quietly smoking his cigarette.

"I take it that you know there's something queer about our family—there's plenty of gossip about such things."

"I'm not a great hand at gossip," I returned, tranquilly rocking. "People *have* hinted that there was something queer—"

"That's what I'm going to tell you, though I warn you, you won't believe it when you hear it."

"Yes I shall," I said, "if you tell it to me."

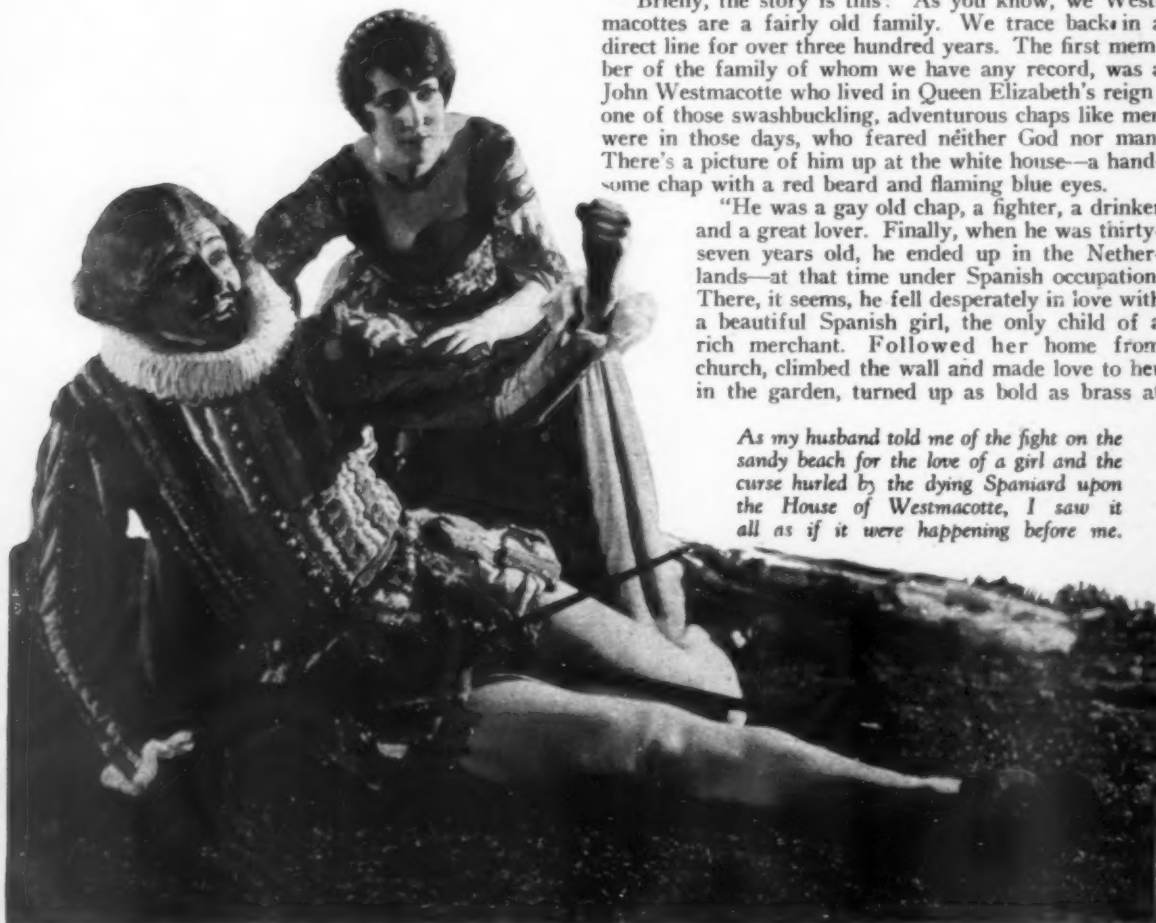
"Thanks. That was dear of you, Bertha Ann."

John Westmacotte bent down impulsively and laid his hand on mine, then drew it as sharply away.

"Briefly, the story is this: As you know, we Westmacottes are a fairly old family. We trace back in a direct line for over three hundred years. The first member of the family of whom we have any record, was a John Westmacotte who lived in Queen Elizabeth's reign; one of those swashbuckling, adventurous chaps like men were in those days, who feared neither God nor man. There's a picture of him up at the white house—a handsome chap with a red beard and flaming blue eyes.

"He was a gay old chap, a fighter, a drinker and a great lover. Finally, when he was thirty-seven years old, he ended up in the Netherlands—at that time under Spanish occupation. There, it seems, he fell desperately in love with a beautiful Spanish girl, the only child of a rich merchant. Followed her home from church, climbed the wall and made love to her in the garden, turned up as bold as brass at

*As my husband told me of the fight on the sandy beach for the love of a girl and the curse hurled by the dying Spaniard upon the House of Westmacotte, I saw it all as if it were happening before me.*



*Woman Who Has A Devoted Husband Still  
Heart a Corner for a Dream Lover?  
Life Came That Dream Lover, Tempting and  
Can She Hold Fast or Will She Cheat?*

# Be BAD

the house and demanded her hand. Naturally, he being not only an Englishman but a heretic, her father refused him. So alarmed was he that he put his daughter into a convent as a novice to keep her safe out of his way.

"It would have taken more than a convent to stop John Westmacotte. She hadn't been gone three days before he bribed her maid to tell him where she was, scaled the wall, climbed the tree, got into her cell through the window and persuaded her to run away with him. That same night, the pair of them eloped. Her father pursued them and caught them on the seashore, just as they were going to get into the boat which was waiting to take them out to the ship riding at anchor a couple of miles out.

"A frightful quarrel followed. In those days there was only one way to settle such things: the two men fought a duel to the death. The father was killed. As he lay dying on the sands in his daughter's arms, he raised himself up and cursed not only John Westmacotte, but his sons, and his sons' sons after him."

John Westmacotte stopped speaking, took out his case and lighted another cigarette.

"It must have been a strange scene that, don't you think, Bertha Ann? The sea, the ship, the moonlit shore, the girl in her nun's dress and veil, the old man lying back in her arms cursing her lover. The old document says John Westmacotte laughed as he stood there listening in the moonlight, running his sword up and down in the sand to clean away the blood. He didn't believe in curses."

"I don't believe in them either," I said.

"Unhappily," said John Westmacotte slowly, "this curse was fulfilled.

"What was the curse?" I asked quietly.

"That having eyes they should not see; that having

*The tragedy of the duel and the lovely daughter listening to the cruel words of her stricken father had all happened 300 years ago but it lived again, terribly, in my mind, because it seemed to stretch across the centuries like a long arm of evil into my life.*





ears they should not hear; that having lips they should not speak; that living they should be as the dead!"

"Do you mean they went mad?"

"No. There's no question of insanity, thank God."

"Do you mean they were paralyzed?"

"No, you can't call it paralysis."

"What is it then?"

"Nobody knows. The doctors are as much at sea as we are. It's some obscure nervous condition for which, so far, they've been able to find neither a name nor a cure. All that we know is that one minute they're perfectly well and the next they're struck down and lie like logs till they die."

"You don't expect me to believe that your entire family has been struck down like logs for three hundred years?"

"Certainly not," said John Westmacotte. "The curse applies to only children."

"Oh, but that's ridiculous!" I exclaimed.

"I told you, you wouldn't believe it," said John. "But it's true all the same. My grandfather was struck down mysteriously. He was an only son."

"It missed my father, but it got my second cousin Kate when she was thirty-seven, and it got her daughter May, who was thirty-seven last year. Two members in each generation for three successive generations to our own certain knowledge. Not an inspiring family for a girl to marry into, Bertha Ann."

"It missed your father," I said.

"My father wasn't an only son," returned John Westmacotte, looking down at me with his steady eyes. "I am. So I'm not at all sure I've a right to marry at all, I've held off from it as long as I could. But I'm only human. And to tell you the truth, I've been pretty well driven the last few months. This being in love is rather desperate business for me, Bertha Ann."

I looked down at my hands lying so quietly in my blue silk lap. This was the one big chance of my life and I knew it. I realized that I had to make up my mind and make it up quickly. After all, I also was only human. I was twenty-four—which isn't so young as it used to be—and I wanted to be married rather badly. I liked John Westmacotte's beautiful mansion on the top of the hill. I liked his cars. I liked his money. I also liked John. He was a man after my own heart, honest, upright, reliable to the heart's core. I gave little or no thought to

this tragic story of his. I confess I was too busy thinking of myself.

John, however, was thinking of me.

"Better call it off, Bertha Ann," he said. "It's too big a risk to take."

"Not if I'm prepared to take it," I said.

**J**OHNN WESTMACOTTE went white beneath his coat of tan. He pulled me up out of my chair. He took my face between his two strong hands. Then he put me from him with a kind of desperate strength.

"But I mustn't let you take it," he said hoarsely. "I daren't. I'm not going to take advantage of you like that. This isn't a thing to be decided in a hurry. You must take time to think it over. Talk to your father and mother and get their advice——"

"I don't want any time to think it over, and I don't want to ask any one's advice. This thing is my business. It's my life I've got to live, not theirs. If you want me, John, you can have me."

"If I want you! If I want you! Oh, dear, my dear!"

His self-control gave way with a snap. He caught me in his arms and kissed me hard and long.

The instant John Westmacotte's lips touched mine I knew I had made a mistake. That burning kiss of his left me as cold as ice.

"Kiss me," whispered John, "kiss me! I've been in hell for you, Bertha Ann. If you love me, kiss me."

All that was good in me, all that was generous rose up at his words. I was full of pure pity for this good man in torment through no fault of his own. I put my lips to his and kissed him as he had kissed me, hard and strong.

"I'd no right to let you do that," said John, tearing himself from me. "I'm a selfish beast. Forgive me."

"Oh, don't be so silly," I said.

At that, he suddenly burst out laughing. His laugh, like his smile, was extraordinarily attractive. It rang through the room like a boy's.

"Oh, Bertha Ann, Bertha Ann, what a darling you are! Nothing ever upsets you, does it? That's the thing about you that first drew me to you. You're always so calm and cool."

"You're by way of being a bit calm and cool yourself, aren't you?" I asked, smiling up at the big man.



*My husband had given me everything including the big white house—everything except a child.*

*Metro's*



*He opened his hand and showed me a dark object lying in his palm. "What's that?" I asked. "Death," he answered.*

"Ah, that's what you think! You little know how my heart's wobbling about inside!" he whispered to me.

"How do you know *my* heart's not wobbling about in *my* inside?"

**A**T THAT, John shouted again with laughter. He caught me in his arms and kissed me. He slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and took out a diamond ring.

It was a magnificent ring. The stone alone had cost a thousand pounds.

At sight of the beautiful thing flashing and sparkling on his out-stretched palm, the color flowed into my face. I trembled as I had not trembled at the touch of his lips.

"Oh! What a lovely ring!" I said as I moved my hand to and fro worshipping its rainbow fires. My voice dropped to an ecstatic whisper. "It's wonderful!"

"Wonderful!" repeated John Westmacotte.

But I was looking at his diamond ring. He was looking at me.

He held out his arms and I went to them, inwardly shaking with excitement, outwardly calm and cool. I laid my head on his breast: I put my arms around his neck.

"It's heavenly, John. I love it."

"Oh, Bertha Ann, Bertha Ann!" he stammered shaking with passion. "Are you sure you'll never regret it, my dear? Are you quite, quite sure?"

As I looked at myself in the glass on my wedding day, my husband's bridal bouquet in my hand; his priceless lace veil lying like a cloud on my hair; his rope of pearls swaying and swinging in lustrous splendor down to my slender waist—I had to pinch myself to make sure I was awake.

Yes, the dream was over and I was face to face with reality. I was a married woman and John Westmacotte's wife.

I sat in my room at the Ritz where he had taken a suite for the night and wondered what marriage was like. My thoughts went backwards over the years to that ideal lover whom I had fashioned for myself out of

my secret thought in the days when I was a chit of a girl of sixteen just home from school.

He was to be six foot two, this hero of mine; slender of body, supple of limb; with ardent eyes looking out of a tired white face, and a mass of black hair that lay slicked back to his well-shaped head like a coat of shining black paint.

What a silly sentimental fool I must have been! Queer how most girls make fools of themselves like that at some time or other in their lives.

Gracious! I sat up in my chair and opened my eyes. Here were nice thoughts for a respectable young bride to have on her wedding night! I considered the door and remembered anew how hungry I was. No lunch, no tea, no dinner, and as far as I could see, not even a cup of hot milk on its way.

"If he doesn't come quick and give me something to eat," I said to myself, "I shall scream. I know I shall."

There was a knock at the communicating door that led into the dressing-room and John came in.

He looked so different from usual I stared at him in surprise. His face, usually so ruddy was ashen beneath its tan; his hair, generally so smooth and neat, was all tumbled and tossed as if he had brushed it the wrong way up; his eyes, always so steady and calm, glittered in his ravaged face with an almost unearthly light. His dressing-gown of softly shaded purple silk fell away from his throat, showing the line of his strongly set head on his strong short neck. His bare feet thrust into his soft suede shoes struck me as curiously out of place in my room.

"May I come in," he asked, "or am I too soon?"

"Come in, do," I answered at once, turning impetuously toward him.

Still he stood hesitating in the doorway, leaning his shoulder against the wall, looking in at me, I thought, as if he had never seen me before.

"This is the most wonderful night of my life," he said. "No matter what happens—joy, sorrow, happiness, pain—life can never be the same for us again, can it?"

"No. I suppose it can't," I said.

He flung out his arm and crushed me against his side. Through the delicate laces of my negligée I could feel his hand burning on my shoulder as his lips had burned on my lips on the night he had kissed me first.

"I've dreamed of this night for the last six months," he said. "Now it's come, I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid lest my happiness should be snatched away

before I have made it really mine!" he exclaimed.

"Why should it be snatched away?"

"Life is uncertain for all men, my sweet; doubly so for me. What would you do if it were snatched away, if I were suddenly struck down at your feet tonight?"

I stirred restlessly in his embrace.

"What's the use of talking about things that may never happen?"

"They may happen."

"Then why not wait till they do? What's the use of talking about them now?"

"Now's the right time, my sweet, on this wonderful night when our two lives are to be merged into one. It's not only your beautiful body I love, Bertha Ann, it's your soul. I want to see right into your heart as I want you to see into mine. If I were struck down by this horrible thing, what would you do, Bertha Ann?"

"Make the best of a bad job, I suppose."

At that I heard him sigh. "There's only one way to make the best of a bad job like mine."

"What way's that?"

"This way." He opened his hand and showed me a little dark object lying on his palm.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Death," said my husband and he held up the little vial for me to see.

It was only a little bottle made of black glass, but in the pale white light of the magic moon it took on a strangely sinister look.

"It has no smell. It has no taste. It leaves no trace. One drop and the whole thing's over. One's sufferings are at an end."

"POISON?" I said and I went cold with horror. "Poison?"

"Poison, if you like to call it so," he smiled his fine rare smile. "To me, it's the Elixir of Eternal Life."

"Fine names don't alter facts. It's poison all the same."

My thoughts flashed to that harassed overworked father of mine with his queer ideas and his easy ways and

my voice went shrill with a sudden great fear.

"Who gave it to you?" I cried. "Who gave it to you?"

"A friend of mine at the Front. The M. O. of my battalion."

"A doctor and he gave you poison? He must have been a very wicked man."

"He was the best man I've ever known and the finest doctor. If ever I am struck down, I want you to send for him, Bertha Ann."

"Send for him? What for?"

"To cure me or give me this."

At his words I recoiled as if he had struck me.

"You mean he'd kill you?"

"Why not, my sweet? All men must die."

"But that would be murder! You [Turn to page 82]

## Are Your PARENTS as Bad as They are Painted?

### A New Prize Letter Contest

IS IT true, as a lot of people are saying, that most of the wildness exhibited by young people is chargeable to parents, that home life has broken down, that the present day crop of parents are a pretty sad and inefficient lot?

What have you boys and girls to say about that? Are your parents dumb? Are they old-fashioned, behind the times? Don't they understand you? What is it you do they don't understand? What should they do to save the situation.

SMART SET will give ten prizes for the ten best letters from you young folks, telling:

### WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY PARENTS

The letters should not be more than 300 words long. For the best letter SMART SET will pay \$15. For the second best \$10. For the third best \$5. For the next seven best letters one dollar each. The editors of SMART SET will act as judges. Contest closes September 10th, 1926. Come on now, you misunderstood youngsters, are your parents as bad as they are painted? You tell the world.

### NEXT MONTH WE ARE GOING TO GIVE YOU PARENTS A CHANCE TO TELL YOUR SIDE OF THIS STORY



# Two Blondes and Another Temptress



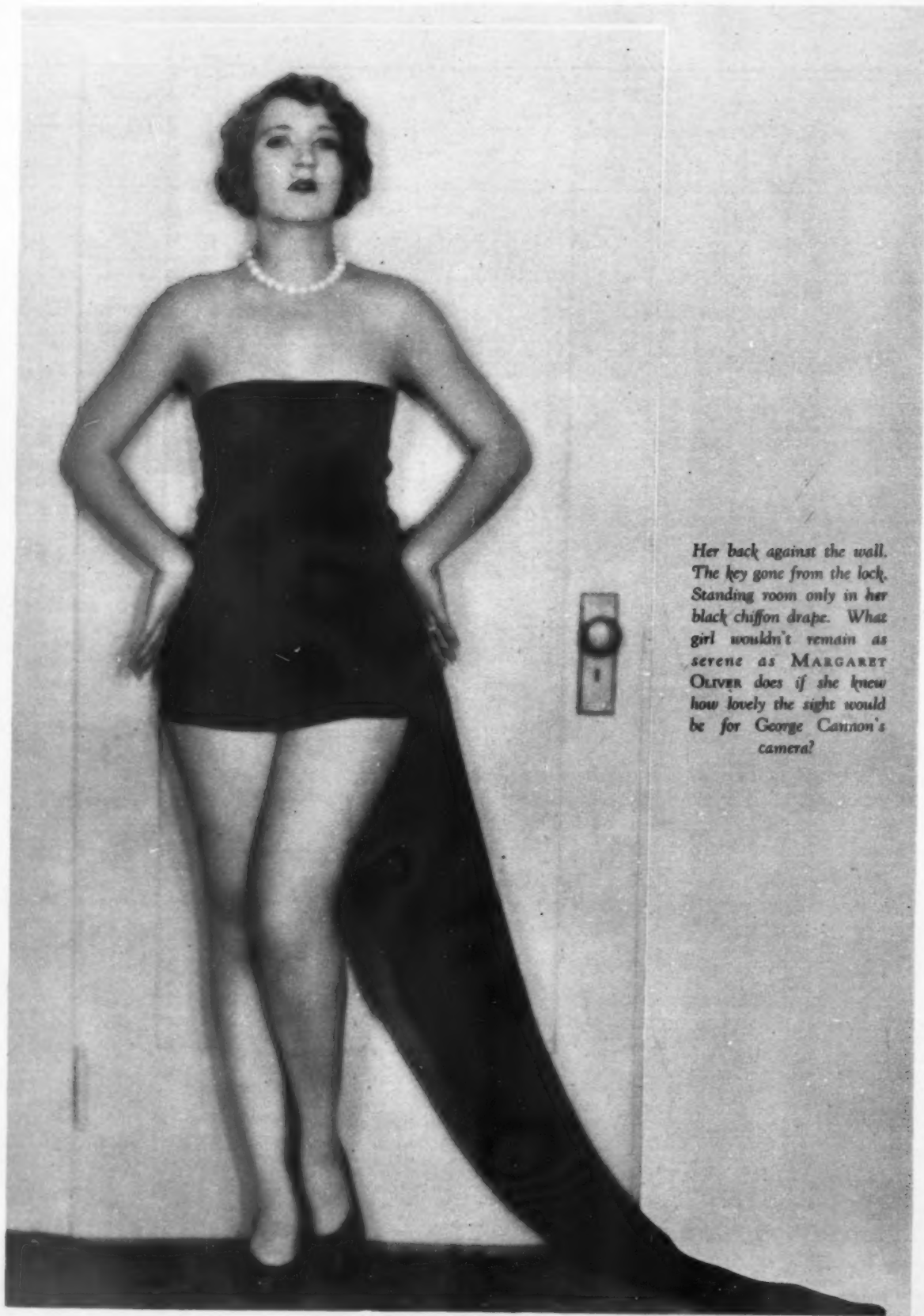
MARION DAVIES is Hollywood's loveliest queen and fairest democrat. You'll see her soon in Metro's "The Red Mill"



What more could any blonde ask? GWEN LEE has perfect beauty and a long-time Metro contract



DeMIRJIAN espied one of "The Great Temptations" at the Winter Garden. Her name's MILDRED ESBY



Her back against the wall.  
The key gone from the lock.  
Standing room only in her  
black chiffon drape. What  
girl wouldn't remain as  
serene as MARGARET  
OLIVER does if she knew  
how lovely the sight would  
be for George Cannon's  
camera?

Up on her toes for "A Night in Paris" is ANNIE PRITCHARD who is twirling her artistic feet in the Shubert production at the Casino de Paris. De Mirjian pictured her



She's now the wife of Merry Widow MAE MURRAY's former husband, which makes her name MRS. ROBERT LEONARD. You perhaps know her better as GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD



# May A. and May B.

*The First Two are May Allison.*

*The Third, Mae Busch.*



No! Skirts are not  
this short. MAY's  
only acting this way  
for First National's  
"Mismates"



MAY's so cute we  
felt you were en-  
titled to two looks



The stormy Mae of the Metro  
lot, MAE BUSCH, one of the  
films' finest actresses

Is It True That  
*All Men Look upon Widows As Easy Prey?*



A brief widowhood  
may give rise to a fas-  
cinating sense of un-  
suspected personal  
charm.

## What *A* WIDOW *LEARNS* about MEN

**M**Y FIRST unsheltered contact with man came in my nineteenth year. Widowed, orphaned, having three trunks of beautiful clothes, some good jewelry, a baby, about a hundred dollars and no profession, I found myself in a strange city and state, drawn thither by a catalogue guaranteeing that I could learn short-hand and typewriting in three months at a cost of seventy-five dollars, including board and tuition, and that a position would be waiting when I had my diploma.

By the end of six weeks my finances were down to five dollars, I had nobody back home upon whom I was willing to call for help, and my boy was stricken with typhoid.

In this situation, a man held out his hand, presenting himself in the two dominant rôles in which he has ever since appeared to me.

He came in a professional capacity, and honestly demanded I tell him on his first visit that I had no money to pay for his services. He was a fine-looking man of medium height, a little stout, with kind blue eyes and fair hair beginning to thin above a generous brow. Somewhat foppish as to dress, and obviously a "ladies man." He made it known that he not only admired me, but realized my situation and was exceedingly sympathetic. Also he was willing to prove his sympathy in a practical way.



"A woman as pretty as you are is a fool to let herself in for this," he said with a glance around the bare room.

"I believe in keeping the commandments," I said, a bit amazed at him.

"So do I," he answered cheerfully. "But the commandments won't pay your bills nor feed you, will they?"

I spent a whole night praying to God to show me what to do. To even an experienced woman, alone in a strange city, with a sick child, broke, threatened with ejection, the situation would have appeared rather desperate; to a girl of eighteen it was devastating.

Perhaps God heard my cry of despair. At any rate, as dawn crept into the little barren room, I arrived at what appeared to me the only possible conclusion.

When the doctor called that morning, I said: "Doctor, I've been praying all night over what you said to me yesterday, and I've decided that if my boy were a man and knew I had saved his life in such fashion, he'd rather I'd let him die. It's how he would feel about it more than how I feel that I've tried to think of."

"What has what I said got to do with saving your boy's life?" he asked in a pointed way.

"WELL, I've no money to pay you, and if you desert him he'll die because I've no money to get another doctor." I began to cry. "And Mrs. G— says she's got to have my room."

He stared at me a moment. "There are a few things I'll tell you for future use," he said quietly. "In this state, and I've no doubt in most states, a doctor may refuse a case; but having accepted it, the law would not permit him, even if he were so inhuman, to desert a patient merely because his money was not in sight. And furthermore, our law does not permit the ejection of a person who is seriously ill. So that settles two of your problems concerning the rights of brutal doctors and insistent landlords."

As he rose he said:

"Oh well, just trust God and Doctor D— and we'll pull you and the boy through. As for what I said yesterday, forget it. I didn't know I was talking to a baby

*Left alone with a man whose wife was momentarily away, he would try to kiss me, as if he had been waiting for this opportunity.*

who actually believed in God and Santa Claus."

It is possible that but for the nurse sent by the doctor to help me, I might have accepted all that followed as a matter of course.

Six weeks of board paying, and even a near-tragedy had given me no very clear conception of the relation of money to life. As a girl on the plantation where I was born, though I never saw any money and heard a good deal about the lack of it, also a good deal about debt, which seemed to worry my father greatly, what one needed was there. As a married woman I had bought whatever I wanted and "charged" it. I had never asked the price of things; nor thought particularly about how they were paid for, or even if they were paid for at all.

That I had never exchanged money for food until I left home by train as a widow seems unbelievable. Yet it is quite true. All my traveling before marriage had been by boat from the plantation to New Orleans. And if unattended, my ticket was given me by my father. I had my staterooms and my meals as a matter of course. I never stopped in hotels or ate in restaurants away from home. After my marriage I was always attended by my husband in such places.

But the nurse had a very clear consciousness of payment, and she obviously suspected the doctor of villainy. Men were "ravening wolves" and widows their particular prey. Also, putting a woman under obligations was one of the "wiles of the devil."

She showed me a way out of the doctor's "clutches."

"Is that a real emerald you are wearing?" she asked.

"Yes. It's my engagement ring. I preferred an emerald because it's my birth stone."

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "It must be worth a lot of money."

"I don't know how much it's worth," I said.



"Better find out. I wouldn't wonder if you can get enough on it to pay all you owe. 'Course, the doctor is paying me, and for the drugs, and I wouldn't wonder if he's paying your board. Insist on his giving you a bill for everything."

Some of the items of the bill I recollect: Cash paid Mrs. G. . . . for six weeks' board, \$75. Medical services for the same length of time with nurse's services included, \$30. Drugs and incidentals for my boy's proper nourishment were all carefully listed at prices proportionate.

I DID not realize then, as I do now, the absolute absurdity of that bill. And because I instinctively kept my own counsel I neither showed the nurse the doctor's bill, nor told her how much I received for the ring—merely stating that I got enough to pay him in full and have a hundred dollars over—or she might have revealed the truth of it to me.

In this incident, two outstanding features of man as I know him are embodied. First, his philandering instincts toward a widow; and second, the fine practical sympathy of him once his better nature is touched.

I was not long in uncovering the truth that a widow in social contact with men inevitably unearths the ugliness which seems to obtain all too often in men of decent reputation and of honor among one another.

When in strange places, if I called myself *Miss* I discovered that men were infinitely more reserved with me. Not only did they talk with less freedom, but they were more hesitant in their approach. They would pat my hand as a sort of first step in affectionate expression. Appear a little impersonal even, as if acting unconsciously, thus making the game very fascinating to me. I found it delightful to watch the maneuvers of a man who wanted to kiss me, moving cautiously, ready to draw back at the first sign of resentment on my part. However, these delights are not generally for a widow.

She never has time to wish he would kiss her—unless she has met him a number of times in public where kissing was not permissible. The moment he is alone with her, his sympathetic arms enfold her, and unless she is quiescent, a fight ensues.

Nor does a battle in any way daunt or discourage him. A widow wants to be loved. That she may not want to be loved by himself does not occur to him. He merely thinks she wants to be "treated rough."

Somehow men have the idea that women like to be taken by storm. Women have told them this. And it is true. Rare is the woman of fine instincts who gives her kisses for the asking. But the gulf that forever lies between the masculine and feminine viewpoint gives rise here to his total misconception of the words "by storm" as understood by women.

No man that I have ever met has the slightest notion of what a woman

means when she says, "I like nice, big, strong, cave men."

I knew a man once, shy, reserved, having a delightfully naïve respect for women, who was the perfect type of overwhelming masculinity. That he was not attracted to women promiscuously was evidenced by the fact that instead of proudly unleashing his emotions as do philandering men, he was desperately afraid I would discover how he felt. He held aloof, neither patting my hand nor telling me I had "devilish eyes." Indeed, he avoided my eyes. At last, one day without warning he swept me into his arms.

There was nothing brutal in the way he did it. I was in a measure prepared. Had I not watched the gathering storm? Had I not played with him [Turn to page 106]



Just a woman in a still, white fury telling a paralyzed man a few bitter truths about himself and all the men of his sort.

# Show This to Your

By Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes



*Just How Good  
Were the Good  
Little Girls of the  
"Good-Old-Days"?  
Is It Possible They  
Might Not  
Have Been  
So Good  
After All?*

THE writer of these words is a father, and a grandfather; he might even use the Irishman's statement that his "future was largely behind" him! Yet he now ventures on a defence of modern youth.

He does this solely because he has some convictions on the subject, and his mind and heart call for an expression of them.

Have we ever had a time when the relations between the passing generation and the oncoming generation seemed as strained as now?

Many older people are finding fault with the younger, —with their dress, their foot-wear, their hair, their complexion, their language, their manners.

As action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions, this attitude toward youth begets on their part the mood that closely resembles rebellion. Some phases of his are given in Stanley High's volume, *The Revolt of Youth*.

The whole situation may grow into a big misfortune. For, after all, the greatest wisdom of the adults is to be good mediators between their generation and the next, while the greatest wisdom of youth is so to relate itself

to the past so as to increase the treasures of the present and future. It would, therefore, be the deepest tragedy if the older people and the younger people should become obsessed with criticism on the one hand and with mutiny on the other.

The condition is not wholly new, though it may be more emphatic than it has often been in past periods. It would not be difficult to show that every generation, and almost every decade, has had examples of the same sort of fear from the oldsters and similar independence of the youngsters.

In the 80's of the last century came the skating rink craze with the overdone swish of gaiety. Adult Jeremiahs immediately appeared with their prophecies of national decadence. Yet that decade has furnished us a fairly good citizenship!

In the 90's came the bicycle. The young people began to go off in apostolic fashion, two by two,—in frequent excursions sometimes on the Sabbath. Some men talked as if the young people then were riding on their "machines" over the precipice of destruction. Did they?

In the 70's we had another phase. William Allen

# Grandmother

*'This Great Preacher*

*Has Faith*

*in You Young People*

White, in his book, *In the Heart of a Fool*, recognizes that the soberness and suffering of the Civil War period were succeeded by a wild rush for pleasure and an equally wild scramble in extravagance. This was duly checked by a widespread religious revival; and, after all, that generation did not ruin the country!

Still farther back we may trace the same cleavage. Here is a clipping from a newspaper, giving an editorial complaint which criticizes the young women for "being clad in transparent muslin when clad at all." It then proceeds to describe the dancing of the time as follows:

"The Scotch Step, the Irish Shuffle, and the Partridge Waddle have triumphed over the graceful Minuet and the elegant Cotillion. A strange rage for imitating low life seems the epidemic malady of the age, a compliment which democracy has extorted from us, or else it must be one of those unaccountable freaks which fashion sometimes plays."

This reads as if it were written yesterday. Yet it is an editorial that appeared in a Boston paper On September 25, 1804,—one hundred and twenty-two years ago!

Or, here is a quotation from another kind of literature. It reads like a paragraph from a modern critic of youth:

"If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown or frock is advisable, because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted by Jack Frost, nose-painter general, of the color of Castile soap. Shoes of kid—as they tend to promote colds and [Turn to page 108]

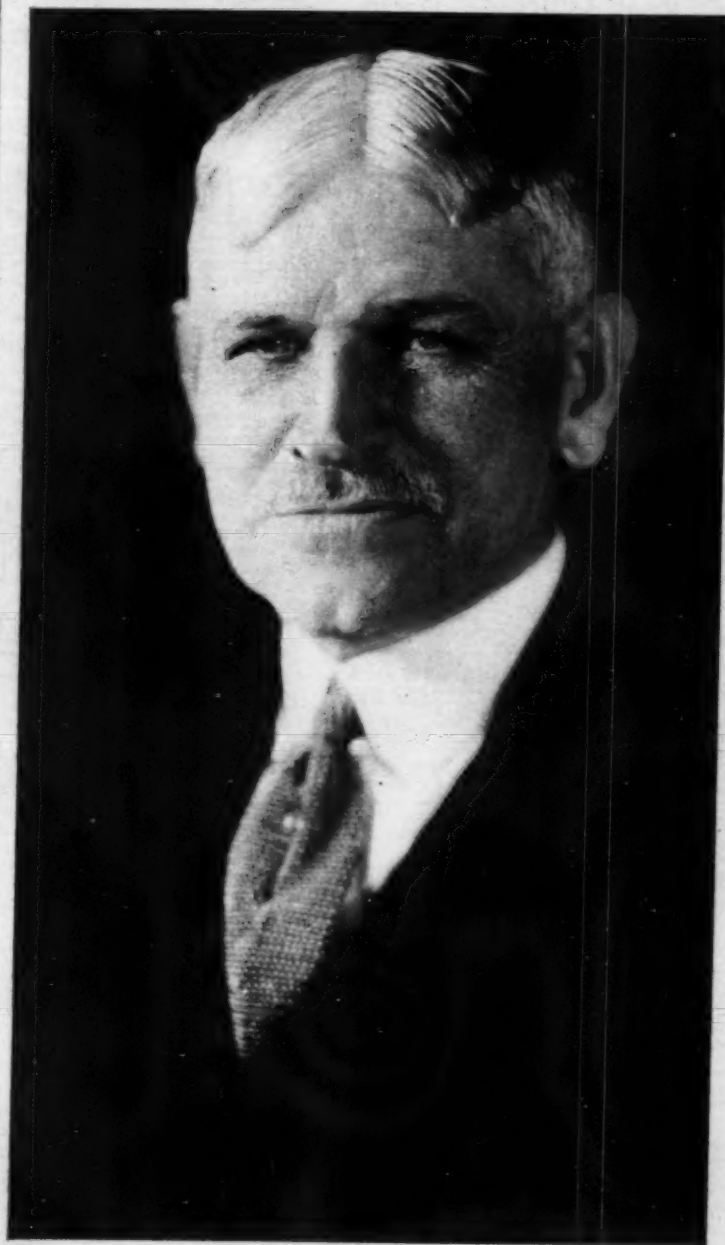


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

**FROM** a boyhood in a Methodist parson's home, through a college presidency to the highest office in the gift of his church, Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes has gone about his work in a whole-souled way. His interest in young people, his sympathetic tolerance of their shortcomings, qualify him to be their spokesman.



*SHE was the Wife of Another Man.  
Now She is Wife to Me. But when  
I Think of How She Became Mine, My  
Conscience Cries:*

**"Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!"**

IN INVITING the Haverocks to stay with me I had done a foolish thing, something against all reason. I had definitely set out to strengthen the one weak link in the oddly assorted chain of circumstances that made up my life—the fact that for the past seven years I had loved Lois Haverock and had been quite unable to forget her.

As I sat there, toying with the slender stem of my glass, I asked myself why I had risked that dinner-party, why, in a moment of intolerable remembrance, I had telegraphed to the Haverocks in London, inviting them to spend a fortnight at my villa. Had it been to test that weak link, to prove to myself that after seven years it was stronger than I had supposed? Or had I merely wished to see the link snap under the strain of our meeting again, and to glory in the snapping? I knew that, whatever devil had inspired me to create it, the situation was full of risk, that with every moment of silence the link *was* weakening—for Lois was sitting next to me, and she was very beautiful.

She seemed not a day older than on the evening we had parted—she to marry Haverock, and I in search of forgetfulness.

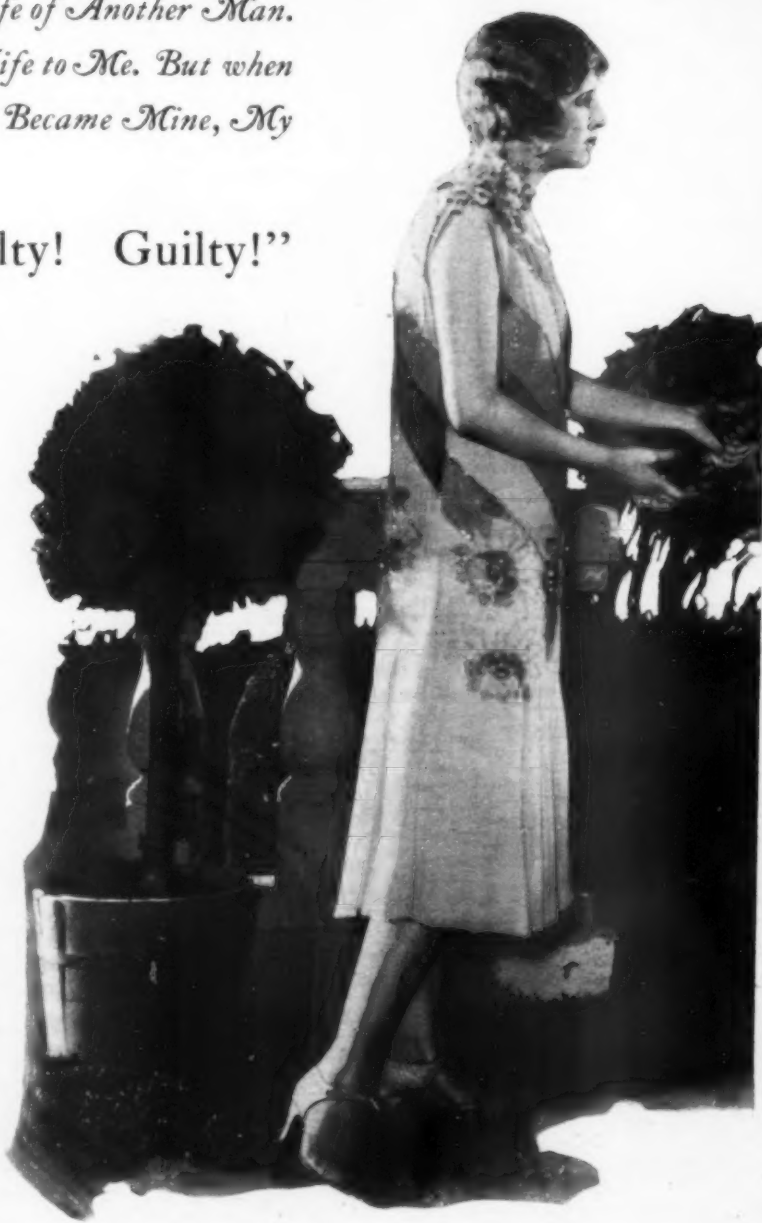
It is two years now since the three of us sat together at dinner in the French province of Alpes Maritimes. An outside observer might have supposed, from the look of us, that we were three friends sitting amicably in the luxurious, rather "foreign" dining-room of some big house in the West End of London. Certainly he could not have foreseen the tragedy we were unconsciously approaching. Even I, keenly alive as I was to the drama of our situation, had not a suspicion then of its tragic dénouement.

A grave and silent triangle—two men and a woman—we were as correctly and completely English as the table appointments before us and the somber butler at our back. Only a prolonged scrutiny, I think, would have revealed the fact that there was something besides friendliness and hospitality back of our behavior.

It is strange, isn't it, that gift the English have, of not making a fuss over things that would set a foreigner, a Frenchman, say, or an Italian, jabbering and gesticulat-

ing with emotion? Whether it be pride or self-consciousness, dislike of a "row" or—as our enemies might say—our Anglo-Saxon sluggishness of blood, it can drag an English man or woman headfirst through hell, with scarcely a quiver of the lip or a hair disarranged to betray the terror and the pain.

On that occasion the armor of each of us was practically flawless. Safe behind the mask of traditional good behavior, we ate and drank and smiled at each other as



*The* Gap



*Haverock took a sudden step toward the gap in the balustrade and a drop of a hundred feet. I had just time to seize his shoulder and drag him back.*

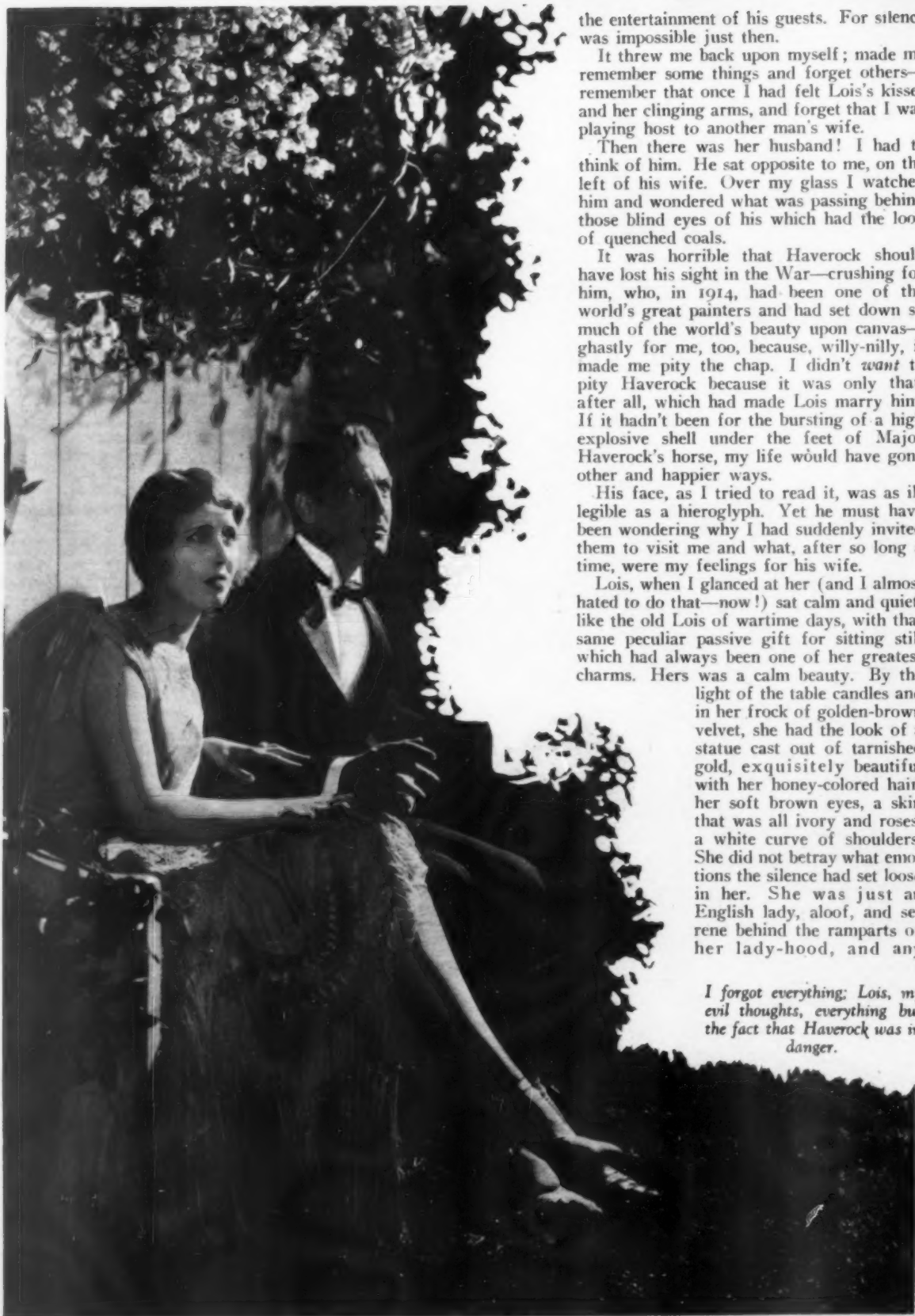
## *in the* Fence

politely as any three people enjoying an evening of care-free companionship. Of the trio, I think it was I who most betrayed my emotions. I could not keep my fingers from fidgeting with the stem of my wine-glass, for they itched to break it and thereby to shatter the silence that I was beginning to find oppressive.

The situation was damnable difficult. It was hard not to think all the time of myself (for all men are selfish in love!) to remember that Lois was a married woman

with a whole married life carefully built up, a life in which, far all I knew, she might be happy. I hadn't asked her to the villa in order to make a wreck of her life. I told myself that during the fourteen days of her visit I must never allow the situation to come to a head.

Whatever was the true state of affairs between her and Haverock, I must respect her wish to be thought happy and contented. I must keep on talking, talking, any sort of light gossip such as a host must produce for



the entertainment of his guests. For silence was impossible just then.

It threw me back upon myself; made me remember some things and forget others—remember that once I had felt Lois's kisses and her clinging arms, and forget that I was playing host to another man's wife.

Then there was her husband! I had to think of him. He sat opposite to me, on the left of his wife. Over my glass I watched him and wondered what was passing behind those blind eyes of his which had the look of quenched coals.

It was horrible that Haverock should have lost his sight in the War—crushing for him, who, in 1914, had been one of the world's great painters and had set down so much of the world's beauty upon canvas—ghastly for me, too, because, willy-nilly, it made me pity the chap. I didn't *want* to pity Haverock because it was only that, after all, which had made Lois marry him. If it hadn't been for the bursting of a high explosive shell under the feet of Major Haverock's horse, my life would have gone other and happier ways.

His face, as I tried to read it, was as illegible as a hieroglyph. Yet he must have been wondering why I had suddenly invited them to visit me and what, after so long a time, were my feelings for his wife.

Lois, when I glanced at her (and I almost hated to do that—now!) sat calm and quiet, like the old Lois of wartime days, with that same peculiar passive gift for sitting still which had always been one of her greatest charms. Hers was a calm beauty. By the

light of the table candles and in her frock of golden-brown velvet, she had the look of a statue cast out of tarnished gold, exquisitely beautiful with her honey-colored hair; her soft brown eyes, a skin that was all ivory and roses, a white curve of shoulders. She did not betray what emotions the silence had set loose in her. She was just an English lady, aloof, and serene behind the ramparts of her lady-hood, and any

*I forgot everything: Lois, my evil thoughts, everything but the fact that Haverock was in danger.*





*A picture, Haverock's portrait of his wife, had broken its cord and fallen to the floor.*

English gentleman would have been hard put to know what she was thinking.

On the shoulder of her frock she wore a cluster of camellias. Their waxen whiteness, so hard and staring against the gold of her, irritated me. Before going upstairs to dress she had insisted upon being given flowers to wear—"something big and effective, Michael, because I'm too tired from the journey to try to be effective myself!"—and I would have given her orchids, only that those in my conservatory were not yet in bloom. For want of better she had chosen camellias, seeming very anxious to have flowers of some kind.

There was something damnably irritating, too, about her passivity—though I had no right to find it so. Blow

in the world, I wondered, could she appear so resigned to her sacrifice, betraying so little emotion when we met again after our long parting? It wasn't human, it wasn't fair. Couldn't she show that she still cared a little!

I was seized suddenly with an overwhelming resentment against the social mask we had all three so slickly assumed, that any one in our situation could be so desperately and politely non-committal, so absurdly well-behaved. The realization of my own good breeding sickened me, that I had become so utterly a slave to tradition and convention that they could compel me still to behave like a "gentleman" when I longed with all my being to be no more than a *man*.

If only we had been a trifle less [Turn to page 116]

*Legs Never Bothered Me Until  
Dresses Climbed Up to the  
Knees. Then I Became Ashamed  
of My Thin, Unshapely Limbs.  
You Should See Me Now!*

# Short Skirts



**G**IRLS with poor legs are very modest, as you have noticed. During the first fashion of short skirts, four or five years ago, I never did wear mine as short as some did just because I was sensitive about my pipe-stems. So when the fashion of real short skirts came back a couple of years ago, I dreaded the idea.

We were talking about it at the home of my friend, Stella Proctor. It was a chummy little party.

"Harry's glad," said Stella, sarcastically, speaking of her husband, "because he's always looking at the girls' legs."

"Oh, that was during the time of prohibition—I mean, prohibition of legs," said Harry. "So, of course—well, it used to be something to see a girl's legs. But when short skirts are the fashion you hardly notice them. They don't mean anything."

"Oh, you don't notice anything else," insisted Stella.

"Well, there's one good thing," said Harry. "All the girls will start walking to develop their legs."

"They'll do nothing of the kind," said Stella, entirely forgetting me and my match-sticks. "They will just follow the fashion, and put their skinny legs or their fat legs on parade just the same, no matter what they look like."

Of course that remark spoiled my evening. For up to that time I was one of the "wall flowers." I chummed with girl friends, not with boys. I went to work from the time father died, and I guess I looked like office work, and like nothing else. Then finally, at about this time, I acquired a man friend who repeatedly told me what a fine mind I had. Good Lord! A fine mind!

John Tracey was about thirty-five,

and I was twenty-five. I liked him because he was not raw and green. He was already established in his profession, and used to come to our office for conferences with my boss. But as I knew all about

*Agnes twisted her leg in a tantalizing way and I saw that John was staring at her.*

# Made a WOMAN of Me

the matters he had to do with, Mr. Tracey would talk things over with me when the chief was not in, so I could report the interview later. One day he asked me if I would like to go to an art exhibition the following Sunday. That was the beginning. After that we went to concerts, movies and theaters, and he would come to the house, and take me driving in his car.

There was another common bond of interest that held us together, and that was music. Mr. Tracey liked to sing, and I played accompaniments. He was no John McCormick, but that didn't matter so long as he enjoyed it, and we got along nicely in that way.

Yet—he was not quite a sweetheart. The first time he mentioned my splendid mind I was pleased. For a time I sharpened up my wits and tried to shine for his benefit, like the girl at school who gets all the high marks. But I soon got tired of his admiration for my mind, and began rather to resent it. At last it dawned upon me that I wanted to be considered as a girl, not merely as an intellect. You see, this mind stuff is all right, until one begins to wonder if she is lacking in the other forms of attractiveness.

There are many things that women talk about among themselves, and so I realize that the average woman feels that she wants the company and attentions of her husband—or of men generally, that is—not just because she is a woman, but because she appeals to him through her personality and mentality. A woman resents the idea, if it occurs to her, that her husband wants her for only one thing. She wants to attract him spirit-

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*I Never Thought Our  
Professional Partnership  
Would Lead to  
Professional Jealousy  
And Neither of Us  
Ever Dreamed  
What That Jealousy  
Would Lead to*

THE entire staff was electrified, when, about a month before my internship at Midland Hospital was to end, Dr. Daniel Jarvis asked me to assist him in his private practice.

The chief cause for astonishment was this—that although a widower, and reputed to have been deeply in love with his wife, Dr. Jarvis now exhibited all the characteristics of a confirmed woman-hater. And I was the only woman physician in the district.

Dr. Daniel Jarvis enjoyed an enviable position as the region's foremost specialist in children's diseases. There were any number of more experienced doctors who would gladly have made sacrifices for the privilege of working under him. Why had he chosen me?

Coming upstairs at eleven-thirty, I noticed that Dr. Jarvis's immaculate velour hat, and his familiar pipe lay beside the time-book, on the table in the reception room. I felt panicky, as if I were going in for my first operation. In the children's ward, Dr. Jarvis was bending over a crib. Those who knew him longer, said he was thirty-five, but he looked a bit above that, with that one odd lock of gray hair brushed back from his forehead.

He straightened up to meet my gaze, and in his eyes I surprised an expression of tenderness. Not that it deceived me. It was a left-over, so to speak, from the attention he had been giving a feverish baby. Instantly coldness froze out that other look.

"Good morning, Doctor Barton," he said gruffly as he turned away from a sick child's crib.

"Good morning, Doctor Jarvis," I answered gravely. I could feel my cheeks grow hotter and hotter. The nurse stood making scratchy entries in the chart, and pretending to have seen and heard nothing. A hostile stillness seemed to pervade the large bare room, flooded though it was with the friendly sunshine of noontide.



# My Dear

Or perhaps it was only hostile silence rising within me.

At the door Dr. Jarvis called, "Coming Billy?"

Out from behind the screen strutted Billy Thoms, a four year old particle of masculinity, some two and a half feet high with a face like a character doll. He wore a real sailor's suit of white duck, flopping pants, middy, and hat tilted to one side, and over one arm hung a cor-



*A Story which Proves  
that a  
SURGEON'S KNIFE  
is of Little Use  
in a Fight  
Against a  
WOMAN'S HEART*

Billy pressed a quick succession of damp kisses on my cheek. I was dimly aware that Dr. Jarvis was watching us.

# Doctor

rect little overcoat with gilt buttons and heavy braid. "Good-by, Dr. Lady," he called waving his hand airily. This was a title he had invented for me, and he always said it as if "Lady" were my family name.

"Good-by, Billy," I said. "Don't forget us when you're gone!"

Who can tell just what ordinary phrase may stir the

depths of a child's emotions? The smile vanished from Billy's eyes. The strutting air gave way to a pathetic one of uncertainty. His lips parted. He dropped his coat to the floor, and then came dashing toward me.

"Dr. Lady! Dr. Lady!" he panted, and I could feel his little heart pounding away.

"Yes, Billy?"

He pressed a quick succession of damp, vehement kisses on my cheek. While he kept protesting his affection, I was dimly conscious of the fact that Dr. Jarvis, he who was accustomed to personal service from others, was going around to gather up Billy's scattered possessions!

"Dr. Jarvis is waiting, Billy," I said.

The boy's arms relaxed. I straightened his tie, kissed him and sent him back.

**W**HEN the big doctor and the little unfortunate boy were gone, Miss Lawlor the nurse looked up.

"It's wonderful the way he has with children, though," she said tactfully.

"That's his soft spot," I laughed.

"They say his own little girl puts it all over him," she hinted. "And I guess he's letting Billy go the same way. It's a wonder he doesn't adopt the boy, Doctor."

It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I meant to adopt him some day.

When I came to Midland Hospital, Billy was two and a half years old, and a fixture. Officially, we were not supposed to keep abandoned children but Billy was such a dear that the hospital staff winked at the law, and concealed Billy when the charity inspectors made their rounds. On their afternoons off, the nurses took Billy walking, or to the story-hour at the library. If the circus came to

town, the internes organized a party with Billy as guest of honor. The women in the sewing-room made charming little rompers and suits for him.

Certainly the deserted baby provided enough excitement for the hospital. At length, Dr. Jarvis put the official stamp on the gigantic deception by taking Billy home with him every Saturday afternoon to spend the

week-end with his own little daughter. Monday morning, Billy would return loaded with trinkets for his less fortunate brothers and sisters in the ward. The boy had just left for one such visit.

This was the man with whom I was to be associated, a man with no apparent sympathy for adults, but with a strange, blind love for children.

During the period that followed, the situation began to grow embarrassing, not to say, provoking. He never spoke to me about our future connection, nor did he give me the slightest opportunity to talk to him about it.

**B**UT on the other hand, his sharpness in personal encounter, was such as to arouse rebellion within me. It fell to my lot, that month, to set the broken wrist of a little girl. Going into the X-ray room next morning to examine the pictures taken after the operation, I found that Dr. Jarvis had preceded me. He didn't turn. I had no idea how he knew it was I. But he did, for he tossed back his comment over his shoulder:

"Not so bad, Doctor."

I quivered all over with anger at this half-hearted praise. From my position just inside the doorway I could see the plates clearly. That particular break, a difficult one, had been perfectly set.

"I think it's pretty good," I said.

"At your stage," he snapped, "nothing is so good that it cannot be better."

I went upstairs furious at him, but more so at myself.

Envied though I was by the other internes, whose plans were by no means so definite as mine, I really began to wonder whether this arrangement could ever be of advantage either to Dr. Jarvis or to myself. Dr. Jarvis had asked me to be his office associate and I had accepted the position, still he paid no attention to me.

Yet I said good-by to the hospital, moved my trunk to a small residential hotel in Midland, and presented myself to Dr. Jarvis. The housekeeper greeted me in hearty Irish fashion.

"Sure, it's Dr. Barton," was her greeting. "Doctor Lady! And maybe little Billy hasn't been talkin' his curly head off for love of you. Right in this way, Doctor. Himself is out in a hurry call, but it's orders I have to show you around. The waitin' room is here, ma'am."

I followed her down a hall.

"And there's his office," she went on, "and next to it the room for examinations. Sure—an' opposite is your office, Doctor——"

**I** WAS amazed at the appearance of the rooms I had just seen. The doctor's quarters occupied a whole wing, that was obvious, but everything seemed to have so. Yet about it all hung an atmosphere of indifference, so. Yet about it all hung an atmosphere of indifference, of shabbiness, as if, within these walls, there was no zest for the beauty of life.

On a ponderous desk in the room set aside as my office, I found a note to me, which Dr. Jarvis had penciled in a large scrawl on a prescription blank, it read:

My Dear Doctor,  
Please inform yourself on case of Fred Hills. The boy will come this afternoon. Records are in filing case in my office.

Dr. J.

Far from being astonished that there was not even a formal word of greeting from him, I considered it a distinct advance that he had said "please." As I stood idly fingering the note, I was conscious of a rustling in one corner of the room, and looking up, beheld a little girl sitting on the floor, hunched up in an abominable position, reading by an abominable light. At least she had a book spread open on her knees, but at that particular moment she was regarding me over the edge through large, dark eyes set in a thin elfin face. I surmised correctly this was Patricia Jarvis.

"Hello, Patricia!" I said.

"I won't say 'hello' to you," she said.

"I caught you! You just said it."

"No, I didn't. Because I won't."

"Why won't you," I



*The housekeeper greeted me in hearty Irish fashion. "Sure it's Doctor Lady! And maybe Billy hasn't been talking his curly head off for love of you!"*

asked wonderingly.

"I don't like you."

"You don't know me!" I exclaimed exaggerating my horror.

"Yes I do. You're Billy's Dr. Lady."

"I'd love to be your Dr. Lady, too, Patricia."

The child jumped up angrily, stamping her foot.

"I don't want you. I hate you!"

Her antagonism interested me. In all my experience, I had found that I could make friends with any child after the first exchange of smiles. I felt there was a definite motive for this behavior. But now, when I approached her, she shrank away from me in alarm. She might really have been a little wild creature.

"Really, I'd like awfully much for us to be the best of friends," I said. "Come—you tell me what's wrong."

She sat down on the floor again, with her legs crossed.

"You're not like my mother."

"No dear, not at all," I assured her, remembering the portrait I had glimpsed in passing through the reception room.

"She has golden hair, and yours is black like mine. I hate black hair, and black eyes. When I'm old and have money, I'm going to make my hair golden."

I noticed the child said her mother "has" golden hair, as if she were a living, present personality. It struck me as rather odd, but there was a great significance in all that was at first incomprehensible about the household. If Dr. Jarvis and his eight-year-old Patricia were determined to resist my attempts at ordinary friendliness, Mrs. Connor, at least, seemed of the opinion that I was a female angel sent specially to converse with her. By the end of the first week, she was calling me, "Dr. Nona," by my first name.

"Sure, it's so sweet to think of a nice little lady like you bein' a doctor an' all," she said. "Nona—that's a dear little name, Doctor."

By the end of the second week she was winking at me



A little girl was sitting on the floor reading. "Hello, Patricia," I said. "I won't say 'hello' to you," she answered. "I don't like you. I hate you."

slyly every time she mentioned Dr. Jarvis's name. With the third week gone, Mrs. Connor had told me, unsolicited, all that had happened, was happening, or might happen to her two charges.

Patricia did have a slight heart condition, not so bad as to be cause for genuine worry, but definite enough to make her father feel under obligations to spoil her. Which he did. Though really a charming child, devoted to her father, fiercely protective of Billy, she was, in her way, the tyrant of the household.

At first, out of despair at his wife's death, later in pity for his motherless baby, he had built up for the child a golden tradition about the dead woman each day embellishing the memory of her with glittering new details. Finding that this seemed to fill, in Patricia, a need for a mother's tenderness, Dr. Jarvis continued to impress upon her the extent of her mother's beauty, until she came to regard the parent she had never known as the most beautiful, finest, sweetest, most gracious princess that ever moved through a fairy-tale.

Dr. Jarvis was very busy. We always met during office hours, for he not only required assistance then, but he could at the same time give me little private lectures about his patients.

He came in one day to find me dancing around the office with a whimpering baby in my arms. I pulled up shortly, rather embarrassed.

"Go right ahead," he said. "Anything that gets them into good humor is legitimate. He hung up his hat and then slipped into a white coat. "Ever wonder why I haven't got a nurse?" he went on.

"Well—yes," I answered.

"Nurses frighten children when they ought to be coaxed. Can't bear to see them frightened."

I smiled.

"How did you know I wouldn't?"

"Been watching you," he said laconically, reading his

mail while he spoke. A kind look softened his face.

Surprise escaped me. I didn't want him to shake me from my reserve. But I forgot.

"You watched me?" I repeated.

"Yes. Knew you'd make a good addition to the field."

"Because I did everything wrong?"

It was somewhat difficult to be sarcastic with the baby tugging at my hair.

"If I thought you weren't fitted for this I wouldn't have bothered to correct you."

"But how could you know?"

Still he busied himself with the pile of letters, flinging some into the waste-basket, stuffing others into an open drawer.

"By your fingers," he said laconically. "You've got—maternal hands."

However, this is really the only conversation I can recall. Our communications took the form of notes scribbled on prescription pads, because, in the course of the day's events it seemed impossible for us to be in our offices at the same time except at the regular hours. Indeed, according to Mrs. Connor, the one who had just come in had always just missed the other.

Sometimes there was a request to mail a few bills; sometimes an order for drugs to be attended to; some-

times an extra professional visit; a nurse to be called; a consultation arranged. Then one day this stared up at me from my desk, "My dear Doctor—What did I do with my pipe?—D. J."

Now that pipe of his was as essential to his happiness as any one of his five senses, and I seemed to detect, beneath those few words an undercurrent of charming boyishness. He was ruffled, too, and provoked at himself. But I had received a phone message that morning and knew something of the whereabouts of the lost companion.

"My dear Doctor—you left your pipe in the laboratory at the hospital—N. B."

Returning from a few calls about two hours later, I found another note: "My dear Doctor—Sorry to bother you about my personal possession. Of course, the care of my pipe does *not* come within your duties.—D. J."

Since I had to be at the hospital that afternoon, anyway, I stopped in to get the pipe. But along with it, I got a bit of news that upset me badly. It filled my thoughts on the way home. It pounded my heart. It rose to my lips as I let myself in, and when I saw that my chief was in, I could no longer contain myself.

"Dr. Jarvis," I burst out, flinging myself into his office. "They've at last discovered Billy!" [Turn to page 133]



They brought Patricia in, just a little crumpled form . . . So white, so still, that she might have been dead.



# I Live on Alimony



*Does  
That  
Make  
Me  
a  
SLAVE  
WOMAN  
?*

I AM one of those creatures of whom "emancipated" women speak with contempt. I am supported by a man—a man with whom I do not live, but who gives me a monthly income; in other words an ex-husband.

I am neither old nor disabled. I am young and healthy with a normal amount of brains and I'm not hard to look at. But I still take alimony from my former husband—and take it without loss of self-respect. There was a time, when I too, felt contempt for a woman who accepted support from a man with whom she could no longer live as a wife, and who was young and healthy enough to make her own way. But now I know why so many women feel justified in accepting alimony.

I was nineteen when I married. I had just left boarding-school, and was preparing to make my debut into the social world. I had everything that indulgent parents could give me. The man I married was twenty-six. He was the son of wealthy parents, and all his life had had every wish granted. A handsome, charming and very cultivated man of artistic temperament.

During the three years of our married life our friends

envied our existence—it seemed so ideal. My husband had inherited an income which was more than ample for our somewhat extravagant needs. We had a beautiful home and many interesting friends. We had not a responsibility in the world. We did what we pleased and when we pleased.

For a year it was great fun. At the end of that time I began to take stock of our married life. There was no question that I loved my husband as much as ever. He was interesting and entirely devoted to me, and yet I was dissatisfied. Two more years passed before I came to the realization that he was wholly charming as a companion, but entirely lacking as a husband.

In the first flush of my love, my imagination had endowed him with qualities which he did not have. To measure up to my ideal of a husband a man must be as faithful, gentle and kind as my husband was, but he must be strong enough to shoulder responsibility, and

masterful enough to command my admiration. I had to act as my husband's protector. As helpless as an infant, he looked to me for everything from business details up. He expected me to recall his sittings.

While I was under the illusion that he was big and strong, I thought that I was mothering the small boy in him and loved it. He had unusual talents as a painter and because I wanted him to achieve his ambition to become an artist of note, I did not mind the extra burden of being the "man" of the family, until I saw that he was too indolent, too spoiled by the flattery of friends, to apply himself to the hard work necessary to carry him to his goal.

When affairs between us reached the stage that argument and quarreling became a regular part of our life, I went away. I wanted to get off somewhere alone to think clearly—to try to work out some sort of readjustment of our lives, if we were to continue together; if we were not, to study my emotions carefully before I took any decisive step. My husband raised no objection, when one day, I announced that I was going to Europe. He took it for granted that I would remain only a few months.

Shortly after my arrival in Paris, I met a woman friend who put me in touch with the director of one of the largest dressmaking establishments in Paris. It was suggested that I would be of value to him in the capacity of "hostess" to the American and English clients. My own acquaintances were also counted as an asset in securing the situation, since people I knew in both countries would be more likely to buy from a firm which I represented, rather than from a house in which they knew no one.

The house of Blank proved interesting and amusing for a time. The daily routine of a French dressmaking establishment and French business methods would always prove interesting to the ordinary American. The excitable and voluble little director, the half-dozen slithery, sleek-haired, permanently bored mannikins; the elegant, artistic and temperamental Monsieur X, who designed the frocks, and cast a lewd and lovely eye upon each of the parading models; the astute and cigar-smoking buyers; the haughty and blasé ladies of wealth; the merely curious, without money in their pockets, who came either for the thrill of seeing a dress rehearsal, or in hopes of borrowing a design—all of this made a play



*There I found slithery, sleek-haired permanently*

enacted daily, but like every other play it grew tiresome with repetition.

Like George Washington, I could never tell a bare-faced lie. Because I could not tell fat and pudgy women that checks and ruffles were becoming to them, when they had set their hearts upon checks and ruffles, the house naturally lost a customer. For these same large ladies invariably took their indignant selves over to the house of P, and bought their checks and ruffles. The daily strain of seeing women as women are, was too much for my nerves, and I left before I was asked to.

Paris offered sufficient distractions, and the three preceding years of my marriage receded into a haze. Not that I had forgotten my husband. I couldn't have, even though I had tried. It is not possible in three years or thirty to forget a person with whom one has lived in so close a relationship as marriage.

My husband was sending me a monthly allowance and we corresponded regularly. I wrote to him as I would to a dear friend—he had become just that to me. He had ceased to be the one person necessary to my life. I could not bring myself to tell him that I could not live with him



bored mannikins who displayed the gowns

again and evaded his questions about my plans for coming home. It was characteristic of him to let months go by, then a year, and nearly two years before taking any definite stand on my failure to return. He finally stopped my allowance. Although it financially embarrassed me, I welcomed this action because it created the necessity of my becoming independent.

I continued to live in Paris. I suddenly realized that I was

broke. Work was an absolute necessity and divorce was now a desire. As soon as I determined to be self-supporting, and to cut off all ties between my husband and myself, I felt happier.

With my rent due and many unpaid bills confronting me I became panic-stricken at the thought of having no funds, and no resources to draw from. But I was young and quickly got over my fright. It would be simple to get work, I told myself. I thought of the things I would like to do—the question of whether I was fitted for any of them never entered my mind. Why shouldn't I become a newspaper correspondent? The idea was fascinating and I hurried to the European bureau of one of the large American newspapers to offer my services. After some little difficulty I was finally shown to the editor. He heard me through. Then he said:

"Women have never been able to break in on this field over here—we men have got it—see? No place for a woman." I left his office not at all discouraged; in fact, I pitied the poor man for his inability to appreciate my talent. I sought other newspaper offices. Some editors were enough interested to ask what my experience as a newspaper woman had been, throwing up their hands in horror when I cheerfully told them that I had had none. Others treated me as though I were a little child who needed guidance, and dismissed me with fatherly advice. Finally, I came to the conclusion that I might not like newspaper work after all, and the business world was the field for me. My funds had vanished and it was necessary for me to do something quickly.

I was a most  
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### A Noted Judge on Alimony Wives

**I** submit no able-bodied women with self-respect should demand alimony. **The** divorce and alimony epidemic is causing a breaking down of ethical restraint. Men find it financially cheaper to have mistresses. They are usually recruited from the ranks of the alimony wives. **I** truly believe it's alimony, alimony, alimony that keeps thousands of couples from becoming reconciled. **Too** many wives today have turned into Parasites, Liars, Cheats, Intriguers, Money Grabbers, Contributors to Immorality. **Men** are powerless to stop what's happening. If they rebel, they're clapped into the "Alimony Club." **I** announced recently that I would refuse to grant alimony in cases where wives are healthy, childless and capable of supporting themselves.

**JUDGE SELAH B. STRONG,**

of the Supreme Court of New York.

In *Cosmopolitan* for April, 1926.

# The Voodoo's

*I Was Warned the  
Giant Negro  
Would Revenge Himself  
on Me. But I  
Laughed—Until the  
Riderless Horse  
Galloped Home. What  
Could Be the  
Fate of My Sweetheart?*

**L**IKE most men, I had never given much thought to the supernatural, in my twenty-nine years—until one night, I had to face it in the tangled swamps of Louisiana . . .

I smiled grimly, as I sank back in a Pullman seat, and waited for the five-ten to pull out of the Union Terminal sheds at Dallas, for New Orleans.


It had been months since I had heard from Uncle Tom when his telegram came, saying that he had suffered a serious accident—and was helpless. He asked if I could arrange to come to New Orleans, and make my home with him, looking after his cotton and cane plantation. "After all, I'm an old man, and you are all I have except, Jean," he ended.

I was strangely happy, as I packed my things, and closed up what business connections I had. I had always held my mother's affection for Uncle Tom, and I felt as if I were going home. I knew she would be glad if she knew. I had never heard of Jean before, and I was too busy to wonder. Dimly, I supposed that she was a servant.

My uncle's plantation was about four miles out of New Orleans, and Jimmy Britton, the foreman, met me at the station with a car. He was a tall, sun-burnt man, with eyes that twinkled as he talked. I liked him instinctively, from the first moment his hand gripped mine.

"Any special ideas, on how to handle these niggers?" he asked as we drove home.

"No, I haven't," I answered honestly. "I'll have to



*I could feel the veins swell in my throat as I looked, for in there was the one I held dearest on earth. I started to push the bushes aside and leap into the clearing.*

learn and I don't mind saying I don't know everything." "Well, thank God fer that," he said as he grinned naively.

It would be hard to forget my first glimpse of Uncle Tom—a heavy shock of iron gray hair, above bristling brows that made his hair seem the whiter above a pair of piercing eyes. He was propped up with many pillows, in a wicker wheel-chair, and his lined face wore an odd



# Living Sacrifice



look of waiting. He turned his head toward me as I came into the room, and, for a fleeting second the old eyes searched my face, then as if reassured, brightened with a smile of genuine welcome.

"Brent!" he said simply, as our hands met. And everything that he needed to say was in that one word.

The big room was cool and dim, the shades being drawn against the stagnating heat of the afternoon sun, and I had not noticed that there was any one else in the room, until a girl stepped from the shadows.

"And may I welcome you home, too?" she asked, in the singularly sweet drawl of the Southland.

"This is Jean, Brent," Uncle Tom interrupted. "I don't know whether I told you that she is my adopted daughter."

If a thunder bolt had struck me, I could not have been more surprised. The idea of gruff old Uncle Tom adopting a daughter was almost ludicrous. I bent over the small white hand Jean placed in mine and murmured some inane reply.

**I** SAW she was really beautiful, with her small, rounded figure clad in some kind of soft, clinging stuff, and great dark eyes, set in a little oval face. She had absurdly long lashes, and a cloud of dusky hair. She must be French, I thought.

Infinite pity for my uncle Tom filled my heart as I watched his tousled gray head and great shoulders shift restlessly, while his body from the waist down, lay in pitiful stillness. He had been thrown from the back of a wild Indian pony, new, to the plantation, and the doctor said that he would never walk again.

"Pretty useless old hulk, Brent," he sighed, and I realized suddenly how tragic a thing it must be for a man

to know that his days of usefulness are over, still leaving him with all of the desires of an active man. He knew that never again would he ride between the snowy cotton rows of his plantation.

I was busy in my new home after the first few days, and spent hours with Jimmy, "ridin' the plantation," listening to his sage advice sprinkled with humor, and



*She was really beautiful, with great dark eyes, long lashes and a cloud of dusky hair.*

learning how to take control of things. The negroes seemed to like me—was I not “Mis’ Mary’s son”? And I felt a sense of deep contentment.

Jean was a wonderful companion, gay and sparkling, with sudden flashes of tenderness, that were fairly bewildering. She took me through the old French Quarter, with its French windows set in the stained walls of the houses. There were crumbling arches, and cool courtyards, paved with cobbles or flagstone.

**W**E WERE driving, one night, and as we passed St. Anthony’s Garden, Jean laughed softly, “And here is where the hot-blooded young men used to duel over their ladies. Too bad we have no romance left.”

I looked at her quickly through narrowed eyes. At her lips like scarlet flowers in the dusk, at the soft spray of her hair, across one half-turned cheek. A wisp of it touched my face, I was so close as she turned toward me, and I could feel its silkiness that seemed to cling.

I stopped the car abruptly, in the shadows, and with the moon sifting down through the trees, and the perfume of oleander about us, I drew her small body against my breast, and kissed her red lips. So soft and warm, and moist, they were, my senses were spinning crazily. I could feel her stiffen, and tremble. Then she released herself, and drew back into the far corner of the seat.

“Oh what have you done, what have you done!” she said crying softly.

I stared at her in amazement. I had kissed many girls, and never had one taken it that way. True, some of them had

been angry, but never a cry like that, had passed their lips. It was too tragic for youth. Gently, I pulled her hands away from her face. I could see the tears glisten in the mottled moonlight, and her eyes were closed.

“Jean, honey, can’t you forgive me? I love you,” I pleaded. It hurt me to the quick to see her like this.

She had stopped crying, and looked at me for the first time. Her face seemed strangely drawn, and pale.

“Forgive you?” she said slowly, “Brent, I love you, too!” Then suddenly she threw her arms about my neck, and repeated with exquisite passionate sweetness, “I love you! I love you . . .”

Warm, sweet feelings drugged my brain, as I held her close again. How little—how dear she was! Our lips met, time seemed to be lost in the moonlight stillness of the night.

The weeks that followed, we spent building air castles for our future life, to all of which Uncle Tom listened and chuckled. He was mightily pleased, and entered into our plans enthusiastically.

“Suits me fine,” he would say. “I won’t lose either of you now. Anyway, Brent, I wouldn’t like the idea of you bringin’ a strange woman here.”

One afternoon, Jimmy and I were watching the loading and weighing of some cotton, and I noticed that several of the field hands were sullen and morose, only half doing their work. One of them—a great brute of a negro, a race mixture of negro, Spanish, and Indian, the other negroes said, and one of the worst combinations imaginable, kept eyeing me, insolently curling a heavy lip when he bent to hoist a sack of cotton to his bare, sweating shoulder.

**I** WATCHED them awhile, noticing the mistakes some of them were making. Finally I threw down my cigarette, and touched Jimmy on the shoulder.

“What’s the matter with these niggers?” I asked.

Jimmy looked at them silently a moment.

“Seems like they’re gettin’ all set to go off on one of them there voodoo sprees,” he answered tersely.

“Good Lord, man! You don’t mean to say that these civilized niggers believe in *that*? Why, this is America!”

“This is Louisiana,” Jimmy replied drily. “In a day or so, the swamp will swallow them up. You’ll hear a tom-tom ‘way over yonder—all night long you’ll hear it, and then in the mawnin’, they’ll straggle home, mud-caked, and tired out. No white man knows what they do out there in the swamps—so far out, that I reckon just lizards an’ crawlin’ things keep ‘em company.”

I stared at him, incredulously.

“And you do nothing to stop it?”

“Can’t. It’s funny, but two or three times a year they slip off, just like shadows.”

I laughed shortly. It sounded ridiculous to me.

“Well, I’ll stop ‘em! I haven’t been educated up to such tommy-rot,” I replied coldly, and turned to the niggers.

“Listen here,” I said quietly. “You heard what we said, and the first man that disappears from this

### Can You Write Your Story?

**T**HIS STORY won a prize in the SMART SET Contest announced in the December issue. How about your story? Each of us has a human interest story—an experience from life to tell. Each of us has learned a lesson by which others may profit. Why not write YOUR story and send it to SMART SET? We will pay you well.

plantation without leave, will get hell knocked out of him! Understand?"

They shifted uneasily, and turned away their eyes—all save Sanger, the great negro of mixed blood. The veins on his neck stood out, and the look he flashed at me was indescribably evil.

I stared steadily back into the yellow-brown eyes that reminded me of a tiger's I had once seen. Finally with a gesture, he turned and heaved a heavy sack of cotton across his shoulders. But I had made an enemy.

"What the devil did you talk that a'way for, King," Jimmy remonstrated softly. "You'll have all them niggers quittin' on you."

"Plenty more where they come from," I answered shortly, and strode back toward the "Big House," with Jimmy at my heels.

From the pine woods, across the lowlands, faint but clear, on the still air, crept the ominous roll of a tomtom . . . The insistent call of the weird, distant drums.

"A' callin' 'em," Jimmy muttered beneath his breath.

That night Uncle Tom was unusually silent. None of his jokes, none of his sudden flares of temper. Finally he pushed back the chess board.

"Brent, Jimmy says you are goin' to flog the niggers, if they go to this voodoo celebration."

He toyed with an ivory piece.

"No, I won't flog them, but I'll give every mother's son of them a beating with my fists he won't soon forget," I answered.

I saw the sudden, startled movement Jean made, and the way her big eyes watched us anxiously. There was a heavy pause, and the grandfather clock at the foot of the stairs chimed nine.

"Son," Uncle Tom said finally, "I've lived here in Louisiana all my life and I know niggers. You're makin' a mistake—"

I set my chin.

"Well, I'm going through with [Turn to page 95]



Jean raised a pleading face to mine. Her lovely, sensitive mouth quivered. "Brent, you don't know what you are doing."



# Put *Your* IMAGINATION

**H**AVE you ever tried to stop smoking, to stop drinking, to give up a drug habit, or even to stop biting your nails, only to find that the more desperately you resolved not to do such a thing the stronger became the perverse impulse which was forcing you to do it?

Have you ever wondered why bad habits are more easily formed than good ones?

Of course you have. Now that you are recalling that experience, take a piece of white paper about a foot square, mark two heavy black lines on it which cross each other in its center at right angles. Mark one line A—B, the other one C—D. Lay the paper on the floor.

Fasten a piece of fine thread about two feet long to the center of a bright coin with a tiny bit of chewing gum. Hold the coin, hanging at the end of its thread, at arm's length close to the paper over the point where the lines cross.

You are going to keep the coin motionless in this position while you fix your eyes upon the line A—B and think steadily of the line's direction "A—B," you must think, "A-B, A-B," at the same time holding your hand perfectly motionless. Presently the coin will begin to move almost imperceptibly. Exert your will to make your hand hold still, but do not stop thinking of the line. In spite of you the motion of the coin grows greater. The harder you try to keep it still, the freer it moves until finally it is swinging back and forth along the line A—B.

Now change your thought and think, "C-D, C-D, C-D." Don't let your hand move, insist that it stay still. Soon the coin has changed its swing and is moving freely back and forth at right angles to the line of its first motion.

The feeling this gives you is that the coin is bewitched; the fact is that the coin acts exactly as your habits do, and for exactly the same reason.

Since about 1850 it has been known that a bright object at the

end of a fine thread—Chevreul's pendulum, it is called after its inventor—would act the way the coin does. By suspending the pendulum among the letters of the alphabet it could be made to spell out a secret which the person holding it wanted to keep from others. In clairvoyant seances it was used to answer questions by the taps it gave against a glass bell. It was like the ouija board and other methods of divination.

But it was not known why it did these things. That is the recent discovery of the psychologist, Emile Coué, of Nancy, France, who in the last few years has become known in Europe as an almost miraculous healer.

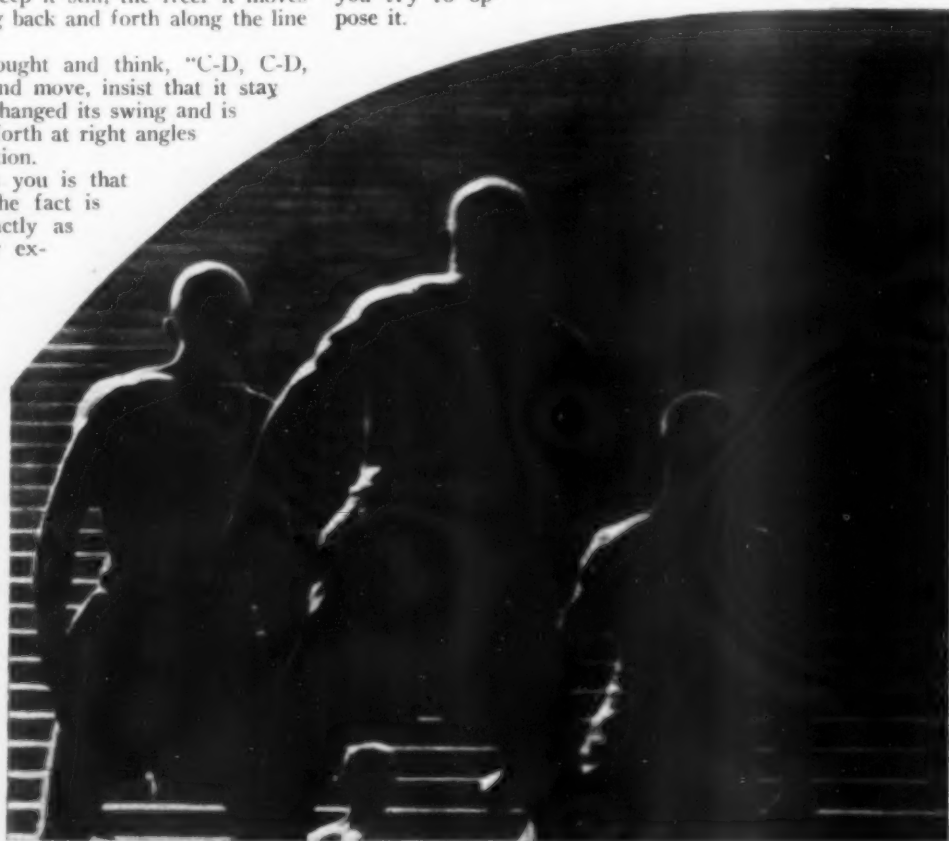
The something within you which is stronger than your will is your imagination. Whenever it happens that the imagination and the will oppose each other, the strength of the imagination increases much faster than the power of the will. The result of the conflict therefore is that the imagination always wins. The psychologists call this the Law of Reversed Effort.

Most people are aware that the things which they do best are the ones which they do with the least effort. But not many people are aware that, in many circumstances, the very effort they make is the reason why they are unsuccessful. It is not because your will is weak that you cannot stop bad habits; it is because your imagination grows stronger the more you try to oppose it.

ARTHUR  
BRISBANE,

a GREAT Editor because he is a great THINKER, will tell you that imagination is perhaps the greatest force in life. This article shows how your IMAGINATION can help you win health and success.

Courtesy of Famous Players-Lasky





# to WORK

By William MacHarg  
and  
Wilfred Lay, Ph.D.

Bad habits are more easily formed than good ones because you oppose the bad habits and so arouse your imagination. That is why it is so often the finest natured, most intelligent, and almost most imaginative persons who fall the most helpless victims to drink and drugs.

If you are oversensitive and resolve to conquer your sensitiveness by force of will, you become more sensitive and find yourself seeking deliberately for the things which give you pain. If you are morose and resolve that you will no longer have dark, depressing thoughts, you find yourself going out of your way to dwell upon the thoughts which make you miserable.

If you could enlist your imagination on your side such troubles would be easy to conquer. The way of doing this forms the new psychological science of auto-suggestion.

For about twelve years the psychologists at Nancy, who are known as the new Nancy school, have held a clinic almost every day. At present the clinic is ordinarily attended by several hundred persons suffering from every kind of illness, from mere moroseness and nervous troubles to those in advanced stages of organic disease.

A new patient is told to "Clasp your hands. Think, 'I cannot unclasp my hands.' Now try to unclasp them, thinking all the time, 'I cannot, I cannot.'" The atmosphere of the clinic and the presence of other patients aid in arousing the new patient's imagination. His knuckles whiten with effort but so long as he keeps thinking, "I cannot, I cannot," he cannot unclasp his hands. Of course, if he chooses to think, "This is ridiculous; I can unclasp my hands," he can unclasp them without effort.

Then the patient is told: "You come here hoping we can cure you. You are wrong; we have never cured any one. But we have taught many people to cure themselves."

Under the influence of their surroundings the patients go into a state of physical and mental relaxation.

They are making no conscious effort whatever; they are merely receptive. A rather long speech is made to them, which is a prophecy of health. It is general in its terminology. It does not refer, except in occasional instances, to specific diseases. They are told: "You do not know what is the matter with you; it is not necessary that you should know; it will correct itself."

It seems ridiculous that cures of serious diseases should result from such treatment as this, but there is no doubt about the cures. They have been witnessed by regular physicians who were before attending the patients. Cancer and tuberculosis have been cured. Ninety-seven percent, it is claimed, of those who attended the clinics have been either cured or their condition has been very greatly improved.

You remember your childhood superstition that if you touched a toad it would cause warts, and that warts could be cured at night in a cemetery with rain-water from a rotten stump? Sometimes the appearance and disappearance of the warts was a reality, and it is known now that both were caused by auto-suggestion. Warts can be caused experimentally by

## STUDY THIS PICTURE

*It shows that where there is SUPERSTITION there is fear. These people are struggling upwards to the LIGHT And that light is KNOWLEDGE. Knowledge is POWER. Know thyself and you will then know all*



auto-suggestion and then they can be made to go away again. You remember the "stigmata"—the strange marks upon the skin the appearance of which was supposed in the old days to be proof that the person who had them was a witch? Such marks can be made to appear and disappear experimentally by auto-suggestion.

As the psychologists who are studying auto-suggestion put it: "An idea, even of an organic change, tends to produce that change in the person who thinks the idea."

The principles used in auto-suggestion were discovered in the study of hypnotism. Nearly every psychologist in the world has at some time experimented with hypnotism, which is an alluring subject because something resembling miracles appears to be accomplished by its means. A patient racked with pain can be put into hypnotic sleep, told that he will thereafter have no pain, and when he awakes the pain will have disappeared. The trouble with hypnotism is that the miracles which it works are not permanent; after a long or shorter time the pain will reappear again, sometimes in the same part of the body where it was before, sometimes in a different part.

The popular conception of hypnotism, which has been fostered by traveling hypnotists upon the stage, is that a strong will overpowers a weaker one and can then force it to do anything which the stronger wishes. But among students of hypnotism this conception has been long exhausted. The subject often has the stronger, better mind. The class of minds over which the hypnotist has the least control are the weak minds of the insane.

One also can hypnotize himself, when no will or imagination except his own can possibly be concerned. By gazing fixedly at a bright object, a flame, and determining to be hypnotized it can be done. Moreover, the hypnotist does not actually control the subject. The hypnotist cannot make a good man, while hypnotized, commit an evil act, or make a modest woman act immodestly. If the hypnotist commands the subject to perch on the arm of a chair and be a bird, the subject does not act like the kind of bird which the hypnotist had in mind but like

some other which he chooses to imagine for himself.

So the study of hypnotism led to the conclusions that the hypnotist could cause hypnotic sleep only in those who consented to be hypnotized, and that the subject obeyed the hypnotist only in those suggestions which accorded with tendencies already in the subject's own mind.

When these two conclusions were coupled together, a clue was found to the reason why cures were not permanent when they were produced by hypnotists. It was because the subject recognized that the strengthening of his ideas which brought about the reappearance cure was due to the suggestion of another person.

No one can be either cured or harmed by the solitary suggestion of some one else. In every one of us there is an antagonism to interference in our thoughts and feelings which is so strong that it prevents more than the temporary carrying out of an idea so long as we can identify it with any personality except our own. But when we do not trace the suggestion to some one else, it is sometimes carried out instinctively and completely in ways so remarkable as to seem almost impossible. Men have died because of a belief that they were bleeding to death, when actually they were not losing any blood at all.

Blindness, paralysis and hundreds of other troubles have been caused merely by ideas, and thousands of such cases have been recorded by

those who have devoted themselves to the study of hysteria.

There are even instances of sudden bodily alteration produced by ideas,

which had all the appearance of having been produced by physical injury, such as the case of a mother whose ankle turned black and blue when she saw with terror that the foot of her little daughter was going to be crushed in a swinging gate.

The question confronting the psychologists was: what are the characteristics of ideas which can produce such conditions and changes?

It was found that such ideas had four principal characteristics.

First, they were the object of spontaneous attention: that is, the idea was present in the [Turn to page 141]

### Can YOU Do These Things?

Can you hold a coin, fastened to the end of a string, over a line and keep it from swinging?

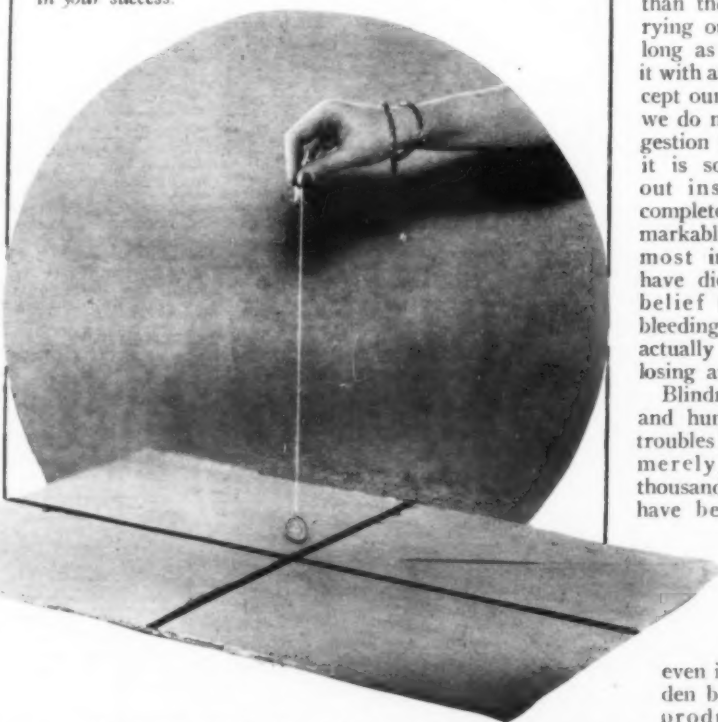
Can you break a bad habit by willing to break it? Or will your imagination make the habit stronger?

Can you cure warts at night in a cemetery with rain water from a rotten stump?

Can you hypnotize yourself by looking steadily at a bright object and determining to be hypnotized?

Can you rid yourself of a disease by convincing yourself that you are well?

Can you make yourself successful by confidently believing in your success?





*Concluding the Story  
of a Girl who was Branded  
a Wicked Woman*

# Accusation

*This brief résumé will tell you what Doris  
Moore revealed in the first instalment:*

THE same day my father was buried, our cottage burned down, and we were left homeless. There were just mother and I left. We stopped temporarily at Deacon Fowler's house. In the evening of the same day, Joe Hicks, the son of the wealthy mill owner, had taken me for a walk along the mill-race. He had comforted me, and we talked over the events of the day, but before we realized it the town clock struck midnight. When we returned, Deacon Fowler accused us of unspeakable things. Mother and I spent the rest of the night at Ben Gray's house. The Deacon tried to cause trouble at Hicks's mill where I worked, but old man Hicks refused to listen to him. Mr. Hicks offered me a position in Philadelphia. Just as Joe Hicks and I were saying good-by, Jed Davies rushed up and accused Joe of

getting his daughter Kitty into trouble. He threatened to shoot Joe if he didn't marry Kitty immediately. I ran to the phone and called Joe's father while Ben Gray tried to quiet Jed.

*Now read how it all ends:*

## PART II

IT WAS the sudden shock of the terrible accusation against Joe that had unnerved me but I managed to pull myself together before mother came in although she could tell that I had been crying.

From what she said, I knew that Ben Gray was still trying to calm Jed Davies and that Josephus Hicks had not yet come in answer to my telephone summons. She



had seen at once that Jed Davies was drunk and had not paid any attention to his scathing remarks. Strangely, she thought that he was saying things about me and so thought that was what made me cry.

"Don't pay any attention to it, Doris, dear," she said soothingly. "It isn't true and the poor man is drunk and doesn't know what he is saying."

"You don't understand, mother," I said between sobs. "It isn't about me. It's—it's about Joe!"

"About Joe Hicks? Why, Doris, Joe Hicks hasn't said anything against you, has he?" asked mother.

"**H**EAVENS, no!" I answered. "Joe is as true as steel. You know he wouldn't stoop to Clarksburg gossip. It's about something Joe has done—Jed Davies says—Oh, I don't know how to begin!" I ended hopelessly.

"Don't say any more about it, Doris, dear," mother said. "You are only getting yourself all upset over it and there is nothing we can do. I feel sorry for Joe Hicks if he has done anything that—"

"Please, please, mother!" I interrupted her. "You don't know what you are saying. I must tell you and I hardly know how to say it. Please don't say a word until I've finished and I'll try."

Then while she sat beside me on the bed I told her of the scene I had just witnessed, of the accusation I had heard Jed Davies make against Joe and how, at Ben Gray's suggestion, I had called up old Josephus Hicks.

"It's all so terrible I don't know what to think, mother," I said, "but I can't believe it!"

"Oh, my brave little girl," mother murmured. "It doesn't seem possible it can be true. But why should Jed Davies say such a thing? And why should he have come to Ben Gray instead of going to Mr. Hicks? I can't understand it. But I don't see that there is anything we can do, Doris, and thank heaven we will be gone tomorrow."

"No, mother," I said, making a sudden resolve. "We won't be gone tomorrow. We owe too much to Joe and to Mr. Hicks. If it weren't for Joe, don't you think that every one in Clarksburg would be talking about me this very minute? Don't you know that it was only his fear of old Josephus Hicks that shut up that detestable Deacon Fowler? If Joe hadn't gone to his father the first thing the next morning how do you think it all would have turned out? Old Josephus has been both kind and generous to both of us and we owe something to Joe. Now when I think that Joe may need me I am not going to run away just because we have made our plans."

"You wouldn't be running away, dear," mother said. "It would be different if we could help in any way. You can say that you don't believe the story and so can I. But do you think that that will stop other people from talking once this report has spread?"

I never realized until now what small town gossip could do."

"Maybe I can help Joe, maybe I can't help him, mother," I answered. "But that isn't going to prevent my trying to help him and if I can find any way to remove this accusation against Joe I am going to do it."

Then I told her how I had met Kitty Davies on the street three days before and how vindictive Kitty had been.

"Why should she have turned on me like that?" I asked mother. "And she dared to say that Mr. Hicks was paying us to go away because I had stayed half the night down by the old mill with Joe. I didn't tell you when I came home that day because I didn't want to worry you with any more scandal."

"But I always thought that Kitty Davies was such a sweet little girl," mother said. "And you and she were such good friends! Why should she turn on you like that, Doris?"

"I don't know, mother," I answered. "But she had some reason for doing it. And the moment she saw Joe she ran away. If this story that Jed Davies tells is true, why should she have run away from Joe Hicks? The story isn't true and Kitty Davies is one of the reasons why I think I can help Joe. I don't know how just yet because this has all happened so suddenly. But in accusing Joe Hicks, Kitty knows she is telling a lie and I am going to find some way to make her tell the truth."

"**O**H, YOU can't do that, dear," mother said. "Can't you see that if you went to Kitty it would convince her more than ever that you were defending Joe because you wanted him yourself?"

"Weil, I do, mother," I said. "But that isn't why I want to help him if I can. I want to help him because I don't believe this accusation and I think I know who is back of it."

"What do you mean by saying that?" mother asked.

"I don't know," I answered. "But I do know I love Joe Hicks and there is only one person in this town low enough to be back of this story they have told about him."

"Doris, you don't mean Deacon Fowler?" mother gasped.

"Why did you say that, mother?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "I probably shouldn't have said it."

"I don't know either, mother," I said. "But we don't both just happen to think of him without there being a good reason back of it. And I am going to get that reason out of Kitty Davies. You see if I don't!"

"But can't you see, Doris," mother continued kindly, "you will only antagonize Kitty Davies by defending Joe. By all means tell

[Turn to page

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"Then—then you knew all the time, Mr. Bowen." Kitty hesitated and then, "You won't tell —my father? He'd kill me!"



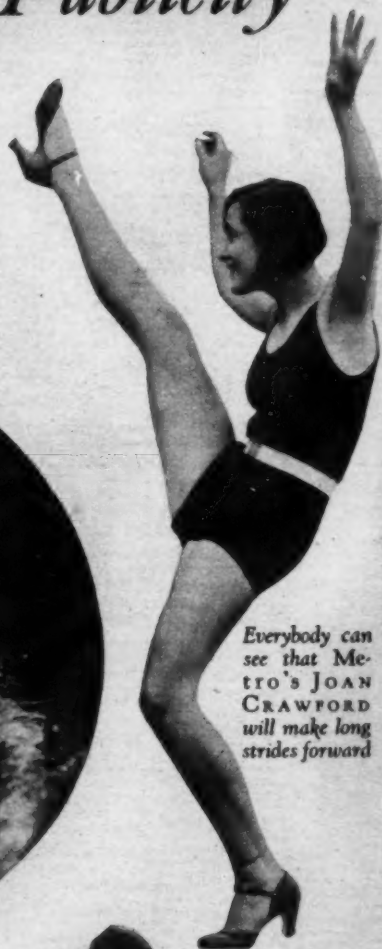
# Bathing Suited for Publicity



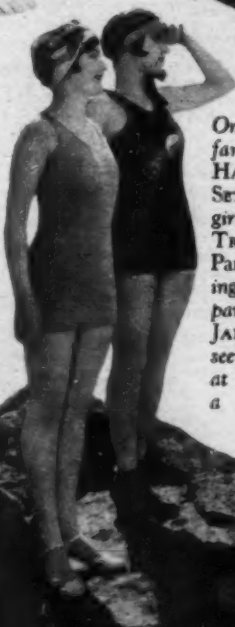
JUNE MARLOWE knows that not until you're a star can you submerge your bathing suit. JUNE does her starring for Universal



NORMA SHEARER all wet? Not at the Metro box-office



Everybody can see that Metro's JOAN CRAWFORD will make long strides forward



On the rocky road to fame, DIXIE RUTH HARKINS, SMART SET's first cover girl, and ADRIENNE TRUEX, both of Paramount, gazing at nothing in particular, while JANET GAYNOR seems to be gazing at you. JANET is a Fox attraction



# What the Stars Wear



A warm night, a moon, a ruffled dress like this one worn by DOLORES DEL RIO, First National, a Spanish shawl—oh, girls!

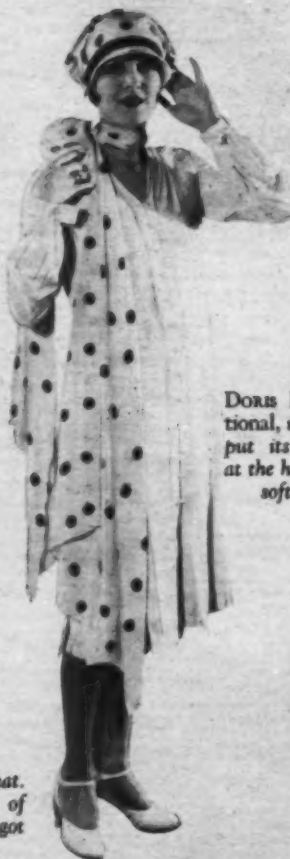


This sweet little hat worn by ALICE DAY, of Mack Sennett, makes you look as simple as though you'd never once walked home

A scarf of dotted silk, a matching hat. You'll look like CLAIRE WINSTON of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—if you've got the features



No head would lie uneasy that wore a crown like this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, CARMEL MYERS



DORIS KANYON, First National, in a period frock that put its exclamation point at the hem where it flounces softly pink and rose



Use a flippant hat such as SALLY O'NEILL of Metro glorifies for the real boy friend

# for Hot Days and Dates



Feeling hale and haughty, let a bandeau go to your head, just as ARLETTE MARCHAL of Paramount, has done

Just too sweet. Dainty lace, little flowers. Very good when trying out before his mother. IVY HARRIS of Paramount modeling



A little tulle brimmed hat, a pure pearl pin. Ask any vamp or DOROTHY SEBASTIAN of Metro. She knows



An all around coat, all around you and all around town. It's beige charmuse and DOROTHY SEASTROM of First National, is inside it



The other Day in Hollywood, MARCELINE DAY, of Metro, favors this untrimmed hat of felt. And so does Paris

CAROL DEMPSTER, Paramount, has a pup named Measles, so to make him happy she wears a sports frock covered with a rash of red polka dots





ROSALIE MARTIN seems to be getting up in the world in this GEORGE CANNON's photograph. Such a nice costume too for the hot dog days



And here is MADGE BELLAMY, a Fox star, very much on edge. It's the Charleston that is agitating her



# My Little Boy Cries for His Daddy

**M**Y LITTLE boy wants his daddy to come back home. My husband wants to come back to me. I have a double responsibility in the matter—that of a mother and that of a wife. I frankly do not know what to do.

My little boy cannot understand the separation of my husband and myself. He asks constantly for his daddy and wonders what has become of him. He tells me every day he loves his daddy and wants him to come back home. I have been trying to make up my mind whether I still love his daddy—my husband. Sometimes I think I do love him as much or more than I ever did. At other times I think I hate him and never want to see him again. But my little boy doesn't understand how any one could be angry with his daddy and he doesn't understand the troubles that

separated us and took us rather away from him. When I think of hating my husband it seems almost like hating my child and that would be impossible for me.

My husband and I have been apart nearly two years. He left me in a fit of temper after a series of quarrels which had separated us twice before. Each time before we were reunited and were happy until the final disagreement. Then came the most violent quarrel of all and my husband flung himself out of our home swearing he would never come into my presence again. But now he wants to come back. He is thousands of miles away from where my boy and I live, but he has written and cabled his desire and also sought reconciliation through mutual friends. He says he will be a better husband and

## Shall I Take My Husband Back?

*Since my husband left my child and me, I have made over my life. I am independent, and do not need him. I don't believe I love him any longer. But now he wants to come back. I'm afraid it will be the old story all over again, yet it breaks my heart when I realize how badly my son needs a father. What shall I do?*



*My little boy tells me every day that he loves his daddy and wants him to come home*

a better father.

I have tried to take into consideration every phase of this situation and do what would be best for all concerned. It is an extremely difficult decision to make. To be fair, I should say my husband is two-thirds to blame for our troubles and I, one-third. I have considered family history, temperament, the subjects on which we disagreed, and, above all, the welfare of our son. We were married sixteen years ago, when I was sixteen and my husband was twenty-one.

We should have been spanked, you say? I don't believe our youth had a thing to do with our troubles. They didn't begin until long, happy years afterward. I mention the length of our married life at

this particular point in my story merely to show that I am not confronted with an easy problem. It is hard to break up and destroy a home which gave so much promise.

In the cold light of analysis, a great many events seem silly which are serious and, however apparently silly in themselves, are the cumulative effect of hundreds of contributing incidents. So it was in the case of my last quarrel with my husband.

Financial troubles and drink were at the bottom of the affair but the spark that exploded the powder was the fact that I wanted to go to church and he wanted me to remain at home and discuss business matters with him. I insisted on going to church. My husband had been drinking and said if I did not obey his wishes I would

find him gone for good and all when I returned from church. I went to church and he kept his promise. He left most of his clothing and personal belongings behind but packed a couple of bags and departed. Before he went he ripped the telephone off the wall, kicked the glass out of the front door and tore some of my church books into small bits. I have not seen him since that day.

About a month after this quarrel I received a letter from my husband assigning to me the equity in our home, our furniture, a considerable sum of money and giving me instructions to "get a divorce and go to hell." Of course, he had been drinking. I learned a few days later that he had given his automobile to a friend and had left our home city. The next time I heard of him directly or indirectly he was on the other side of the ocean.

There was nothing amusing for me about this performance at the time. Now I can smile a little when I rehearse the details and review what led up to them in my mind. But at the time I was ill, almost prostrated with the grief and shock and disgrace of it. My boy was left fatherless. I had become over night one of those most pitiable of women, neither married nor single in the world's eyes.

My husband is the type of man who makes enemies or friends. You might say he has no acquaintances. His enemies will do almost anything in their power to discount and discredit him. I tried to keep my troubles to myself but soon I had to answer questions as to my husband's whereabouts. Business associates were telephoning about him, and the neighbors, of course, had to have some kind of an explanation.

I almost fainted one afternoon when my little boy came in from play and said another little boy had told him he "didn't have a daddy any more."

Then my husband's enemies began to show their malice. I received anonymous letters and mysterious telephone messages. No matter what my feelings toward my husband were at the time it didn't soothe my feelings or help matters any that these communications were of the "I told you so," nature. It didn't make it any easier for me to have to explain to my little boy that he should tell any one who asked him that his daddy had gone away on a long trip. Poor little fellow; it must be a low order of intelligence that tries to get information from babies about their parents.

**T**HIS after-effect or result of our disagreement is one reason why it is so hard for me to determine whether or not to forgive my husband and let him return to his place at the head of our family. Would a reconciliation this time be permanent? Would I have to go through another period of similar suffering again? Would my boy have to be publicly disgraced in the same old way?

The worst of my experience is over. Time has healed most of my wounds. I have adjusted myself into a position where I am independent of a bread-winner other than myself, for my son and me. I couldn't bear to go through the separation experience another time.

On the other hand, how terrible it is for a child, especially a boy, to go through life without a father! A mother can't take a father's place in the life of a boy and it isn't right that she should. Will the time come when my boy will blame me? Will he think I should have made further efforts to keep our home together? These are some of the questions and ideas I consider when I try to decide what sort of a final settlement I shall make with my husband.

When my husband went away I tried to keep a stout heart and continue as if nothing had happened in spite of the interference and unkindnesses of those who persisted in meddling in my affairs. The tears I cried

## Do Forgiving Wives

**H**ERE is a problem for you SMART SET readers to think about. The woman who tells this story wants your help. Should she take her husband back? What would you do if you were in her place?

Many of you may have had this problem in your own lives. What did you do? Did you give your erring husband another chance? How did it work out? Are you glad or sorry?



My husband had been drinking and threatened I would find him gone for good when I returned.

## Make Husbands Bad?

Some of you who refused him another chance, what have you to say? Would you act differently if you had it to do over again? Have you been happy in your decision? Or are you lonely and heartsick? It will mean a lot to the woman who puts her case before you in this story to have your advice. It will mean a lot to her little boy. It may mean a lot to her husband. Read her story and then write a letter to the Editor.



were shed in private.

The first step was to establish myself and my boy where we could be together and at the same time have a source of income. I had little knowledge of business aside from the ordinary experience of the home manager who must do her own shopping and trading with merchants. I had no profession because I was married while I was in my last year in high school. The other two times my husband and I were separated he continued to support me and I did not have a baby de-

pendent upon me for his clothing and daily sustenance.

Through the death of my own father, my mother was left with small means and five children to support. She went into the hotel business and during the past twenty years has made a considerable success of it. It was natural for me to look to this same means of earning money for myself. I consulted with my mother and then sold our furniture and converted everything else I possessed into cash. I took a small apartment with my boy and then set about looking for an opportunity in the hotel or apartment house business.

I found it in a few weeks in the management of a small apartment house, a position I secured with my mother's assistance and because I had unconsciously absorbed at least a working knowledge of the business in my association with my mother and her businesses before and after my marriage. During the first few months of my apartment house managing experience, my mother coached me and helped me, and I made a success of it. The first house attracted the attention of the owners of a string of larger houses and I was offered the management of one of them at the end of my first year in the business.

I accepted this and I believe I have a right to say that I have made good because I have recently been informed that two of the large houses will be under my direction next year.

**T**HIS means that I will have an assistant manager and quite a large staff under me in the new position. I earn a good salary and have excellent living accommodations for myself and my boy. Unless I have exceptionally bad luck I shall be able to save money and, within a few years, get into business for myself in a line which I know is profitable. I have a profession which enables me to hold up my head in any society and come in contact with pleasant, polite, cultured people. I have done as well for myself as my husband has ever done for me. So that is my economic position.

On the other hand I cannot definitely make up my mind that a career is the most important thing in a woman's life. There is one thing for which I have to be thankful. There is no other man in the case. During the time I have been separated from my husband I have not incurred any obligations in that direction. I have been so occupied and absorbed in my business affairs that I have had little time for social activities.

I regard seriously also my present status as the undivorced mother of a child and I am very jealous for my child's sake of what the world says about his mother. I know how sharp is the tongue of gossip. I learned that lesson when my husband and I were first separated and I had to contend with prying neighbors and malicious mischief-makers.

The only problem I have to solve is whether it would be better for me, better for my boy and better for my husband if we should remain apart or reunite our family. My husband is perfectly capable of providing for us all and has a profession of which we can all be proud.

If I should take him back it is [Turn to page 101]



# *In the NAME of*



*It is Said  
There is  
Nothing Fiercer  
than a Mother  
Protecting Her Young—*

*What about  
This Girl  
Who Faced the  
Supreme Sacrifice  
for the Man She Loved*

**B**EFORE trying to set down the story of what happened during the drama-filled weeks which followed immediately on my twenty-first birthday, I should explain that, though I had been born in New York and had spent my childhood there, my father was a tea-merchant in Ceylon, and, as my mother died when I was twelve, I lived with him in Colombo after that until I was seventeen.

I was intelligent and well-educated, and—perhaps this is more important—pretty. Even before I came back to America to a post which had been found for me, I had had one or two girlish love affairs, and had grown almost tired of being told how beautiful my auburn hair was, and how it added to the beauty of my fair skin, and gray eyes under their dark brows.

When I got to New York and was working as typist,

secretary to the editor of a magazine which I shall call *The Beacon*, I was very lonely. I wished I was back with my father.

From time to time I heard from a friend of his called James Dennison, who was very fond of him, though twenty years his junior. I was interested in the letters from Jim, not merely because he was father's friend, and wrote so kindly about him, but because I knew him to be a cousin of Morris Dennison, the famous novelist and short-story writer, whom I had seen on several occasions in our office.

Morris Dennison was not merely famous and much run-after by people who liked to know celebrities, but was good-looking and fascinating in a way, and even more clever with his tongue than with his pen. When he came to see the editor of *The Beacon* he had always



# LOVE

a special word or two for me, and a very special glance. I was flattered I suppose; certainly I was interested. Many times I wanted to tell him that I got letters from his cousin in Ceylon, but for some reason I never did so.

Then there came a morning when, on getting to the office, I found two letters from Colombo waiting for me.

One was from father and was very short and shakily-written. It told me that he had been ill, and, one way and another, had been going through a rather bad time. But business promised splendidly for the future, and he wanted me to leave New York, and come out to Colombo to live with him and keep house for him.

The other letter was from James Dennison. It was much longer than father's and somehow it made me sad. He had written it with evident reserve, but he did mention in one paragraph that he was rather anxious about things, and I assumed—correctly as it turned out later—that his main trouble was about money matters. He urged me to do what father had asked and to go out to Ceylon by the first possible boat. He said that he knew that father would be much better and happier once I was there to look after him; that I must forgive him, Jim, if he seemed to be interfering but that he was doing so for father's sake.

Father had not sent me any money but luckily I had enough saved to pay for my second-class

*Jim told me how all his trouble had been caused by his effort to shield my father's name and help me whom he loved.*



passage, and for the ordinary extras necessary in crossing.

My employer was kind and sympathetic, and let me go almost at once, so that within a week of receiving these two letters I was on board the *Oruawa* and heading for that island where I had spent such happy years before Jim Dennison had come out from America to one of the big business houses.

I was quite comfortable on board the liner and soon made friends, but the first big surprise came when, on the second night out, we second-class passengers were invited to a concert in the first-class saloon. And whom should I see in the crowd of guests but Morris Dennison!

IT WAS while I was thinking that he looked almost handsome with his neat, dark head and his clever, though rather hard-expressed face, and while I was thinking too, "Well, I know the famous Dennison," that he glanced my way and immediately came across.

I think that I rather lost my head after that. Certainly, though no actual flirting nor love-making took place on my part, Morris Dennison so contrived things that while we were of different castes, so to speak, on board the *Oruawa* we were very often together, and I learned that, like myself, he was bound for Ceylon, where he meant to stay for some weeks.

During languid, beautiful days, and late at night when most of the other passengers were asleep, he used to coax me to sit with him, and I was an eager listener, though I did not like the slighting things that he said about his cousin when I had told him that Jim and I had written to each other. But I was never really drawn towards Morris and on the night when he told me that he loved me—it was the night before we were due at Colombo—I managed, somehow or other, to explain that though I liked him very much and was honored by his attentions, I could not marry him.

Looking back now, I realize the significance of the smile which came to his face when I said that, but he took my gently-given rebuff well.

There were a few other people on deck, but none of them took any notice of us, and because he seemed to wish it so much, I let Morris see me to my cabin in the second saloon, which, as he knew, I had to myself.

He bade me good night, but less than ten minutes later, and when in my nightgown and light bathrobe I was combing my hair, I heard the sound of soft footsteps outside, and then a tap-tapping on the cabin door. With the comb in one hand, I opened the door wide. When I saw Morris Dennison there with the cabin's light glinting on his face, I trembled and clung tightly to the door-knob.

"What is it?" I whispered. "What do you want?"

For a moment or two he hesitated.

"Only to tell you that I could not turn in without saying good-by," he answered. "Don't look so scared,—and forgive a man who is mad with love of you! And you—you are lovelier than ever now."

He had a foot in the doorway and one of his hands had been put on mine which was on the knob.

"Go away!" I said. "You shouldn't have come here. Supposing any one saw you and me now?"

"They won't," he answered, "but there will be even less chance of that if you let me come in and close the door for just a minute. My dear, don't send me away!"

Suddenly he caught at me and held me tightly pressed to him, and strove to kiss me. But I managed to keep my lips from his while I beat at his chest with my hands, and told him spasmodically that if he did not go, I should scream, and would tell the ship's captain and every one, what he had done.

The threat had its effect and murmuring something which I scarcely heard, he went from me and I closed

and bolted the door. The experience left me cold with fear.

After that I did not see him again till I had been in Colombo for two days, and before that happened, a terrible shock came to me.

Soon after the *Oruawa* had anchored in Colombo Harbor, and while I was watching the black boys diving from their bamboo rafts for money thrown to them by the passengers—a tall, brown-skinned, clean-shaven, good-looking man of thirty or so, was brought to me by the ship's purser.

He proved to be Jim Dennison, and he had dreadful news for me. I won't stress this part because even the memory of it hurts. Putting it briefly, he told me that my father had died suddenly, and had been buried two days previous to the *Oruawa's* arrival.

Jim was kindness itself, but even so, the shock of his announcement seemed to stun me. I felt unable to think or to act, and I don't know what I would have done if Jim hadn't arranged everything.

He found cheap and comfortable quarters for me, and it was not until I had grown more or less calm, that he broke the news about father's finances. It seemed that always reckless where money was concerned, father had plunged deeply, and, mercifully for him, had died without knowing that every penny he possessed would be taken to pay for his losses.

I was desperate during those first days in beautiful Colombo. True, I knew some people there, but though they were kind and willing to help, it so happened that they were all what we would call, "hard-up." In any case I was proud, and told myself that I could not accept charity.

But imagine what my position was! I was young, practically friendless, almost penniless, stranded in Ceylon and bereaved!

Though I did not want to bother him any more than I had already done, I often talked to Jim as to what I should do, and I shall never forget how he looked at me, and how wryly he smiled when he confessed that though he longed to advance me money, he himself was going through a harder time than he had ever known.

Each time we met, he looked more anxious and uneasy. Sometimes, indeed, I thought that he looked almost haggard. Perhaps I would have been more deeply troubled about him had it not been that my own troubles were nearly crushing me.

Then, one day when I had come back from wandering through the famous Cinnamon Gardens, I found Morris Dennison waiting for me.

AT FIRST, his manner was gravely sympathetic. He referred to my loss and my present position with the greatest possible tact. Also, and just as tactfully, he asked me to forget that scene on the *Oruawa*. I had always been quite frank with him and he knew that I had reached Ceylon with very little money. He asked me if I had tried to get anything to do in Colombo, and I had to confess that though his cousin Jim—who seemed to know nearly everybody—and I, had both tried, our efforts had been unsuccessful.

When I had finished, Morris waited for a long time in silence, and then said:

"Well now, look here, Mary, we're friends again, and I'm going to make a suggestion which I hope you will consider very seriously, not merely for your own sake, but for mine. I told you that I was to be on a holiday for a spell, but since getting here I have been bitten again by the work-bug and there is an idea hot in my brain that I want to get on to paper.

"It's the sort of story that I can dictate better than write, and as I foresee that it will need a lot of revision, and as hiring a machine will be easy, I want some one



*As long as I live I shall never forget that moment . . . At the threat of death there was sheer terror in Morris's eyes—and then he told the truth.*

to help me. I need a quick, intelligent, careful person.

"Suppose you became my secretary—at least during the time that I am here? I would pay you well—as much as that quaint pride of yours would let you accept! Don't think that I am making this post just to do you a service. It isn't like that at all. I need you, and before the work is over, anything might happen to make it easy for you to get back to America. For instance, there are

quite a number of folk who will be going home next month and among them there might quite easily be some woman who would like to have you as companion for the voyage, and would be glad to pay your expenses."

The offer was so unexpected that I hesitated at first, but that was only because I could scarcely believe my good fortune.

Within a matter of hours, [Turn to page 103]



*I Used to Be a Wild Woman.  
Asked Myself: "How*



# *What* Every

**I** HAVE graduated from flapperdom. And perhaps because I did my flapping whole-heartedly, I can tell you with whatever authority one has at twenty-four that the young girls of today are *not* imps of Satan and wicked as you-know-what.

I don't pretend to have been a first-water, front-page flapper. Far from it. I'm very much of a nobody from nowhere. But if I represent the average case, you should get a much fairer idea of a much discussed subject from my story. So, let's talk about it.

I was born in Birmingham, Alabama. I am the oldest of seven, and, according to my mother, as a baby I was the squirmingest of the lot—an early trait that was later to develop into jazz dancing. I must also have done considerable eye-rolling in infancy because I find it an easy exercise now.

My size is responsible for many of my adventures as a flapper. I am a pocket edition of the human figure. Once a boy called me "a four-foot, eleven-inch, ninety-pound dynamo." My nickname—"Half-Pint"—is due to my size, not my capacity. I look like a darn kid. Honest. It's perfectly disgusting.

I had to be a little red rambler rose (accent the "rambler") when I wanted to be a gorgeous, crimson American Beauty. I wanted to be a "lady," but I wasn't built right. So I became a flapper. And since I despise any halfway methods, I went at flapping with all wings spread. When the flapper became so abused, preached at and slandered, I just naturally flapped that much harder.

## *How I Did*

*I was an active member of the squad of eternal eye-rollers. I worked all day and danced all night.*

*I took long joy rides, ate midnight suppers of hot-dogs and drank alleged beer.*

*I played and danced and cut up scandalously on Sunday and wouldn't go to church.*

*I drank but I didn't like liquor. It's nasty and it made me stupid and idiotic.*

*I smoked cigarettes but they aren't dainty and pretty, and men like pretty, dainty women.*

---

I think that if I had been born a Yankee, my sympathy nevertheless would have been with the South—just because hers was a lost cause.

Unlike my sister flappers of wealth, I worked hard and steadily. I had to. Daddy died when I was seventeen, and he left us only enough to live on for about a year. We had a nice home and a car, and, if dad had lived we would have been well-to-do, for he held an important job and was steadily rising. But we were left, as many others, accustomed to comfort yet unequipped



an.  
Now

*Then Suddenly I Woke Up and  
Did I Get that Way?"*



# Flapper Knows

## *My Flapping*

*I found sex as sex an insufferable bore because there are some things nothing on earth can justify except love.*

*I never was in danger. I knew my stuff too well.*

*I had a hard-boiled, what-do-I-get-out-of-it attitude and I tried to use stardust on my powder puff.*

*I fell in love, but each time my idol crashed and I went on looking for the shining knight.*

*I kissed and petted and now I know something about life. Pure gold must be tried by fire.*

for the practical things and more serious sides of life.

I was in my senior year at high-school, and I soon learned that I would have to get started at work. My one accomplishment was at the piano. So I became a commercial musician. I played dance music in orchestras, the only girl among the musicians. And a dance orchestra is no place in which to grow illusions about life, or love, or anything else. Dance orchestra musicians are, as a rule, a happy-go-lucky, good-natured lot, but they're hard as nails, and you've got to be a man to hold

your own with them. They drink and swear and tell stories that aren't good for the ears of seventeen-year-old schoolgirls.

Next I sold music in a five-and-ten-cent store. And my "education" progressed rapidly. I learned to "come back" at the type of man who thinks that because a girl is employed in a ten-cent store her morals are also displayed on the counters. I made friends of girls who said "I seen" and "I taken"—girls whose sweethearts were motor-cycle cops and street-car conductors.

Then I went on the road for six months as orchestra leader. I sometimes played in legitimate theaters where I met "show folks," and I found them to be jolly, big-hearted and lovable. But they did and said things that I wasn't capable of taking at face value. I can tell the difference now between good and bad, and I believe that environment and personalities alter all cases, but at that time I was just learning, and I had some pretty severe shocks. I think it was during these six months that I discovered I had "sex appeal" despite my childish figure and tomboy ways. I came to find the two meanings in "I want you" and "I love you." Oh, sometimes even now, I could cry over that younger me who was learning in the hard school of experience what life can do to a girl who is absolutely on her own.

When I left the show and came back home I went to work at the biggest dancing school in town. I played there a year. It was a pleasant, busy and important year. I loved it because I love children [Turn to page 99]

# SKYLIGHT

CLAIRE looked upon posing as a matter of strict business. She considered an artist as merely a craftsman—never as a man. She thought of herself as one might think of a piece of statuary. It was nothing for her to pose for the figure, once she had ceased to associate the idea of personalities with herself and artists. I had never tried to do such a thing. I was too self-conscious and afraid—too modest perhaps, but it just went against the grain. I couldn't help it; it was part of my nature. My training in modesty was too thorough to be forgotten. But we were down to our last bone. Greenwich Village will stand for a lot, but there is an end to everything.

We were both models, and neither of us had had a job for three weeks—though God only knows how we ever existed! If Claire's figure had been good, our problem would have been solved, because there was a fair demand among the artists for nude models. She made me promise to try for it, just to get us out of our little predicament.

Yet as the days slipped by and room rent came due, I began to waver. Then another week and we needed food, Claire and I. Also our landlord delivered his inevitable ultimatum!

Under the stress of circumstances the possibility of having to accept these offers kept looming nearer. Each time the thought came I could feel a blush of shame creep up my neck and around my ears—but after a while I began to get used to the idea. One just *has* to eat.

Claire knew I could save the situation—and although she didn't reproach me she did cry. That was the last straw. I picked up my coat and hat and slipped out quietly, blushing self-consciously, but determined to go through with my plan.

THE first artist who had offered me figure work that morning was busy sketching a model when I called at his place. A fever seemed to be weaving through me as I saw the girl standing there on the dais, undraped. The artist said he was sorry. His need for me had been immediate. I almost stumbled down the steps, and into the summer sunshine that loafed like a gilded presence in the Square. The vision of the model upstairs kept dancing before my eyes until fear suddenly overshadowed me. Had some cruel fate taken a hand in my life? Had I waited too long to take advantage of my opportunities?

"Maybe, they'll all have found models," I said to myself banishing the vision of that girl upstairs.

I found the other artist gone. There was a note pinned to his door saying he would not be back for two days as he had suddenly been called away. The summer's sunshine seemed tinged with shadow as I came out of the studio and turned into Fourth Street. Artists occupied



*All the Models Knew the  
of the Man in  
Who Pretended  
But What Girl Is Not  
Perhaps That Is What*

all of the buildings with skylights on this street and the narrow little alleys that cut into it. I selected a house and started up to the top floor under the glass roofs.

No . . . again.

The painter who occupied the entire studio space was busy with magazine illustrations. He had been using the same models for a week and held out no promise of future chances because he was leaving shortly for a

# SATAN

*A True Love Story  
of the Studios*

I didn't look at the roofs of buildings in search of skylights until I had covered two long cross-town blocks. When I did gaze upward, a vast expanse of sun-dazzled glass roofing almost blinded me. Shading my eyes I glanced at the glittering skylights again. They topped an artistically fashioned building, easily the most imposing one in the block.

Perhaps it was the sun flashing and scintillating on the crystal roof that attracted me. Perhaps it was the suggestion of affluence and luxury that the building created! But now as I think back to all that came of its intrigue, I am more inclined to believe Destiny lured me up to that studio.

If I had rubbed Aladdin's lamp I could not have found myself in more of a palace. All the others I had ever visited seemed cheap and tawdry compared to this one. It was a vast place of glamorous lights and shadows... lights that filtered down through the skylights like sprays of diamonds; shadows that were cast by breeze-blown tapestries and portières, and beautifully carved

furniture. It was very romantic.

A thin wisp of fragrant smoke drifted through the place, assailing my nostrils with an exotic scent that went to my head like wine. Although I had summoned sufficient

nerve to enter the half-open door, I now found myself standing in the midst of the first room, tongue-tied by an inexplicable apprehension that increased as swift footsteps sounded behind me. I turned. A tall man in a blue smock pushed aside a pair of portières and entered the room.

His eyes fascinated me. They were blue like his smock. As if by magic the far-away expression deserted

## *Unsavory Reputation the Top Studio to Be an Artist Thrilled by Danger? Led Me to His Door*

prolonged summer visit at his mountain camp in Maine.

When I reached the noisy sidewalk I felt crushed and beaten. I suppose all girls who come to the great city, and feel it towering down upon them like a heartless giant, understand the despair that gripped me. For blocks I drifted along like a person caught in a shadow. Under the roaring elevated I drifted, and ever toward Sheridan Square.





*From the moment we started to work that night, Jay was under a terrible strain . . . All the time he watched me with animal cunning.*

them and they appraised me expertly—as if I were something on exhibition.

"Are you from Dawson's? I phoned them for a model. Tried six already without any luck . . . You look promising," he admitted in a voice that somehow made me think of summer music.

"I'm not from Dawson's, sir. I just came in looking for work."

"Of course, you pose for the figure?" he said seriously.

"Yes," I managed to say, but I'm sure I blushed deeply.

My eyes dropped to the floor. I tried my best then to be a philosopher, and persuade myself to assume Claire's attitude toward what was coming. But, from the beginning my effort to think of this artist impersonally was futile. He was an inescapable personality; mysteriously, and yet definitely dominant of eye and voice.

"I am doing a very particular piece of commercial work. An ad for Lane, the famous tile and plumbing



fixture people. A woman is about to step into her sunken tub. Understand? All right, let's see if you'll do," he said. "Just undress behind there."

I was trembling violently as I sat down behind the screen to do his bidding. As I struggled to keep up my nerve a clock in the studio made me feel as if it were measuring off each passing second with a louder tick.

The artist began pacing the studio floor as if impatient over my delay. I tried to hurry, but my fingers seemed dead. At last I was done, but I regretted the long hair I had had bobbed some months before.

It was not until I came from behind the screen that I realized the artist had stopped pacing the floor. He was standing at one of the studio's great open windows. Although his eyes were fastened upon the horizon made by the dip and rise of the city's irregular skyline, he seemed lost in a dream. Afraid I would lose my nerve unless something happened, I coughed nervously.

He wheeled about in military fashion and took a step toward me. I closed my eyes—afraid.

"Here," he said, his voice filling my ears, "turn slightly to your right."

I turned, but not enough to suit. He took hold of my left arm and forced me gently around.

"Put your left hand to your shoulder as if you were about to discard your lingerie. Now . . . the chin a trifle higher. There!" he said, smiling quietly. "Hold it please."

I heard him at his easel, as if he were making several swift strokes with a brush. Then there was dead silence in the studio.

"I've got it," he cried, clapping his hands after the fashion of a person who suddenly hits upon an idea. "You should be wearing a pair of extremely high-heeled mules. We need just that modern note to subtly synchronize your pose with our background of Lane's luxurious bathroom fixtures. Here's ten dollars, slip on your clothes and run down to a shoe store. Get French heels if you can," he said, his words bringing me back to an acute realization of everything.

I was behind the screen, dressed, and on the way in record time. The odor of incense pursued me as I rushed down the stairs.

In my hurry I nearly collided with a girl on the second landing. She was a model I'd seen at other studios. We passed a few words of greeting, then I told her I'd just

started to pose for the man on the top floor. The girl gave me a swift, inquisitive look. Then:

"Good Lord! You're working for the fellow on the top floor? Say, do you know anything about that bird?" she demanded, her whole attitude suggesting that she did.

"No—why?" I asked, suddenly afraid her answer was going to be bad news.

"Well, they call him 'Skylight Satan' down here in the Village——"

"Skylight Satan!" I exclaimed, involuntarily shuddering at the name's sinister implication.

"THAT name's enough, eh? Sort of gives you his number," she said, noticing the effect her words had produced upon me.

"But, he seems awfully nice and gentlemanly," I replied, fighting disillusionment because an unaccountable wish made me want to think of the artist as a nice man.

"I guess he's nice enough, all right," she returned, arching her brows. "They're all gentlemanly enough at first. Regular Valentinos with the polite stuff, especially his kind. But, it's only a little game with them. There're tricks in every trade or game, you know! Say, he's got a swell place—regular Ritz-Carlton layout—hasn't he? They say he's rich and that this artist business is only a fake——"

"His place is beautiful. But, tell me more about him.

You said his being an artist is only a fake. You—you mean he only poses as an artist to—to—er—meet girls?"

"That's his rep," she insisted, walking away.

But I went back to that studio, I had to make my promise good to Claire—and because, well I can only explain the second reason by saying that a little mysterious voice kept begging me to give him a chance to disprove that he was a "Skylight Satan." I didn't want him to be that sort. If he were, it would spoil the thrill that I had found in his blue eyes, and his kind voice.

The artist was looking out of the window as I entered the studio. He did not appear to hear me, and for a fleeting moment I stood half-hidden by the portières, possessed by an unaccountable longing to watch him. He must have sensed [Turn to page 126]



"Kay, would you still think of me that way if—if I kissed you again? Would you, Kay?" he demanded.

*I, MARTHA MADISON, Know the Secret Places of  
the Heart, and I Know  
that When a Girl Learns the Truth  
She Need Not Fear*

# LOVE

**T**HIS is a very beautiful old world we live in and modern girls are determined to make the most of it and get the most out of it. The utmost of beauty and happiness includes, of course, successful love and marriage.

Did you ever happen to look over the head-stones of an old-fashioned cemetery, dating back to Puritan times? If so you probably noticed that about half the women seemed to be named either Patience or Submit, with Submit the favorite. Girls were named Submit because submission was considered the greatest feminine virtue and grace. No wonder they grew old early and were ready to fold their hands, don a lace cap and call it the finish at fifty.

All that's over now. Submission to unhappy conditions is the least of your worries if you are an up-to-date 1926 girl. Modern women are neither martyrs nor submitters when love proves unhappy. They are good forgetters when occasion calls for forgetting, and they are alert, enthusiastic "go-getters."

Perhaps that's why women nowadays remain young and active at an age when their grandmothers had retired to the chimney-corner. Today, women of sixty wed happily, while couples who have kept up with the modern spirit, celebrate their golden weddings with airplane flights.

There are more divorces now it is true. But since divorce is commonplace, isn't it fair to assume that men and women who remain married, do so because they are happy and contented together?

We have not as yet found the answer to all problems that present themselves in the course of friendship and love. But we are on the right path because we are not passively submitting to failure. The modern secret of success in love and marriage is: Face your problems frankly, find what's lacking and supply the need.

There's an answer to every problem of love as surely as there is to every problem of mathematics, although the marvelous thrill and magic of love seem different from cold mathematics. Did you ever think of that? Truth can be applied to love problems as surely as to arithmetic, then the happy, satisfying, wise way to solve the love problem will appear.

Worries and fears, ignored and left festering and moldering in dark corners of your memory and thoughts, will drive you frantic. But the moment you pull your problem out of its dark corner and face it in the light of truth and common sense, it seems less difficult.

Sometimes trifling worries are as troublesome as big tragedies. There's the case of Alice for instance which occurs to my memory as illustrating the good effects of analyzing one's love worries.

Alice was—and is—wild about Jack. They went together but not steadily. Jack liked Alice but now and then he became interested in some other girl for a time. He was not in love. Alice wanted more than anything else to attract, win and hold Jack's undivided, his real devotion.

When he devoted himself to other girls or even danced with them or expressed admiration for them, Alice was furious with jealousy, which she couldn't control. Then there was a quarrel and for weeks Jack would stay away altogether.

Finally, Alice wrote to me asking how she could win Jack. "By letting him go," I replied. "Your worry and unhappiness are caused not by your love for Jack but because you want to possess him, to own him, to make him love you whether he wishes to or not, to keep him from other friends and to order and regulate his life in every way. Sense of possession is not love for love is unselfish and wishes only the happiness of the loved one. It doesn't make demands but finds full happiness in giving and in loving.

**A**PPPLY this truth to your affection for Jack. Appreciate and enjoy his companionship and friendship but never try to interfere with his friendship for others or begrudge him anything that adds happiness and good to his life. Try to admire his friends and gladly share his companionship."

Jack and Alice are now happily married. Jack had resented her proprietary air and attempt to regulate his friendships, like and dislikes. When Alice gave up trying to possess him, her full charm shone out and he promptly fell in love.

Babe has an entirely different problem but it's no less important to her happiness.

Have you ever wondered whether or not you were in love? That's the question Babe is worried over. Here's her letter:

Dear Mrs. Madison:

I am a youngster of eighteen, engaged to an artist of note, a man of distinction. He is twelve years older than I am.

I am bubbling over with vitality—a lover of tennis, dancing, boating, and of the art in which (Turn to page 80)

## A World of Women Have Confided Their Secrets to Her



### LET MRS. MADISON HELP YOU!

**T**HOUSANDS of women have brought their love problems to Mrs. Madison for advice and solution. Thousands have found, through her counsel, happiness in love and marriage.

Hundreds of letters from young women and nearly as many from young men find their way to her desk each week.

This is not a sentimental age in which we are living. Yet love touches us deeply and colors our lives. When love is beset with difficulty, who does not long for practical, sound, sympathetic advice!

Each letter Mrs. Madison receives presenting a problem of love is an intensely gripping romance of real life, a story of

thrilling, poignant human interest. Is the end of the story to be happy or tragic? Much depends on the advice she gives. And her counsel invariably is constructive, positive, wise and practical.

Young enough to keep in touch with the new generation, old enough to possess poise, authority and wisdom born of ripened experience and education, Mrs. Madison is an able and honest counselor on problems of heart and home, love and marriage.

Address her in care of SMART SET, 119 West 40th St., New York. All correspondence is in strictest confidence. If you wish a personal reply, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



my fiancé is leader. I also adore reading and like to write.

His great interest in life aside from me, is his work. He looks on me as his "little girl sweetheart," who amuses him with her chatter and brightens his life.

I cannot bear to give him up. I feel a genuine affection for him. Yet—something is lacking.

His formal and solemn dinners when he entertains, his impressive friends, fill me at times with a sense of desolation and I wonder whether I shall have the courage to go on. Shall I become bored to death after marriage? Once in a while I feel that I would like to run away from it all to companions of my own age.

What is your advice, please, about going on with the engagement?

BABE.

I'm sure from your letter, Babe dear, that you like and admire your distinguished fiancé. But are you in love with him? It seems to me that if you were in love you would know it well and there would be no problem. You would want to shout for sheer joy and hug yourself at the very thought of being with him.

If you can imagine yourself happier with another companion—one nearer your own age who would share your love of informal, non-sensical fun, tennis, and dancing—if there is the least question in your heart as to whether your fiancé can make you happy at all times in all ways, then release him my dear, from an engagement that will lead to failure. That love is a safe basis for marriage is too sure to doubt.

We all hate to stand alone and make things uncomfortable by objections to what every one else is accepting as a great lark. Yet when you have a conscience that you simply can't smother, what are you going to do?

Here's Maralyn's story:

Dear Mrs. Madison:

The girls all say I'm a disagreeable spoilsport and I've made an enemy of a good friend. I'm so worried.

This is what happened. An elderly friend—a man who has loads of money—has been taking three or four of us girls about in his car. We stop at roadhouses for tea and dancing. Other days, we go to the matinee. Altogether we've had lots of fun. We felt that it was perfectly all right because there were four of us girls—there's safety in numbers—so there couldn't be any talk even though he's a married man who's separated from his wife but not divorced.

Well, the other day he said he wanted to give us all a present—some trifle that would please us. So he drove up to a very exclusive specialty shop on the Avenue and announced that he would give each of us some silk stockings. We were the only customers in the shop at the moment.

"Now girls," he said, "stand up in line and lift your skirts so I can measure you for your silk stockings. I'm sure you have as pretty legs as any beauty chorus in New York. This is your chance to prove it."

I refused to stand up and be measured. In fact, I thanked him but said I couldn't accept the gift. The girls tell me I'm silly and old-fashioned for refusing and my elderly friend no longer includes me in his joy rides. What do you think?

MARALYN.

What do you think, dear readers? Can a girl who swims in a one-piece suit reasonably object to lift her skirts and show her knees to be measured for silk stockings by an elderly admirer?

Is the age-old rule of convention that a woman may not accept a gift of personal clothing from a man, outgrown?

There is usually a reason for conventions that have survived. A quality called pride prompts a girl to protect herself from undue liberties of all kinds. And this pride, placing a high value on herself, gives a girl high value in the eyes of men and women. Better still, it enables her to retain her own self-respect.

Your pride and your self-respect doubtless assure you, Maralyn, that you were wise in refusing to display your knees unnecessarily and conspicuously, in refusing to be needlessly handled and "mauled," in refusing a gift of wearing apparel.

Elsie is aggrieved because her parents have scolded and "made a great fuss over nothing at all," as she puts it. Here is her letter:

Dear Mrs. Madison:

Ned and I are the best of friends. Ned is one of those boys you could trust anywhere as you would trust your own brother.

Ned and I came home late last night from a dance. It was a glorious moonlight night—far too glorious to go inside. So he suggested that we take a little ride in his car. It was a perfect evening, the roads were in fine condition and we kept spinning along, until suddenly I remembered the time and looked at his watch. It was four o'clock.

"Let's make a night of it," he suggested, "and see the sunset from Tucker's Hill"—the highest hill around here. So we parked the car, climbed a narrow trail to the top of the mountain and had the most beautiful view you can imagine of the

sun climbing up over the distant hills.

On the way home we stopped at an all-night lunch wagon for coffee, ham and eggs. It was all great fun and perfectly harmless. Don't you agree? But mother was perfectly horrified. Isn't she old-fashioned to make such a fuss?

ELSIE.

Of course, it was all harmless, Elsie, and of course, you had a glorious time and your motive was good. What a pity it seems that parents object to harmless good times!

Yet your mother has lived a good many years and is fairly broad-minded. Her affection for you is undeniable. I wonder whether there's sound reason back of her objections?

Convention declares that a young woman and a young man shall not spend the night together unchaperoned, no matter how harmless their companionship. This is the decree of the great majority of men and women. It's an unwritten law of civilized custom. (Turn to page 120)

## MRS. MADISON

### Answers These Questions in This Issue

1

I love Jack, but his slightest attention to another girl makes me furiously jealous. How can I win and keep him?

2

I am eighteen and engaged to a man of distinction, an artist. I cannot bear to give him up. Yet—I feel something is lacking. Shall I go on with the engagement?

3

An elderly man, an admirer of us girls, wanted us to hold up our skirts so he could measure our legs for silk stockings. I refused. Do you think I should have done as he asked?

4

Ned and I stayed out all night to see the sunrise. Ned can be trusted anywhere and it was all perfectly harmless but mother was horrified. Don't you think she's old-fashioned to make such a fuss?

5

My husband never reads and is commonplace. He wants to take me away from my family to a strange city. Would it be very dreadful if I were to leave him?

6

Is it true that nowadays a girl who does not pet and drink is hopelessly old-fashioned and cannot expect to be popular?

*How Would You Answer These Questions? What Advice Would You Give? Read the Understanding Answers Given by Mrs. Madison. And Now What Is Your Problem? Let Mrs. Madison Solve It.*





# What is pore film

## and why must you remove it?

This is the second of a series of Princess Pat informative talks giving new facts about complexion care. Here we tell about the requirements of cleansing cream—a most important subject.

Do you fancy that we are merely creating a *talking point* when we refer to pore film? If so, visit some scientific library and consult the works of the most eminent authorities on the skin.

Pore film is invisible. Yet every night and every morning there is an accumulation on *every* skin. And it is *resistant* to ordinary cleansing cream. Therein lies the danger—and the reason every woman who values her complexion should know about pore film.

Pore film is acid. It glazes over and seals the pores of the skin. It is formed by the commingling of perspiration and oil given off by the pores. If allowed to remain pore film is injurious to the skin. It can be a first cause of roughened skin texture, blackheads, excessively oily skin, shiny nose, and eruptions.

And remember, ordinary cleansing cream will *not* remove pore film. Any prominent skin specialist will confirm this statement; in fact he is likely to say that unscientifically formulated

creams will make pore film even more harmful to your complexion.

*Princess Pat Skin Cleanser Should Be Used By Every Woman In the Land*

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (you may call it cold cream) is definitely formulated to remove pore film. You may say you get along very well as it is, that you see no ill results from pore film. The explanation is that some skin has a high degree of resistance. But not to deal with pore film, merely *invites* the earlier fading of complexion beauty.

On the other hand there are thousands upon thousands of women who will see in this explanation of pore film the reason why all their beauty effort avails little, why their complexions remain unlovely despite nightly and morning applications of cream.

With Princess Pat Skin Cleanser you *know*—you have the comforting assurance that in regard to pore film *no chances are being taken*. It is precisely one of those situations when it is far better to be safe than sorry!

*How Princess Pat Skin Cleanser Came to be Different*

Princess Pat Skin Cleanser is a product of the modern laboratory. It is quite different from the inadequate creams of yesteryear. It was formulated in the full light of scientific knowledge of the actual *needs* of the skin. It was known that pore film had to be considered—and the need was met.

Further, the "stickiness" of old fashioned cold creams was avoided. Princess Pat is a light cream, delightful to use. It is a particularly *gentle* cream, agreeing with *every* skin. By no possibility can it encourage or promote hair growth. It does not necessitate vigorous rubbing. On the contrary, it seems literally to *melt* all the day's grime and dust from the pores. It is quite *impossible* for a woman not to like Princess Pat Cleansing Cream for the immediate effects she can see and feel.

But think *most* of the *most* important result. Princess Pat Skin Cleanser *removes* pore film and ends the troubles that ordinary creams do not combat. Accept our explanation at its gospel truth, scientific worth—try this different cold cream—and if it fails to live up to all expectations, receive back the cost from your dealer.

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## The Shadow

Perhaps it's a gray hair, a wrinkle or a trace of flabbiness. Just a little hint, but its flickering shadow across your mirror awakens a longing for youth—a longing to have and to hold its appearance over the years to come. Let us prove how simple it is for you to gratify this longing.

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**"Beauty's Master Touch"**

renders an entrancing appearance of youthful freshness. It gives to your complexion that subtle, alluring touch of Oriental Beauty with all its mystic, seductive charm.

The highly astringent properties of Gouraud's Oriental Cream keep the skin firm and smooth, discouraging wrinkles and flabbiness. Its antiseptic action maintains a pure, clear complexion, eliminating tan, freckles, muddy skins, redness, etc. A permanent, lasting improvement to your skin and complexion awaits you. Commence its use today.



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## A Wife Who Couldn't Be Bad

[Continued from page 28]

can't destroy a man like you would a dog!"

"To destroy me would be to save me," said my husband, deeply moved. "Bertha Ann! Bertha Ann! You don't know what this accursed thing means to me." It hangs over me like a thick black cloud. It consumes me like a secret fire. I dream of it every night of my life. My first thought when I wake is, 'will it get me today?'"

He caught my two hands in his and wrung them till I could have cried out with pain.

"If you give me your word I know you'll keep it. If you send for this man I'll know that I'm safe. Promise me, my darling," he stammered, "promise me. Give me your word on my wedding night."

He bent his face to mine and his hot breath fanned my cold cheek like a flame. I caught the elusive aroma of wine that not even tobacco can obliterate. "Gracious!" thought I, "What an idiot I am! He doesn't realize a word he's saying. The priceless old thing! He's had too much champagne!"

I turned to him smiling and held out my hand. "Give me that bottle?"

"Not till you've promised."

"All right, then. I promise and if it will make your mind any easier, I promise you I'll give you the dashed dope myself."

"What! You!" He caught me in his arms and held me as if he'd never let me go. "Do you really mean it? Oh, my darling, my darling! Do you really love me enough for that?"

"Oh, don't be so silly!" I snapped. "Of course, I love you! For goodness' sake don't make such a fuss! Here, give me the bottle, do!" I snatched the little black vial from him; I freed myself from his arm. I switched on the electric light. He stood there watching me open the motor jewel-case he had sent me that morning, unscrew one of the gold-topped bottles meant for scent and drop the little black vial in.

"Now are you satisfied?"

"I'm trusting you with more than my life," said he.

"I'll throw it away tomorrow," thought I as I snapped the lid down and turned the little gilt key.

To my own surprise I was trembling all over. The heat, the excitement, the lack of food, and now this preposterous scene all about nothing, like a silly act out of a play, was too much for me. I dropped into a chair and burst into tears.

"Darling, darling! What's the matter?" John flung himself on his knees beside me. "Oh, my God! I've made you unhappy."

"I'M NOT unhappy," I wailed. "I'm hungry."

"Hungry?"

"You'd be hungry too, if you'd had nothing to eat all day but a beastly stale sandwich and a glass of flat champagne."

"But we've had dinner—" He stopped short and clutched at his head.

"My God!" he shouted, "I'd forgotten all about dinner!"

"I hadn't," I sobbed. "I've been thinking of nothing else."

"I ought to be shot!" he cried, tenderly kissing my tears away. "Thoughtless beast that I am!" He drew me across the room, threw open a door hidden behind a curtain and disclosed to my astonished eyes the sitting-room beyond, all dazzling in pink brocade and gold.

In the center stood a small round table laid for two, lavishly set with fruit and flowers. At the side stood a dinner-wagon on wheels, replete with the choicest food. On the floor stood a silver pail filled with

ice out of which shone the slender gold neck of a bottle of champagne.

"You see," cried my husband, waving his hand triumphantly at the glittering array of silver dishes, "you see, I *did* order it!"

"What's the good of ordering it if you don't eat it?" I said.

With one of those swift reactions of his that I alone seemed to have the power to evoke, on the instant John's mood changed from grave to gay. The shadows lifted from his face; his infectious laughter rang through the room like a happy boy's.

"My poor, starved, darling! Sit down quick and let your wicked husband give you something to eat."

He swept away the iced cantaloupe and placed a cup of iced consommé before me in its place. "Better begin with this. You can have mellow later on if you want."

I needed no second bidding. If the Green Park had looked like the Garden of Eden to him, the efforts of the Ritz chef to please looked like the food of the gods to me.

"We don't want any servants bothering round us tonight," said my husband deftly buttering me a Viennese roll, "I'll be your butler, beloved,"—he popped a cushion under my feet—"your footman," he bent his lips to my foot in its dainty silk shoe—"your slave."

I DIDN'T care if he were all three rolled into one! I was far too busy gobbling salmon mayonnaise.

My furious hunger assuaged, my eyes went round the room in search of something to allay my thirst.

"Isn't there anything to drink?"

"To drink?" John dropped the peach he was peeling for me and jumped to his feet. "Bless me! I'm as bad a bulter as I am a husband! First I starve you, then I let you perish by the wayside with thirst!"

He seized the champagne from the ice-pail and opened it. The golden wine came frothing and creaming into the glass—wine of laughter, wine of love! He held it to my mouth while I drank, then raised it to his own. "Our marriage toast, beloved!"

I put my hand out over the glass. "You'd better not drink any more, had you, John? You've had quite enough as it is."

At that he shouted with laughter. "She thinks I'm drunk." Suddenly his voice went hoarse with passion. "So I am, my sweet, but not with wine. I'm drunk with you!" He flung the glass over his shoulder. It shivered to atoms on the pink-tiled hearth. He leaned down and with one sweep of his strong arm he lifted me clean out of my chair. He held me close up against his heart. I could feel his pulses racing madly against my own.

"I love you," he whispered, "I love you." He drank his marriage toast from my lips still wet with wine.

"Westcotts," the great white home of the Westmacotte family was one of the show places of the country. It differed from other great country houses in that it was set on the top of a high green hill.

People came from far and wide to see the beautiful sloping gardens jeweled with flowers rising terrace upon terrace in an ecstasy of color; the great avenue of black Spanish yews that ran for a quarter of a mile straight from the great bronze entrance gates right up to the heart of the house; the miraculous hedge of box and pivot ten foot deep and as high as it was broad with its frieze of birds and beasts clipped into fantastic shapes that encircled the base of the hill with an impenetrable living wall of gold and green.

Mackenzie, the old Scotch gardener,

glowered at me from under his busy eyebrows. "I'm thinking that'll be enough for today."

"Then you're thinking wrong," I returned placidly. I pointed to a single bloom standing a little apart from the rest. I want that one."

"That one" was the only white rose in the whole of that gay parterre brilliant with roses crimson and red. Ethereal in texture, perfect in form, it was the darling of old Mackenzie's heart.

Grumbling, the old man cut the white rose at my bidding. "Doddering old idiot!" I said to myself. "If he glowers at me like that, I'll make him cut every rose on the hill!"

The scent of the roses came up to me hot and strong, reminding me of the scent of those other roses which had come to me on my wedding night.

My wedding night! How far away it seemed! Nearly three years,—or was it three centuries,—ago? How much had happened to me since that night!

I had climbed the heights of snow-clad mountains; I had known the wonder of the turbulent seas. I had seen strange cities fantastic with tower and turret rise up out of the desert sand; I had looked down into the craters of burnt-out volcanoes whose hearts of fire had gone cold when the world was young. I had sailed in our great white yacht through enchanted seas of purple, lit by alien stars. I had watched the unearthly splendor of the sky alight with the midnight sun. I had swam and skated and danced and dined. I had been presented at Court. My husband had kept his word to me to the letter. He had given me everything—my diamonds and my pearls; my gowns and my furs; my horses and my cars; my yacht and this great white house of his set high upon a hill.

He had given me everything—except a child.

At the thought of a child I shivered in the sunshine. Little feet toddling down the terraces; little shrill voices calling me by name; little hot hands clutching at my heart-strings. Angriily I hurled my half-eaten fruit away. Who wanted children nowadays? They spoil one's pleasure and ruined one's looks. I told myself angrily I was glad I had not had a child.

I was so lost in thought I did not know the footman was beside me till he spoke to me. As in a dream I heard my husband's message—could I give him five minutes if I had the time to spare?

**I** ROSE on the instant. I wished the man and his message at Jericho, but I never kept John waiting. If I couldn't give him the one thing he wanted from me, the least I could do was to give him the things I had to give. I motioned to the man to take the roses and made my swift way up the last flight of the green grass steps.

On the terrace I stopped and looked back across the gardens. The hill with its burden of beauty lay in the sunshine. In the glitter and the shimmer of that blinding glory the butterflies hovering above the flowers took on the semblance of painted shadows floating through a golden mist.

The acrid scent of burning leaves came to me. Down by the copse where the gardeners lived I could see the soft white spirals of vaporous smoke rising like incense on the hot still air; I caught the flash of flickering fires quenched by the sun to ghosts of ineffectual flame.

For the first time I realized the wonder of that garden's planning—its riot of gay forget-me-nots, sweet blue harbingers of joy dropped straight from heaven to earth; its lines of flags of imperial purple guarding the green grass steps; its rows of passionate lilies shuddering with voluptuous

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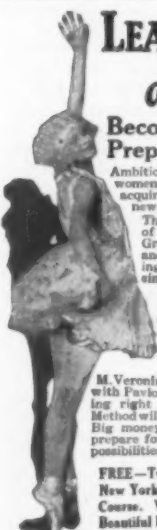
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delight as they opened their hearts to their lovers, the bees. I had seen all these things a thousand times before and passed them by without a thought. Now suddenly they had assumed a most extraordinary significance. I was as one deaf suddenly endowed with hearing; as one blind suddenly enriched with God's most precious gift of sight.

Once again that strange sweet anguish took me, wringing my heart with a nostalgia of longing for I knew not what, quickening my soul with a passion of desire to sound those depths and heights of life which I had only dreamed.

The rapture of the larks' sweet shrilling and trilling in the sky above me was to me as the beating of my own heart translated into song.

"Oh, what is happening to me today!" I said to myself as I stood there.

I turned and looked at the footman standing beside me with his wooden face wondering, I suppose, what the devil I was staring at. "Where is your master?"

"In the library, madam."

I took my basket of roses from him and walked down the terrace. I pushed back the French windows that stood ajar and went in.

As I came in through the open window, the change from the fierce sunlight without the dim obscurity within was blinding. Then my vision adjusted itself and I saw my husband seated at his great writing table, a mass of papers spread out before him, the quill pen he affected in his hand. Drawn up beside him in a row stood the four head servants—the housekeeper, the butler, the head-housemaid, the cook—all looking strangely perturbed.

"Heavens! What's up now?" thought I. I went forward and set my basket down. "You sent for me?"

My husband rose to his feet and sat down again. "I hope I didn't disturb you," he said in his courteous way.

He had disturbed me and I wasn't going to say he hadn't. On the other hand, I saw no necessity to say he had. I compromised by going straight to the point as I always did. "What is it you want?"

"I only wanted you to know I'd just been making a new will. I've called in these old friends of mine to witness it for me." He turned to the servants and laid his hand on the parchment before him. "This is my last will and testament." He signed his name and handed the butler the pen. "Sign here, please."

ONE by one the servants came forward and wrote their names. It was all very solemn and serious: a lot of fuss about nothing, I thought. Against my will my eyes went to the family portraits that I hated looking down from the walls on the scene. Had they signed away their great possessions at that same table, I wondered—those dead and gone Westmacottes who had died long years before they were dead? Unhappy, ill-omened people, facing death with their steady eyes in their golden frames! I shivered in the shadow as I had shivered in the sunshine. No wonder I thought the place was like a grave!

My husband took the pen from the cook and his charming smile shone out at the four old people standing there before him with their troubled faces and their trembling hands.

"That will be all, thank you. I am much obliged," he said.

They filed out of the room in silence. The housekeeper was openly weeping. The cook had her apron to her eyes. I surveyed them in astonishment as the door closed behind them.

"What on earth's the matter with them?" I asked.

"I've just been pensioning them off," said John. "They wish to leave."

"Leave? Them? Good gracious! Why?" "They feel that a young wife should have young servants. They don't think it's fair to you."

"You mean they don't like me." "Well, you don't like them," returned my husband smiling. "So that's only fair."

"Is that why old Newton was crying?" "Not altogether. I think their checks overwhelmed them a bit."

"Why? Did you give them so much?"

"Four thousand pounds."

"Each?"

"Each."

I knew that tone of finality in his voice. I had heard it before. A slave to me in all other things, in all matters, concerning business my husband tolerated no interference. If ever a man was master in his own house, it was he.

COMMENT was superfluous as I very well knew. Still, my secret annoyance irked me to further speech. "I don't see why they should be so upset because they've got four thousand pounds."

"It is possible they may have been a trifle upset at the thought of leaving me," said my husband drily.

I could feel the color come surging into my face. I had made a mistake and I knew it. I don't like making mistakes.

"Money's not everything, you know," said John carefully wiping his pen.

"It's a jolly good lot," I answered him bluntly, "at least it is to me."

"It's a good thing I've got a jolly good lot then," he answered me smiling. He leaned back in his chair and looked at me, watching me. "I'm worth close on three million pounds, Bertha Ann."

"Oh, are you?" I said idly. My ideas on the subject of millions were vague.

"I suppose you'd call three millions a jolly good lot, wouldn't you?" said John reflectively. "How much of it would you like to have?"

"All I could get."

"And what would you do with it if you had it?"

"Spend it," I said.

At that my husband burst out laughing. "Well, I imagine there's quite a lot of spending in three millions! Let's hope you'll enjoy it. I'm leaving it all to you."

"Leaving?" I repeated, and my voice went suddenly shrill. "Why leaving?"

"Men have to leave their money some time, my sweet,—even men who have three millions."

"You mean they have to die?"

"I suppose that's about the size of it," said my husband idly drawing faces on the blotting paper. "A dashed nuisance, dying, but there it is. I'm afraid it can't be helped."

Under the shadow of my lace brimmed hat I looked at him sharply. "You don't feel ill, do you?"

"Never felt better in all my life." He took my hand in his and held it against his cheek. "Men don't die any the sooner for making their wills, beloved."

I snatched my hand away from his.

"I hate talking about dying and making wills."

"Then let's talk of something else, my sweet. Just one minute while I put these papers away." He opened the deed chest standing on the floor beside him—a cumbersome old thing clamped with iron, battered and worn, with the name "John Westmacotte Esq." in queer old English characters faintly discernible on the top,—and began gathering together the loose sheets of his will.

Watching him idly I caught sight of something glinting brightly among the

masses of pink taped documents inside the box. "What's that thing shining down there in the corner?"

My husband followed my pointing finger; he stooped and picked it up. It was an old case, superbly chased, something like an old-fashioned razor case in shape, with a ruby studded lid that opened on a hinge.

"But what a heavenly box!" I exclaimed. "Why keep it hidden away in that stuffy old chest? Why not have it out for people to see?"

"IT'S scarcely the kind of thing one wants to have out for people to see."

"Why not? What is it? May I look?" I took it out of his hand and opened it, disclosing the faded red velvet lining. Inside was a little scroll of parchment rolled up in the form of a spill.

"Be careful how you take it out, dearest," said my husband hastily. "It's over three hundred years old and might easily tear."

"Three hundred years old? Is it really?" I laid the case down on the table and carefully untied the faded red ribbon that held the scroll. "What on earth is it?"

A strange look came into John's eyes. "Something you don't believe in—The Family Curse."

"No! Not really! Gracious! How frightfully thrilling!"

I unrolled the little paper and stared at it blankly. It was inscribed in the form of a medieval manuscript with untarnished gold capitals and fantastic illuminations in faded blues and reds down the sides. "I can't make head nor tail of the thing. What language is it in?"

"English." "Is that funny stuff, English? What frightful writing! I can't understand a word of it. Read me what it says."

My husband took the paper from my hand and read the word that, according to his belief, condemned him and his race to a frightful fate as calmly as if it had been an old-fashioned recipe out of an Elizabethan cookery book.

### *The Legend of the Curse of the Westmacottes*

Since Westmacotte, the man of blood,  
Had filched his only daughter  
From out the Holy Mother Church  
To bear across the water,

Senor Don Raymond Calvados  
Rose to the rim of sea:  
"Heretic! She is plight to God!  
Stay thou thy blasphemy!"

But Westmacotte, the man of blood,  
Sprang from his good ship's lanyard:  
His sword flashed fire beneath the moon  
And quivered through the Spaniard.

Senor Don Raymond Calvados,  
His eyes a-film with death,  
Lay in his daughter's fair white arms  
And said with his last breath:

"My curse on you and all your house,  
On every only child!  
I curse you in the name of God,  
Whose bride you have defiled!"

John Westmacotte, his teeth flashed white:  
He laughed as there he stood,  
And ran his sword down in the sand  
To clean away the blood!

"I fear no sword in a living hand  
Nor a curse in the mouth of the dead!"  
The old man raised his stricken head  
And, as he died, he said:

"Having eyes you shall not see!  
With ears you shall not hear!"

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Having lips you shall not speak  
In your thirty-seventh year!

"Beware when of an only child  
Your wives be brought to bed—  
For when you reach the fated day,  
Living, you shall be dead!"

*Non scripta qui potest legito!*

My husband stopped reading.  
"Is that all?" I asked.  
"It's enough, isn't it?" he asked grimly.  
"Let me look at it again."  
I took the scroll from him.  
"What are those five words down there  
in the corner? The name of the person  
who wrote it?"

"No. That's Latin. *'Non scripta qui  
potest legito.'*"

"What does it mean?"  
"Let him who can, read what is not  
written."

"That's a silly thing to say. How can  
you read what isn't written? What's it  
mean?"

"Ah, I wish you could tell me. That's  
what nobody's been able to find out."

A STRANGE thrill ran through me.  
The sight of the actual paper, mil-  
dewed with age, handed down from gener-  
ation to generation for nearly three hun-  
dred years; the smell of the musty old  
parchments that floated up from the queer  
old chest made it all seem horribly real. It  
was quite different from when I first heard  
of it the night John proposed. Then, I had  
dismissed it as a lot of silly nonsense. Now,  
it was as if a ghostly shadow had reached  
down the centuries and laid its icy hand  
upon my heart.

"I think it's a lot of silly old rubbish,"  
I said and gave him back the scroll. "I'd  
shove it in the fire and burn it, gold case  
and all, if it were mine."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't help you much,"  
said my husband carefully putting the  
precious little paper away. "A good many  
things and a good many people, too, for  
that matter, have been shoved into the fire  
and burnt but it didn't stop the truth that  
was in them from enduring long after they  
were destroyed."

"But this isn't truth," I exclaimed.  
"You're not going to tell me you really  
believe curses come true?"

"Why not? Why should I try to deny  
facts? We know that curses do come true.  
What about the Karolyi Curse?"

"What curse was that?"

"Don't you remember when the Countess  
Karolyi cursed the Austrian Emperor  
because he had condemned her husband to  
death—as she thought unjustly,—you re-  
member, don't you?"

"Never heard of it in my life. What was  
the curse?"

"She cursed his wife; the Empress  
Elizabeth was murdered. She cursed his  
son; the Crown Prince Rudolph committed  
suicide. She cursed his kingdom; you  
know what's happened to Austria since  
the war. Last of all she cursed him, that  
his great possessions should be taken from  
him and that he should die, after years of  
sorrow, a lonely and broken-hearted old  
man. There isn't much doubt as to whether  
that curse came true. His treasures were  
dispersed; his palaces given over the people;  
down to the very grass growing in the  
streets of Vienna which at that time was  
the most brilliant capital in the world."

"But, John, you don't mean to tell me  
all that happened just because the Countess  
said so. If she hadn't said a word those  
things would have happened just the same."

"Would they? I wonder! Perhaps they  
would."

John's fine rare smile shone out at me.

"Also, perhaps they wouldn't! God  
knows, not I. Anyway, even you can't deny  
the curse was spoken—you can read it in  
every history book—and the curse did come  
true."

"Oh, I'm sick to death of curses," I cried.  
"Take the thing away, do! I hate it!" I  
picked up the golden case and thrust it into  
his hand.

My husband started at my touch. "Your  
hands are ice cold, darling. What's wrong?  
This hasn't upset you, has it?"

"Upset me?" I cried. "Don't be so silly!  
Why should I be upset? You can talk till  
you're blue in the face, nothing will ever  
make me believe in ghosts and omens and  
curses."

"Please God nothing ever will." John  
spoke with a sincerity that startled me.  
That strange little thrill ran through me  
again. Though I would have died rather  
than admit it, the whole episode had af-  
fected me more than I cared to own.

I picked up my basket of roses and  
feasted my eyes on their beauty with  
a positive sense of relief.

My husband locked up the old chest  
and slipped the key back on his ring.  
Doubtless he was not sorry either to shut  
away the tangible proof of the thing that  
made his life a torment.

"That's done," he said. "Now we'll  
forget all about it. Why should we waste  
our time talking about such things on this  
lovely day when we might be talking  
about you!" He looked up at me as I  
stood there in my soft white gown and my  
basket of flowers. "That's a very becoming  
hat you've got on! I'd like to have you  
painted like that."

"Why don't you then?" I asked.

"I will." He reached for his pen and  
scratched a note on the pad lying beside  
him. "I'll write to Carlingford Copley and  
ask him down."

"Carlingford Copley? Isn't he the man  
you said was so busy painting women's  
bodies he forgot all about their souls?"

"DID I say that? I'd forgotten. I dare  
say I did. Anyway it's true."

"Then why send for him? Why not  
send for some one who can paint my soul  
as well as my body?"

"Because you haven't a soul to paint, my  
sweet," said my husband simply. "It's still  
fast asleep in that beautiful body of yours."

I was by no means certain I had a soul  
but I resented being told so by any one else.

"How do you know I haven't got a soul?"

A strange light came into John's eyes.  
"No woman's got a soul until she knows  
what it is to love."

"That's a queer thing for you to say to  
me, John. I love you, don't I?"

"You love me but you're not in love with  
me, my dear. That's the tragedy of both  
our lives."

I'd have given my new diamond tiara  
to deny what he said but I couldn't. It was  
true. His inexhaustible passion for me  
left me as cold as ice.

"Some day that soul of yours will wake  
up, beloved. Then the whole of your life  
will be changed. The things that mean  
nothing to you now will mean everything  
and those that mean so much to you now  
will mean nothing. The things that mean  
nothing to you now will mean everything.  
A whole new world will open up before  
you—a world of love and passion and  
God!" His voice dropped to a deeper  
note. "Love brings one very near to God,  
my Bertha Ann."

"I don't feel at all near to God," I said.

"But God is very near to you," said  
John tenderly smiling at me. "In the air  
you breathe; in the words you speak; in  
those lovely flowers in your basket; in the  
pearls that hang round your sweet white



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throat. You can't escape God, beloved. He's everywhere."

I stifled a yawn as I stole a look at the watch on my wrist.

"Have you forgotten it's the Furnival's lunch?" I said. "If we're to leave here at one, it's time I got dressed."

"Is it their lunch? I'd forgotten. Dear me! How I hate lunches. What dress are you going to wear?"

"One you've not seen, a new one. Jade green georgette and lace specially dyed to match my new jade beads. Wait till you see my hat! It's simply a dream. A rose feather as long as my arm! If only they're the right shade I'm going to wear some of these roses at my waist."

"If you're going to wear roses, you might give me one for my coat."

John caught back my hand as I took out a flower. "No thanks! None of your scarlet beauties for me! I want that one." He pointed to the white rose lying fair and pure in a circle of flame, a pearl among rubies I thought.

"Why that one, John?"

"It's sweet, white, virginal—cold, like you."

"Cold! Me!"

My thoughts flashed to that secret lover of mine and my lips burned again at the thought. "Little he knows," thought I. I picked up the rose to put in his coat and pricked my finger on a hidden thorn.

"Yow!" I cried. "That old beast Mackenzie's left a thorn on the stem!"

A drop of bright red blood welled from my finger on to the flower and stained it crimson.

"Your life's blood straight from your heart, beloved!" said John his eyes dilating with passion. "My rose is happier than I!"

"I believe he left it there on purpose, old wretch," I cried angrily, sucking my finger as I moved to the door. My husband called me back.

"You might take this with you, will you."

"Take what?"

"Only a letter I'd like you to keep."

"A letter?" I repeated slowly returning.

"To whom?" I glanced indifferently at the envelope he held out. "Dr. Raymond Galbraith. Who's he?"

"That friend of mine at the Front that I told you about. Don't you remember?"

I shook my head.

"The American doctor who gave me that medicine of mine I gave you to keep."

Instantly I remembered. My heart stopped as if it had suddenly lost a beat.

"What are you writing to him for?"

"Just enclosing him a check."

"A check? Why a check?"

"Just as well to put one's house in order, my sweet. It saves an immense amount of trouble for others later on."

HE RAN the gummed flap, over the licker and closed it down.

"A wonderful fellow, Raymond," John continued. "The one real idealist I've ever met. Not a penny to bless himself with and refuses to take any fee on principle." He held out the letter smiling. "I'm trusting you with my soul as well as with my body, Bertha Ann. Keep it carefully, won't you?"

"Righto. I'll keep it."

I took the letter out of his hand and went quickly out of the room.

Outside in the hall I came on the old butler, his face hidden in his arm leaning against the wall. "Robins, what are you doing?"

At the sound of my voice the old man turned. "I beg pardon, madam. I'm sorry." Two tears, the difficult tears of the old, welled up in his faded eyes and trickled down his wrinkled cheeks. "Oh, my master,



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## BLONDEX

### The Blonde Hair Shampoo

dear madam! My poor, poor master!"

"What about your master?"

"He's ill, madam."

"What do you mean, he's ill? Not a moment ago he told me he'd never felt better in his life."

"Then what was he making of his will for, madam?"

"People don't die any the sooner for making their will."

"Maybe not, madam. But the West-macottes do. You don't know 'em as I do ma'am. Man and boy I've served the family for close on sixty years. When a West-macotte makes his will, it means," he looked at me with a dreadful significance, "it means they know their time has come."

MY FACE went scarlet with rage. "Oh, don't talk such ridiculous nonsense to me!"

"It isn't nonsense, ma'am," he said as he put his finger to his lips; his voice sank to a whisper. "Not a word to the master, ma'am, but the white peacocks came back to roost last night in the Spanish yews."

"I didn't know there were any."

"There aren't, Ma'am. Leastways only—you know when!"

"What do you mean—'I know when?'"

The old servant looked aghast. "I beg pardon, ma'am," he stammered. "Very sorry, I'm sure. My mistake. I shouldn't have mentioned it, but of course, I thought you knew."

"Knew what?"

The old man held up his trembling hand. "When the white peacocks roost in the black yew trees, the curse comes home to roost!"

"Oh, I've no patience with such stuff!" I snapped. "Let me pass, do!" I swept by him and ran swiftly up the stairs,—the beautiful shallow black oak stairs—the pride of the house that two housemaids spent their lives rubbing and polishing until they were as shiny and as slippery as black plate glass.

Into my room I ran. I banged the door; I threw down the letter; I smacked down my basket; I pitched off my hat. I seized the old-fashioned bell-pull and rang loud and long for my maid.

I was amazed at my own excitement. It wasn't like me to be so upset. My heart was banging as if it were trying to leap out of my breast.

Gradually the anger died out of my face as I stood looking down at my things for the luncheon all ready laid out on the bed.

They lay on the cream satin counterpane: the jade-green dress like a soft green cloud; the green suede shoes with their buckles of jade; the small green hat with a scarlet feather nearly a yard long, a touch of genius—that scarlet feather. It lay against my neck like a flame.

On a small white satin cushion lay my husband's latest gift a string of beads of carved apple-green jade. Their price must have been something stupendous. He had refused to tell even me what he had paid. Straight from the neck of a murdered mandarin they had come, bearing their message of beauty and death from the heart of the barbaric East. Not another woman in London had anything to touch them. I loved them with a passion second only to the madness of possession with which I loved my pearls.

An old-world jingle I had heard as a child from a black-eyed gypsy at a country fair suddenly flashed into my head:

"Tears of sorrow for those who wear pearls,

Riches for rubies when worn by a maid,  
Ill luck for opals, be ye good wives or girls,  
But a dark secret lover for her who wears jade."

"That's me!" I cried exultantly, looking at myself in the glass. "'A dark secret lover for her who wears jade.' That's me!" I shuddered for pure joy as I slipped the beads over my head.

Dangling the pearls in my hand, I opened the little motor jewel-case, that exquisite trifle of velvet and gold, to put them away. My eye fell on the row of gold-topped bottles intended to hold scent. I took one and unscrewed it slowly. Inside lay the little black glass vial. In the brilliant sun as it lay on my palm, it took on a strangely sinister look.

I remembered I had meant to throw it away the following morning. Incredible as it may seem, in the rush and the excitement of my strange new life, I had never given it a thought from that day to this.

I STOOD staring down at the little black glass bottle as if I were turned to stone. Thought joined itself to connecting thought like the links of a connecting chain—the extraordinary feeling of exhilaration I had had in the garden; the pensioning of the old servants; the making of John's new will; his strange wild talk about love and God; the letter he had given me to keep; they all rushed through my mind like pictures flashing past me on a screen.

The letter he had told me to keep. . .

What could this strange epistle say to the army doctor?

My fingers closed round the little black glass bottle like a vise.

Suppose my husband were struck down like those others of his ill-fated race before him, I had given him my sacred word of honor to send this letter. No matter what, I had given him that word in the belief that he did not realize at the time what he was demanding, my word remained my word. Because my word was my solemn bond.

If I sent for this man and he couldn't cure him, he had sworn to my husband to put him out of his misery.

Rumors of the new science, the new faith, that had arisen out of the terrors of the War had reached even me.

Supposing this hideous thing *did* happen that this thunderbolt were launched out of a cloudless sky with gay larks trilling, shattering their song with its devastating force, in that case, what about me? Where did I come in? The deep-seated egotism that was my ruling passion rose up in me fierce and strong, clamoring to me to put an instant end to this tragic farce and save myself while yet there was time.

If I sent this letter, and this man came and couldn't cure my husband, he would deem it his duty to kill him. Then what should I be? An accessory before the fact.

If he couldn't cure him and wouldn't kill him, then what should I be?

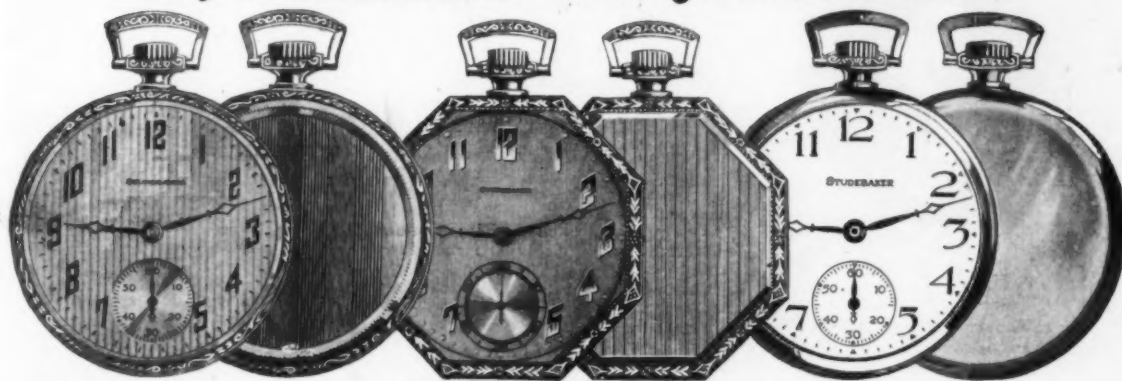
If I didn't keep my word I'd be a fore-sworn traitor to a helpless man who trusted me.

If I *did* keep my word—what then?  
*My husband's murderer!*

[To Be Continued in the October Issue]

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**IT'S OFF  
because  
IT'S OUT**

## I Bet My Soul Against \$10,000

[Continued from page 21]

dealing watching the cards. "Shall we deal a few cold poker hands until the others get here?" he inquired of Marineaux.

Tralee, it happened, was in luck. Marineaux's losses amounted in a short time to considerable.

"Play him for more," I whispered in his ear.

"Shall we double up?" Marineaux suggested to Tralee, following my suggestion.

"Suit yourself," Tralee agreed.

Several times this happened. The small stakes now had swollen into large ones. Marineaux owed Tralee seven thousand dollars.

The door-bell rang announcing the arrival of guests, and we heard a servant go through the hall to answer the door—to admit more players.

"One hand," I suggested, "fourteen thousand or even. That's your best chance."

Tralee dealt. The first card he gave to Marineaux was a queen—three queens; the other cards did not improve the hand. The first card Tralee dealt to himself was a ten; the next three cards were aces. This luck seemed too remarkable to be square.

"Fourteen thousand," Tralee said quietly, and arose to greet his guests.

Corcoran moved away, through the back parlor into the rear hall. When I could get away, I followed him and found him in Tralee's den. My pulse beat fast and the blood was hot under my skin.

"Ben," I demanded, "was it on the square?"

"How do I know?" he answered. "You have no business to come and ask me that about Tralee's plays."

"Tralee dealt."

"Yes, Loris; but Marineaux had shuffled the cards and passed them over."

"Do you suppose he'd tell that even to me," Corcoran went on, "when it isn't necessary? I do know that what Tralee has had out of Marineaux is only a part of what he expects to get."

I went to the door and called a servant. "Will you ask Mr. Tralee to come here?"

As I waited, I stood twisting my fingers nervously together until Tralee appeared.

"John," I said evenly, "I'm through."

"Look here, my girl," Tralee said coldly, "you've got this wrong. I took my chance of losing just like them. The game is square."

"Well, call it that," I said. "Whatever it is, you know you're sure to win."

His eyes narrowed as he studied me.

"Of course," he said, "this is because of Marineaux."

"Yes, it's because of Mr. Marineaux," I said. "I didn't understand it till just now. That night that he first came here—I remember now, the women you had here, all except myself, were old. You made me change some things about my dress which you said you didn't like. You'd—you'd planned it so I would attract him."

"That is true. He had been brought up among what they used to call 'ladies.' I wanted you to look like them."

"What have you had out of him, John, these last two months? Is it a hundred thousand—two hundred thousand?"

"Whatever it is, it makes no difference to him. The thousands he's lost to me mean nothing in comparison with the millions he's got left. For generations his family has been piling up money in

real estate. It's one of the big fortunes of New York. My girl, you've done no harm to him."

"I know that's so," I said, "but now that I realize it, John, I can't go on."

His eyes were hard.

"All right," he said, "we'll say that you are through. So you might spend the next few minutes, if you like, in thinking what you are going to do."

I caught my breath at that. After Tralee had left the room, I turned again to Corcoran.

"Ben," I said, and I'm afraid my voice trembled, "he's right. What shall I do?"

Corcoran's rugged face was flushed.

"If only it wasn't for Peter!"

"You must think a lot of Marineaux."

I felt my eyes grow wet.

"I do. Oh, Ben, I love him so! I never knew any one could love the way I do. And he loves me—only not in the way I wish he would, meeting me here."

"See here, my girl," he said worriedly, "you want to take a wrap around your hands and pull your horse a little where the judge can't see you. I never heard you talk like this before. Use your head."

"I CAN'T. I have too many feelings now."

Corcoran, as always when he was deeply stirred, got up and moved about the room.

"Is it the money that he's lost through you?" he asked.

"It's partly that."

"If you could pay him back you wouldn't feel like this?" Corcoran said.

"I don't hold with trainers who play their owners false," he continued. "I think they're dirty dogs. Well, call me what you like. Saturday is the day we're going to win with Torid. Tell Marineaux to put a fat bet on the nose—you understand, in the big thousands—straight play, win only. Don't let him do it at the track where it would change the price; telephone it across the river to one of the New Jersey books."

Now my eyes were full of tears.

"Ben, you do love me!" I declared. "I know it after that. Because it's bound to change the price and Tralee will know you did it. Thank you, Ben."

As Marineaux drove me home that night, I said to him, "I have to—I mean, I want to go to the track Saturday."

"I'll drive you out," he offered.

When he stopped in front of my apartment, neither of us moved to get out.

The night was warm; lights of speeding cars in the park across from us appeared and disappeared among the trees like flashing jewels of red and green; on the benches couples lingered, unwilling to depart. The small New York moon swam in a misty sky.

I was not conscious that either of us had moved, yet suddenly my lips were close to his and his to mine; my breath came fast, then as our lips met, my arms crept around his neck. There was something amazing and unexpected in that first kiss; my body in his arms was yielding as if my flesh had turned to fluid.

He released me and sat staring ahead.

"I'm not going to see you any more," he said at last, abruptly.

My heart contracted. It was not his losses to Tralee that caused him to say this, I knew; it was his recognition of the futility of love between us.

"You said you'd take me to the races," I reminded him.

"Yes, I'll do that."

Again we sat in silence.

[Turn to page 92]

# YOUR OWN Birthstone On Every Piece



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## I Bet My Soul Against \$10,000

[Continued from page 90]

"Then—then kiss me again," I said.

He turned to me, his face flushed, and pressed his lips to mine. I sprang out of the car and fled into the house. From the window, I watched him drive away; then I flung myself upon the bed and lay there with dry eyes open, staring into the darkness.

I was fully resolved on breaking with Tralee; I could do nothing else; and Marineaux, I knew, would break with me. So there was no future. I was moving toward a void; after these things happened there would be nothing left to live for.

On Saturday, Marineaux called for me. "There's something I want to tell you," I said when we were in the car, "but you mustn't bet at the track. Telephone a bet from one of these drug stores if you want to. Mr. Corcoran expects to win the big race today with Torid."

"The Suburban!" he exclaimed. "It's a great race; the greatest horses in the world have run in that! Are you playing?"

I shook my head.

"I have a hunch the horse is going to lose, and when I have a hunch like this I'm very seldom wrong. But Mr. Tralee and Mr. Bannon are playing it. I haven't any idea how many thousands of dollars they have put up in all the big cities of the country, but they stand to win an immense amount if Torid should win—hundreds of thousands, I am sure."

"I'll not play it, if you think the horse won't win," he decided.

On the club house lawn, Tralee met us. "Beautiful day, isn't it!" he said to us from behind his noncommittal eyes. His manner was the same as on other days; he showed no hope and no excitement. Corcoran was not with him; if he appeared at all, Corcoran would not appear until the horses were on the way to the post for the big race—the fourth upon the program. Marineaux found a chair for me.

He was only slightly interested in the races; in the first three races of the day he had no interest at all.

In the pause after the third race I said, "I can't bet, but I'd like to know the prices."

HE STOPPED a book-maker and asked the question. "Torid is six to one," he told me.

"They didn't expect as much as that after all the betting they had done," I said. "It means that they'd win wonderfully if the horse should win. They'd—break the books. They'd be rich. But I am sure they won't."

Suddenly we noticed that Corcoran had arrived; that meant that the horses were ready for the post. The clear notes of a bugle sounded from the judges' stand, and I sang beside his ear in tune with it: "The—horses—are—coming!"

A wave like the swelling of the sea crossed the grandstand as the people climbed upon their seats; the band crashed into a lively tune. As the first of the long line of horses came through the gate, I felt my heart swell in unison with the excitement all around.

"Torid is Number 4," I said.

Number 4 was a bright chestnut, unmarked except for one white foot and a white star, and he walked with pride; his head high, while he turned his great intelligent eyes calmly on the clamorous grandstand, and with ears pricked forward seemed to listen to the band. There could be no doubt that Tralee's horse fully un-

derstood what was expected of him. Having made their parade before the grandstand, the horses turned and came back.

"They start at the first bend of the track," I explained. "It's a mile and a quarter race, you know."

"The horse looks fine," Marineaux said.

"But he'll not win! I'm sure! I never went wrong on a hunch I felt as strongly as I do this one; but you can't bet merely against a horse, you know; and if I wanted to, I've nothing I could bet."

This forced an answer from him: "If you want to make a bet like that, your credit's good with me."

"But if I lost, I couldn't pay. I'd never make a bet unless I meant to pay in case I lost and—knew that I could. Now I've nothing at all to bet—except myself."

"Well," he laughed, "you ought to be worth quite a lot."

"I ought," I said, "to be worth something, myself. I am—good."

SUDDENLY he went white and stared at me. It was incredible that he should have correctly understood my meaning, more incredible still that, having understood me, his feeling should remain the same.

"You wouldn't bet!" he said.

"I'm sure the horse is going to lose."

My hand shook violently as I tore a corner from my program; his own hand was as tremulous as mine as he reached into his pocket for an envelope and tore a blank piece off the enclosure it contained.

"What shall it be?" he asked.

"Whatever you wish. I—I think that I am worth a thousand."

He hid the paper from me with his hand; his pencil quivering. If I lost, he knew I meant to pay, so the amount he bet must be worth while; and yet it must not be so much that, if I won, he could not make me take it. Long afterward I found that he had written: "I. O. U. \$10,000—Peter Marineaux." He took the scrap of program I held out to him. "Myself—Loris," I had written on it. He dropped the pieces into the envelope, folded it, and gave it to me. I beckoned to Tralee, who came at once.

"Mr. Marineaux and I have made a bet," I said. "Will you hold stakes?"

Tralee put the envelope in his pocket.

My pulses were in sickening tumult and I could not again look at Marineaux. My gaze went out across the track. The horses were at the post; I could discern Tralee's colors midway of the bunch. Torid stood still, with the white tape of the barrier just in front of his nose, waiting, while others danced. The tape flew up! The horses broke instantly into violent motion.

To my excited senses the first turn of the race seemed merely a blur of struggling color; then as they straightened out on the back stretch, I could observe more plainly. Five horses were in front, then Torid, with three horses behind him.

"Your horse is a long way back of the first flight," I said to Peter.

"He's on the rail," he answered, "and I've heard Corcoran say that the horse is not a front runner."

The spots of color in their violent motion shifted their relative positions.

"There!" he exclaimed. "One is dropping back now!"

As they swung into the second turn the position grew clear. Four horses were now in front, then Torid; but the distance between Torid and the leaders had increased.

[Turn to page 94]



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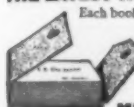
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THE STICKEL CO., 128 N. Clinton Building, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## I Bet My Soul Against \$10,000

[Continued from page 92]

I glanced around. Corcoran's face was purple with excited blood; in Tralee there was no change.

Bedlam raging in the stands told us that the horses had turned into the stretch. We strained forward so that we could see. Three horses were in front now, running neck and neck. We could not see Tralee's black and green. Then, suddenly, still far behind the others and outside of them, but coming fast, we saw the chestnut.

A wild yell of warning rose from the stands; the boys on the front horses sensed some unexpected happening. The whips rose and fell stinging on the leading horses. But no whip fell on Torid.

The chestnut's head was stretched forward in a straight line with his neck which was strained far forward; his eyes and blood-red nostrils were open wide; each leg before it left the ground was like a bar of steel throwing him forward; under the velvet skin each sinew stood out as if cut from metal. No horse could give more than Torid now was giving.

SILENCE had fallen on the stand; the spectators, I realized, had not bet upon this suddenly threatening horse.

Halfway along the front of the stand, two of the leading horses had dropped back, a black had drawn ahead; but now Torid was only a length behind the leader. It was unbelievable to me, who had seen many races, that a horse could run as fast as Torid ran. Now, suddenly, I realized that after the pace has drained strength to its final dregs, blind courage and condition will make it possible for one horse to run three lengths to all the others' two. The whip fell and fell against the leader's side, but he was doing all he could, and a dozen strides from the finish, Torid was a neck ahead. Horses panned in the stretch are more likely to diminish speed than to increase it; what had been a scant neck almost at the judges' stand had become an open length of daylight between Torid and the horse behind at the wire.

Marineaux had won!

My heart was beating like a trip-hammer; my knees were trembling, when Tralee came over to us.

"To which of you does this belong?" he asked, taking the envelope from his pocket.

"Give it to Mr. Marineaux," I said.

We were embarrassed. Marineaux took the envelope and put it away.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

"Yes, let's get away from here."

We made our way through the excited people, to his car; he helped me in. I must have looked very small beside him on the seat and I know that I was white. The scrap of paper in his pocket, "Myself—Loris"—what did that mean to him? We were, I felt, in the grasp of something primeval; a force that had preceded civilization, preceded the institution of marriage.

From the night when I had seen him first, the end had been inevitable. I knew now that our kisses had made that plain to each of us. I felt that he never could, after those kisses, have carried out his determination not to see me again; some-

how, somewhere, we would have to come together.

When he let me out of the car in front of my apartment, I looked up at him. The blood dyed my temples, neck and cheeks, but I tried to hold my eyes steadily to his.

"You'll let me know when pay-day comes?" I said in a low voice.

"Yes; I'll let you know," he answered.

I left him quickly, and went up to my rooms. I took off my hat, felt in my handbag for the race program with its torn corner, dropped it in the drawer of my dresser and closed it.

When I saw that program again, what would I be? I did not know. I knew that I was pale, and yet I was not frightened. All this was exactly as I had meant that it should be, as I had thought it out. "I'll bet my life," men said. Well, I'd bet mine. What I was to be after this no longer depended on myself, but on Marineaux. I trusted him; I had resolved that I would trust him, I had made my bet upon my faith in him.

Would he collect? Or would he think and think until he found out that he really cared for me so much that he could do me no harm?

It was hard work waiting. Time dragged on. I did not go to Tralee's; Tralee would understand from that I had broken with him. On the third afternoon, the phone rang and I found that it was Marineaux.

"I'll call for you at nine tonight," he said, and in his voice I found no emotion. I had to wait and control my voice.

"All right," I said, and hung up.

At nine he called for me and I went out to him. I thought he seemed embarrassed; I could tell nothing from the way he looked. He swung the car away from the park into the darker streets, and I had a cloud of troubling visions. One was of a turbulent hotel; I shrank from that. One—hardly less terrible—was of a small apartment. I felt my body trembling.

We had not far to go before he brought the car up to the curb. Trembling I looked up at the great, dusky entrance; then relief and joy flowed in on me.

I hardly heard the words that he was saying; afterwards, I knew, they would come back to me. In the shadows I saw Corcoran and an unknown man.

"This is my brother," Marineaux was saying to me. "I've told him, but not the rest of my family yet."

The anxious appraisement in the eyes of the man so like to Peter Marineaux, although older, grew less as he made his survey of me. He took my hand.

"Well, let's get on," he said.

Suddenly I clutched Peter.

"Wait!" I cried. "Wait! You—you mustn't marry me until you know! You thought I bet against a horse. I bet on you. I was quite sure the horse would win and I should lose. I—I thought it would make you make up your mind whether you really cared for me. And I won! I won! Dear, dear, can you guess even a little of how I love you after that? You can't—nobody could! My dear, shall—shall we go on now?"

"Yes, we'll go on," he answered. "You're what Tralee said—you're square."

"I HAVE been kissed by many men, and though they have caressed me they have never been able to hurt my soul," says the woman whose startling story, "Men Who Have Kissed Me," has been written for SMART SET and the first long instalment will appear in the October issue, on sale September 1st

## The Voodoo's Living Sacrifice

[Continued from page 55]

it! You can't let them put things like that over on you!" I said.

The bushy white head shook slowly. "Brent," he said, "they're not tryin' to put anything over. The primitive in their natures, that has slept through the centuries, awakens to the strange call of some nigger a' beatin' a tom-tom. It's the jungle callin' its own. What's a day or so in a year, son?"

"Sorry, uncle, but I can't see it that way. But I won't argue with you."

Jean came quickly to my side, and raised a pleading face to mine. Her lovely sensitive mouth quivered.

"Brent, you don't know what you are doing—"

Gently I kissed her upturned face.

"Good night," I said abruptly.

Uncle Tom looked suddenly old and beaten, propped there in his great wheelchair and the hot old eyes followed me as the door closed.

In bed, I tossed restlessly—one moment determined to carry it through, the next in doubt. Borne through my open window, carried by the night wind, came the distant sound of a song—some negro chanting in his cabin...

The next morning, I found Jimmy down at the barn, filing a saw. He looked up, as I entered. "Howdy," he said briefly, and went on filing. He seemed constrained.

"Everything all right?" I asked casually.

In broad daylight, I felt like laughing at my feeling of the night before.

Jimmy squinted at the saw carefully, then straightened up.

"King, about ten of the niggers are gone. Sanger with them."

My lips tightened.

"All right! They heard what I said!" I answered curtly.

"You can't fight ten niggers, even one at a time, with fists, King!"

Jimmy's eyes were troubled.

"Can't I?" I said grimly, and left him.

I think the hardest thing I have ever had to face was the blow that came to me about noon. Aunt Jane came out to the fields, skirts flying, ample bosom heaving. Her eyeballs were glistening patches of white in her scared face.

"O-o-o, Mistah Brent, Miss' Jean are gone," she wailed.

I CAUGHT her arm in a grip that must have hurt her cruelly.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

The old negress was trembling violently.

"Oh, she wen' ridin' this mawin', and while ago, her hawse cum home without her! I knowed somepin' 'bout' to happen, when you crossed the voodoo," she moaned, rocking back and forth in superstitious terror.

I shook her angrily.

"Stop that. Tell me where she went!"

A cold hand tightened about my heart.

What was this hideous superstition that spread its slimy tentacles about us all? It seemed like a nightmare.

"Toward th' pine woods," Aunt Jane said, her teeth chattering, thoroughly frightened by my manner.

"Not a word of this to Colonel Tom! Do you hear?" I shouted as I started toward the barns on the run.

No need to go into details about the fruitless search that followed. Blind trails were our reward. Heart-sick, and muddy, scratched by millions of thorns, we finally stumbled back home, at three o'clock. I

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know, because I had stopped so often to look at my watch—desperately trying to stretch out the hours between then and nightfall. I hadn't wanted to go but Jimmy insisted on it, saying that there might have come some word, in our absence. I was in constant dread, lest my uncle find out, and I knew that in his condition, the result might be fatal.

Aunt Jane met us at the kitchen door, her eyes rolling wildly.

"Oh, Mistah Brent, Lige done cum home neahly daid, and say they got Mis' Jean at the voodoo meet—"

I couldn't repress the groan that rose to my lips.

"Where is he?"

I felt that I was going mad. Jean out in the tangled swamps, with those niggers! "Good God!" Jimmy whispered.

We found Lige, "neahly daid," as Aunt Jane has said—bleeding and muddy and limp with exhaustion. He told us that he has slipped away to the voodoo, and that about noon, the voodoo man had joined them—bringing with him, an unconscious burden, in his strong arms. It was Jean. She was placed in a thatched hut with a big negress—the voodoo's wife, to guard her.

"I don't know what they aims to do with her, but I slipped away, an' run, an' run, to tell my white folks," Lige chattered nervously.

I looked sickly at Jimmy, but there was no censure in his honest blue eyes, for the thing I had brought on us—only sorrow, and steadfast friendship that was as hard to bear as the other would have been. That Jean had been taken captive in retaliation for my interference, I knew instinctively.

"Who is this voodoo man, Lige?" I asked miserably.

But Lige trembled, and shook his kinky head. Superstition is a stupendous power. He had done all he could for "his white folks."

I wanted to leave immediately, but Jimmy said that Lige must have rest and food. "We would never find them alone," he said, and told me what it meant to lose one's way in those creeping swamps.

The delay tortured me and Jimmy must have seen something of this in my face and tried to comfort me.

"THEY won't have any ceremonies till night, and Lige says she's safe enough till then, King," he said kindly.

Never will I forget that journey. Across the flooded rice fields, into the dim aisles of the pine woods. For a mile, we stumbled on, beneath the gray moss that hung from the giant trees, sweeping in our faces like dead hair; the brambles that clung, and ripped our clothes and skin; the tangle of poisonous vines that lay half submerged in stagnant water that harbored crawling things; the smell of decaying vegetation; the scuttle of a bright-hued lizard beneath our feet; the sudden shrill call of a bird among the leaves, that stirred and whispered like live things and now and then a glimpse of a slithery, fast disappearing snake.

"We's neahly there," Lige whispered hoarsely, motioning us to stop. "They's in that clearin' ovah there," he pointed a skinny finger that shook noticeably.

We crept forward through the slime and dead leaves, on our stomachs, and finally coming to a halt, we peered through the screening bushes at the end of our goal.

Beneath the giant live oaks was a clearing large enough to accommodate the present company, which numbered about thirty or forty blacks. There was a huge fire of driftwood and dead limbs blazing in the center; around this fire most of the

company were crouched, its red light flickering on their dusky faces. It was growing dark and they seemed to be waiting for something, rarely speaking, and then in whispers. Back of them was the hut Lige had told us of. I could feel the veins swell in my throat as I looked, for in there was the one I held dearest of anything on earth. Alone, frightened and perhaps suffering. I started to push the bushes aside and leap into the clearing.

"Wait!" Jimmy's whisper was authoritative and I crouched back.

There was silence in the deep woods. The negro astraddle the hollow gum log had stopped his rhythmic beating. The matting, covering the entrance to the hut, quivered and swung out and a giant negro, bare to the waist, his bronze body gleaming with painted white figures, stood silent and tall before the assembly.

"Sanger!" I whispered beneath my breath and remembered the way his yellow-brown eyes had looked at me, and I shivered. He was going to make me pay! No wonder he lead these ignorant negroes! No wonder they feared him!

THE muscles rippled beneath the copy, dusky skin as he searched the faces in front of him. Then he began to talk, and the things he said made my blood run faster. Vindictive, sinister, horrible! I marveled at his good language and the ease and power with which he spoke.

After a few moments of this, he laughed evilly.

"The white man has mocked powerful voodoo—he crushes us beneath his heel! It is the will of voodoo that I prove his supremacy!" His eyes flashed and he laughed again, softly, and said a single word in Spanish.

Our strained eyes saw a gaunt negress, half-lead, half-drag a limp figure, in a stained and torn riding suit, from the shadows—Jean! Her hair was down in a dusky cloud about her shoulders and her big eyes were frightened pools of blackness. My cup of bitterness was brimming over . . . if I had needed anything else to tear my heart into shreds this was it! If the black and red devil had known I would be watching, he could not have been more diabolically clever in inflicting torture upon me, whom he hated!

Jimmy's hand tightened on my arm in a close restraining grip.

"We'll have to watch our time—they outnumber us too heavily."

Desperately Jean searched the circle of faces before the fire and their eyes fell before hers. But she made no sound. Some of them were negroes from our plantation. After that first pitiful, searching glance she stared into the fire and did not again raise her eyes.

Sanger moved with the lithe grace of a wild animal to a small, covered box that stood by the tent. He plunged in his hand and withdrew it quick as lightning. About his arm writhed and whipped the length of a mottled body! It was the coral snake of the palmetto scrub! The negro was holding it in a strangling position, just back of the flat head, so it could not reach him with its fangs.

"Great God!" Jimmy choked, but he held me like a vise.

If possible, Jean's face grew chalkier. The negroes stirred restlessly and whispered among themselves. The years of civilization were fighting with the centuries of the jungle!

Sanger ignored the shrinking girl and pinched and prodded the writhing body of the snake. The devil! He was arousing it! It slashed its length about his mighty arm, uncurling and curling again

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and again. I could see the white fangs  
dart like forked lightning from its wide  
open mouth. The fire seemed to strike  
sparks from its wicked jewel-like eyes  
which glowed with a deadly rage.

Sanger laughed coldly and turned to the  
girl.

"You have mocked us," he said softly,  
"and now we shall see how those who  
serve your God can die!"

Her eyes met his, steadily and she  
seemed strangely under control. She even  
smiled faintly. But I could see her fingers  
creep up and clasp the tiny gold crucifix  
that she wore at her throat—in that  
moment a pitiful, heart-rending gesture.

"I shall die only if God wills it!"

Jean's voice rose, steady and clear. Her  
lips were moving slightly and I knew that  
she was praying.

Tears streamed down my face.

"NOW!" Jimmy shouted, and we rose to  
crash through the underbrush, our  
pistols raised.

The negro hesitated a split second and  
then threw the twisting, mottled body full  
at the girl's face! It fell at her feet and  
reared its head, quivering, and darting its  
lightning death rapidly.

We stopped. We dared go no further.  
The snake was roused to the striking point  
and our approach would only hasten it!  
I prayed in the hell-second—prayed as I  
had never prayed before, little scraps of  
words, with mostly just a heart-breaking  
call to the great Father who was watching.  
I heard Lige behind me, plead, "O-O,  
Lawd! O-O, Lawd!"

Suddenly, swift as lightning the snake  
turned its reared head. We saw its coral  
body strike against the brown bare throat  
of the man who had aroused it! Just a  
second, then it was gone in the shadows.  
He screamed and clutched at his throat....  
writhing in agony he sank to the ground.

Jean leaned limply against the thatched  
hut, her face ghastly.

We rushed into the clearing, among the  
transfixed negroes, and I caught her in my  
arms crying out: "Jean—Jean—" Con-  
fused words, endearments tumbled from  
my lips.

She clung to me passionately, weeping  
wildly. Now that it was over, she was  
just a limp, frightened little girl.

After a moment, she released herself—  
I don't believe I should ever have let her  
go, and we turned to the subdued group.  
Jimmy was watching the huge bulk of  
Sanger stretched upon the ground. Over  
him, moaning and weeping, bent the gaunt  
negress.

The stricken negro's eyes rolled upward  
in agony and his body twitched as the  
poison spread through his veins. I started  
toward him, but the negress turned on me  
with so violent an outburst of grief and  
rage that I stopped. The frightened blacks  
still looked on, but none of them at-  
tempted to help the writhing man.

Voodoo had reaped its living sacrifice,  
and the poor victims of the tom-tom  
firmly believed that Jean's God has saved  
her in her moment of need. From that  
time we had no more trouble with voodoo  
meetings in the swamps.

**WOULD** you like to be an old man's  
darling or do you want to grow old  
along with your man? Lady Drum-  
mond Hay, who is An Old Man's  
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**NOW** in a few minutes' time any woman can  
give herself a Perfect Marcel. All Milady  
has to do is place in her hair a *Ready-Set  
Marceller* which immediately conforms the  
hair into a series of beautiful waves similar to  
those given by the most experienced of beau-  
ty specialists. It's no trick to put it in. The  
illustrations show how neat it looks in the  
hair while in use and what a beautiful wave  
it gives to perfectly straight hair.

## The READY-SET Marceller Can't Go Wrong

Regardless of what texture hair you have, the  
*Ready-Set Marceller* never fails. It will de-  
light you. It comes in two parts. One for  
the side of the head as shown in illustration.  
The other for the opposite side and back. It  
is adjustable for those who prefer the back  
shingle bob with sides waved. The secret of  
the *Ready-Set* is the folding crossbar which  
"automatically" puts each one of the flexible  
combs in the hair at the proper angle flat to  
the head and in the proper place to give a  
perfect marcel. The crossbar works bellows  
fashion. When you close up the crossbar the  
hair [which should be dampened] works up  
between the combs forming beautiful waves.



The *Ready-Set* must not be confused  
with cloth waving caps—hot oil—hot  
irons—or intricate adjustment of combs.  
It is automatic, self-waving, self-adjust-  
ed silver-like waver with flexible special  
made combs. It weighs but a few  
ounces; comfortable to put on; nothing  
to get out of order; produces an auto-  
matically perfect marcel.

Any woman who has lost time and  
patience with so-called home wavers  
is invited to try the *Ready-Set* entire-  
ly at our risk and expense to demon-  
strate that it is based on an entirely new  
and different principle.

Your mirror tells the story! By the  
time you are dressed, your hair is beau-  
tifully done! Or put it on at night—  
you'll never notice it—and in the  
morning you look as if you had just  
stepped from the beauty shop.

**Note:** For re-setting permanents  
there is nothing better or more econom-  
ical than *Ready-Set*. If you have a  
permanent you need one. Ideal for re-  
tracing. For those with naturally curly  
hair who use the Finger wave, the  
*Ready-Set* will delight you. It is a  
way to safely marcel white hair. It gives  
the perfect wave to any type of hair.

### These Pictures Tell the Story!

1—Straight Undressed Hair. 2—The *Ready-Set*  
Slipped Over the Hair in 3 Seconds. 3—The Re-  
sult—A Beautiful Toilet Everytime!

Miss Ray Morse, well known beauty specialist, says: "After  
seeing the wave any woman can so easily get by simply  
using the *Ready-Set Marceller*, I would be selfish if I  
did not admit that it will save American women thousands  
of dollars formerly spent with beauty parlors.

### Send No Money

We want you to be convinced the *Ready-Set* will give  
satisfaction. Later we plan to sell through stores, and we  
want your good will. We are offering a special introduc-  
tory price to women who make this test. Send in the coupon  
today for a 15 day trial of the *Ready-Set Marceller*.

THE READY-SET MARCELLER CO.  
1017 Colonial Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me your *Ready-Set Marceller*. I agree to deposit  
\$2.97 (plus postage) with the postman upon delivery. If I am  
not satisfied with results in every way I will return outfit within  
15 days and you are to refund the purchase price.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose  
\$1. with order and the *Ready-Set Marceller* will be sent postpaid.  
Cash must accompany all orders outside of United States.



## You Girls who like to Draw!

### Opportunity Is Knocking at Your Door

Miss Hazel Smith drew the small picture at the right before studying with us. The large drawing she made recently. Note the wonderful improvement accomplished through our training.

Miss Smith states, "I have found the Federal Course an excellent 'all around education' of very practical value, commercially. From a selling position two years ago that paid me \$18.00 a week, I am now making \$50.00 and \$70.00 a week doing the kind of work I enjoy. In a day I often make more than I did in a week, two years ago. The Federal Course has been invaluable in placing me in this position."

Miss Smith is one of many girl students who have found our art training a quick and pleasant road to success.

### Do You Like to Draw?

If you are one of the few so favored by nature, why not make the most of your talent? Follow your natural bent and take the surest road to independence—a pleasant road—earning money by doing the thing you like.

### An Uncrowded, Unlimited Field

Publishers, each year, buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations for magazines, newspapers, etc. Illustrating is the highest type of art. Women are well fitted for this work and have equal opportunities with men.

### Federal Training Gets Results

because experts have prepared the course, over fifty nationally famous artists having contributed exclusive lessons and drawings thereto. The Federal School is a higher class institution giving practical art instruction by mail. It is nationally known through the success of its students, many of whom do work for the best magazines and newspapers. You can learn at home during spare time. No previous training necessary.

### Send Today for "A Road to Bigger Things"

A Free illustrated book, which you should read before deciding on a career. It tells about illustrating as a profession, about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course and shows remarkable work by our students. If you like to draw, just write your name, age, occupation and address in margin, mail it to us and we will send you the book, free.

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Awarded Prize Medal by big Wembley Exposition, London.

England. Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Nose-shaping Specialist

Dept. 2639 Binghamton, N. Y.

## I Live on Alimony

[Continued from page 51]

energetic job hunter. I don't think there was a large American business establishment in Paris that I missed in my rounds. Most of the employers received me cordially until I revealed my mission. Every one asked, "What can you do?"

I had this question asked me hundreds of times before I woke up to the fact that I really did not know what I could do, and had nothing to recommend me even for a simple office job. I could be a perfect hostess, I could manage a house and take care of a husband, but these social and home-making qualities alone were of no value to the business world.

A last I lost all of my confidence.

I HAD filed my application for a divorce in the Paris courts, so I was not free to return to America even if funds had been available. I had got my husband to agree to a French divorce as the easiest way out of our marriage.

He came to Paris to remain just long enough to establish a residence in order to comply with the requirements of the French law. Getting divorced in the French way is a simple process, but not so simple as I had thought. After my husband and I had followed my lawyer's instructions—I writing to him that I wished to return to him, and he replying that he did not want me—I received a legal looking paper couched in French that was beyond my understanding. To my uninitiated eyes it looked like a decree of freedom and I went blithely on my way believing that I was a divorced woman.

It was not until a month later that I learned from my irate lawyer, that I had ignored a summons to appear before Monsieur le President of the Civil Tribunal, where final divorce decrees are granted. It is necessary to make a preliminary appearance before the head of the court. I had lost my turn and had to wait months before I was again invited to meet the Honorable Monsieur le President.

At last I landed a job! I was engaged for the huge sum of four hundred francs a month—worth at that time about twenty dollars in American money—to write advertising for an English firm representing an American magazine. I was hired because I lied so well about my previous experience in the same line of work.

That first job was enough to shatter my illusions about the life of a business woman. For eight hours I was tied to an office, and treated as if I were a piece of office furniture. It was galling to have to take orders—orders, that to my simple mind seemed unrelated to advertising. I lasted just long enough to sign five hundred circular letters, and address five hundred antiquated magazines.

My next job was that of social secretary to a rich American woman. I obtained it by answering an advertisement, and felt that it was work for which my social training fitted me. Every one in America has heard the name of my employer's husband—he is an international figure, famous among other things for his philanthropies. Mrs. Y. was a vulgar old soul, but kind, and I might have lasted a long time if "Popper," as she called her husband, had not been such a gay old dog. He was always suggesting that the "Kid," his pet name for me, join them for a luncheon or a tea party, and "Mommer," who was a shrewd person and knew all of his weaknesses, finally decided that an older woman would be more suitable to her needs. She told me in a languishing

manner too funny for words: "Popper is often silly."

After that it was one job after another—jobs of all kinds, in offices where I did humdrum work for barely enough French money to live on. I could hope for nothing better since I was untrained and not a linguist. Oh, how I hated the grind! My whole existence seemed a horrible nightmare—everything about me was ugly and cheap; going to work in crowded subways, eating in stuffy little restaurants, going home every night to a shabby room, to wake in the morning as tired and discouraged as when I went to bed.

Washing one's own hair and manicuring one's own nails are not hardships to most women, but to me, even those little luxuries, like shampoos and manicures are essential to happiness. To me, life is not worth living without little attentions, such as candy, flowers and compliments. What I resented most about this strange new world into which I had thrown myself in quest of independence, was that I no longer was permitted to be a woman. I was a machine and nothing more.

For six months I struggled—and then I confessed myself beaten.

I put my pride in my pocket, and did the thing I had determined never to do—I asked my former husband for alimony. There was no one else to whom I could turn in my helplessness. Do not think that it was easy for me to acknowledge my inadequacy, my inability to be self-supporting. I suffered agonies of humiliation. I was asking alimony—I, who had once been so intolerant of women supported by former husbands! I remembered the many alimony wives I had known in California before my marriage and the disgust I had felt for them. Yes, I had called them "kept women."

I WAS overcome with shame and disgust when I received my first alimony check. What must my former husband think of me? I was cheap—I was a cheat—what else could he think of me? His check burned my fingers as I struggled between pride and dread of the future if I sent it back.

Fate stepped in to decide what I should do with it. A musician whom I had helped in more prosperous days, called on me to ask for a loan. He was out of work, he told me, and his wife was desperately ill. I thrust my first alimony check into his hands, and told him to run away with it as fast as he could. When later I learned he had followed my advice literally—he had run so fast his wife never saw him again—I was only a bit conscience-stricken about my responsibility in the matter. I could not help being grateful to the wretch for relieving me of my shame.

I was so desperate when I received my second check that I did not hesitate about keeping it, closing my eyes as I took the money, as if to shut out thoughts of my degradation. By some mad method of reasoning I decided it would hurt less if I got rid of it quickly, so off I went on a spending spree. I bought a hat, a wonderful gown, spent two hours and much money in a beauty parlor, and gave a gay dinner to friends from whom I had exiled myself out of pride. I even drank a solemn toast to alimony wives. That night I cried myself to sleep.

The third dose was easier to take. I still had qualms but the check seemed less



a badge of shame. It soon became painless. I came to look upon my former husband's monthly check, not as alimony, but as a payment on a debt he owed me. I worked hard at my job as a wife; he fell down on his job as a husband. All of the money in the world could not have repaid me for what I gave him in those three years of married life.

As an alimony wife for a long time now, I have come to feel that my position needs no justification. Since the income my husband gives me means no sacrifice upon his part, I am entitled to it for no other reason than by the right of being a woman, since God evidently intended me to be that and nothing more. There is nothing wrong with me, but there is something wrong with the scheme of things that makes the world so difficult for women that want to go on being just women. I refuse to be cheated out of my womanhood.

Right now, taking alimony is the only way open that will permit me to continue as a woman, since I have no special talents. It is the only way open to thousands of other women, who are untrained for anything except home-making.

Marriage works so many changes in a woman's psychology that even the trained woman finds it difficult after divorce to step out into the world and reconstruct her life. There are many women taking alimony who supported themselves before they were married, but after years spent

as housewives, either could not adjust themselves to the new conditions in the ever changing business world, or found that they had outworn their usefulness for any career except marriage. The woman who is divorced after she has reached middle-age, finds few opportunities to earn a living no matter how capable she may be.

There is one type of alimony wife for whom I have contempt—the woman who has shirked her job as a wife.

The business of being a wife is not an easy one, even when the man is the best of husbands, and the woman who takes it seriously, always gives more in marriage than she receives. Her services cannot be valued in terms of cash. Most of the women I have heard denounce alimony, are women who either have never tried marriage, or who look upon it as the least important thing in a woman's life.

Yes, dear emancipated sisters, I am a slave woman. Have your independence, go out and do a man's work. You may be happy "man free," but I do not believe it, if you are normal women. As for me, given the choice between living in a harem, or struggling in the hectic, grinding business world, I would take the harem. All I ask of life is a home with the protection of a man whom I both love and respect. My alimony check can never take the place of the happiness that was mine when I was merely a wife—a wife with illusions.

**DO MEN** prefer beauty to brains? Do you want a woman who will think you are the greatest man in the world? Read what the husband thinks who wrote, I'm Glad I have a Dumb Wife, in SMART SET for October.

## What Every Flapper Knows

[Continued from page 73]

and lights and gaiety. I played ballet music for the esthetic work, and jazz for the ballroom work. I learned among other things that a public dance-hall (the dancing master gave public dances at night in his downtown studio), is the rendezvous for many people who aren't listed in the society columns of the newspapers.

Then I decided to be a moving-picture organist. I studied hard and worked like fury till I got a job in one of the theaters. Gradually my position was better until I was earning a salary that many men do not command.

By this time that strange phenomenon, the flapper, was being noticed far and wide. I was older than most of the other girls in the crowd who comprised "the younger smart set" (don't make me laugh!) but because of my size and my "pep" I was admitted as an active member of the eternal eye-roller. Every now and then some of the girls would snub me because I was only a poor, heaven-protected, working girl.

The chief source of hostility, I suspect, was not so much the fact that I always used the alley entrance to the theater instead of walking all the way around to the front, but because I never failed to get an enormous rush from the stag line at the dances. I cared very little what women thought of me. It was a man's world, and the men were on my side.

I would rush madly home from the theater at six in the evening, take a bath, jump into my dancing shoes and an evening dress, swallow a bite of bread and butter, kiss mother and fly back to town to work till nine or ten-thirty. Then go blithely to some formal dance till nearly

daybreak, or to a vaudeville show; or for a long ride, followed by a midnight supper of hot-dogs and a bottle of beer.

On Sundays, the gang simply swarmed up to "the Lyle poorhouse." Mother and my sister, who is eighteen months younger, but years and years older than I, would nearly die, because we played jazz songs and "cut up so scandalously" on the Sabbath; or because I wouldn't go to church, being so sleepy after Saturday night's dance.

And the neighbors! My nice kind, charitable, understanding neighbors! Oh, what monstrously exciting things they used to say about me!

"Isn't it a shame!"

"Her father was such a good man!"

"Why, she actually admits that she's been kissed!"

"Yes, and they say she's inclined to be—er—wild."

And all that sort of thing.

Liquor? Cigarettes? Of course, I tried them! And I'm not sorry. Not even one little bit. They don't interest me now. Simply because I've outgrown that sort of foolishness. I never did like liquor. It's nasty and it makes you stupid and idiotic, and the day after you drink it you feel like hell and then some! Cigarettes really aren't dainty and pretty, you know. And men do like pretty, dainty women.

Petting? Well, Michael Arlen, in his book, *The Green Hat*, puts it into words so much better than I ever could, when he says that sex, as sex, is the most colossal bore that ever distracted man from his heritage. For it is just that—an insufferable bore, because there are some things that nothing could justify, except love.



## Make Your Skin Ivory-white

in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age . . . a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

### NOW . . . a New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener

**N**OW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for . . . the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauties. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It smooths the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

#### Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness, and redness disappear almost as if you had washed them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

#### Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

#### Large Bottle . . . Low Price . . . Guaranteed!

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only \$1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

## GERVAISE GRAHAM Lotion FACE BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,  
Dept. S-9, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

# LEARN DRESSMAKING this fascinating easy "Nu-Way"



## MAKE MONEY

Make \$20 to \$45 a week. AT HOME—and save money besides. Have power, practical styles for yourself and your family—at one-third what store clothes cost. Start a money-making business—in spare time.

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of extra cost

linery Outfit. Also Fashion Book, 800K, and full particulars of "Nu-Way" Training.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

VEVA GIFFIN MOODY,

Director of Instruction,

THE FASHION INSTITUTE,

Dept. 617 1926 Sedgewick Ave., Chicago.

Send me your Free Book, "Fashion Book," and full particulars of "Nu-Way" Training.

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Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss

Be a Nurse

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Men and Women earn \$100-\$150 a week. Earn while you learn at home. Nursing, Massage, Hygiene and Electro-Medical.

Learn at home. No experience necessary. Under Medical Supervision. Get FREE Health Specialist 800K, now.

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Looks Like \$5.00 Worth Gives You 75c Profit

PERFUMES. TOOTH PASTE. FACE POWDER. FACE CREAMS. SOAPS, EXTRACTS, etc.

YOU should see this "Super 8" Package. Also our 11 piece Assortment selling at \$2.00 with 2 piece Carving Set FREE to each customer. No fancy talk—Experience Unnecessary. Harris in W. Va. sold 800 in 6 weeks. Profit over \$100 a Week.

MAKE BIG PROFITS right from the start. What more could you ask while introducing line of Soaps, Toilet Articles, Food Specialties, Polishes, Remedies, etc., at ATTRACTIVE PRICES!

100% Profit. 250 Products—All Repeaters. 30 years on Market. Write today for Illustrated Circulars and UNIQUE SALES PLANS. ACT NOW.

E. M. DAVIS COMPANY, Dept. 7645 CHICAGO, ILL.

SEND NO MONEY

Genuine Full Cut Diamonds

Terms If Desired—6 Months to Pay. Outside U. S. Cash with Order

\$25

No. 6132—Solid Gold Men's Initial or Emblem Ring. 2

Genuine Full Cut Diamonds. 4-100 each. \$25

14-Kt. White Gold Top. Gold Emblem (any Lodge) or any Initial (Old English) yellow or white Gold, inlaid in Genuine

HOPE RUBY Also, in Black Onyx

No. 6598—Any Initial (raised gold) or Eastern Star, Rebecca, Mason, Shrine, K. of C. emblem instead of Initial if desired. Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired and ring will be sent for inspection.

Ask for Free Catalog

Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co.

"The Jewel-Order House"

Dept. 102

501 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

There's a Reg. Trade Mark

Guarantees you genuine diamonds.

No. 6598—Any Initial (raised gold) or Eastern Star, Rebecca, Mason, Shrine, K. of C. emblem instead of Initial if desired. Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired and ring will be sent for inspection.

Ask for Free Catalog

Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co.

"The Jewel-Order House"

Dept. 102

501 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

There was a minister at home who lectured me soundly once, on the terrors of hell-fire and brimstone and said to me:

"Gladys, you are riding a picnic wagon at a terrific speed along a high bluff, and laughing because you can ride so close without going over, but you're riding for a fall!"

I am awfully sorry to disappoint the estimable gentleman, but I rode safely past the precipice without even once slipping. I never was in any danger. I knew my stuff too well. My mother and dad trained me carefully and gave me an excellent example, and I have too great a contempt for anything cheap, shoddy or common. When in turn I have children, I am going to train them and set the example for them; and I have the Bible's promise that they will not depart from it.

Looking back on flapper days I can see now that I was seeking the impossible combination of romance with the hard-boiled, "what-do-I-get-out-of-it?" attitude. You can't use star-dust on a powder puff. Really, it can be somewhat close to torture to be possessed of the spirit of dreams in this practical, hurried, matter-of-fact age. Your dreams get shop-worn after a while from constant handling—manhandling. I confess to being an incurable dreamer, and to save my soul I couldn't stop idealizing people; looking for the shining knight on the prancing charger—like a little idiot!

I fell madly in love with a boy back home. He was tall and slender, and there was something shy and sweet about him. He seemed so clean, and he loved his mother so. I think I nearly worshipped him. And then—with a perfectly sickening crash, my idol fell. He was boasting to the boys around town that I was "his" any time he wanted me. Which was as damnable a lie as man ever told.

FOR a second time I tried love; only to discover one night that boy of my dream-making was filthy, disgustingly drunk, his eyes bloodshot, his hair disordered, his words unspeakable—petting in a repulsive, animal fashion with another girl. I swore off again.

A third time—why do we go back for more?—my affections went to a gay, fascinating bully. He wanted to marry me, but I couldn't. Mother and the kids needed my help too much. Besides, I wasn't ready to give up the attentions of other men. So when I said, "I can't marry you yet," he showed his true colors. He punctured my oldest and favorite illusion—that a man who really loves a woman will keep that love the sanctified thing it should be. He was furious when I told him what I thought of him, and almost immediately afterward married for spite.

For a while I was in a terrible mental state. Then I made a discovery. I found that the trouble lay in the kind of men I knew. Those sleek-haired, dancing jelly-beans who made pleasure their sole aim were not capable of receiving or giving the kind of love I had dreamed of. I knew suddenly that I had never loved any of those boys. I had loved the men I pretended they were. I was forever taking some poor defenceless male creature and endowing him with all the graces and virtues and distinctions that I looked for in my ideal. Their idea of romance was a hectic petting party, and they much preferred "moonshine" to moonlight. All

they required of the ideal girl was that she be a "red-hot mama."

Most of the girls in the crowd I danced and played around with, were miserable little cheats. They didn't know how to be honest, with themselves or God or men. They would take advantage of man's nature. Why, I don't know. Just love of power, I suppose, because I've heard girls boast of taking men high, and then laughing at them. Rotten sportsmanship.

THEY would go with any boy, however worthless, if he had some show of social connections and could take them to dances, theaters and picnics. Some of them worked. But they didn't love their jobs. They were just getting a little money for clothes, or else marking time till some man came along and offered to marry and support them. I'm sure that the majority of them, the boys too, were not bad. It takes a clever person to be really bad. Most of them were just stupid.

One after another, my pet illusions blew up. I think I had read too many books, seen too many movies, and I know that I expected too much of human nature. So, over a year ago, when an offer came from a company that owns a chain of motion picture houses to take the organ in their Natchez, Mississippi, theater, I just folded my tents and made an Arabian exit. I was tired and disgusted; in debt despite my good salary—flapping can be expensive; in a rut, and needful of a little change of pasture.

Natchez is a funny likeable little old town. The folks are crazy about blue blood and ancestors. I tell them frankly that mine were pre-Bryan monkeys. I haven't seen a street car, or heard a jazz band since I was home for a few days at Christmas. What amazes me is that I don't miss the dancing and joy-riding and theaters and excitement. I get letters and newspapers from home, and I notice that my gang is rapidly following the beaten path—marrying, having babies, bewailing the high cost of living, fussing and carrying on just as folks always have and always will. That's why I'm sure that older people need not be too concerned about the way the youngsters seem to be cutting up.

I don't regret having been a flapper. It was fun while it lasted, and the things I learned may come in handy some day. The other night I was talking to a man who must have misjudged me because I am so plain-spoken and because I dare to be natural. As a prelude to his real purpose, he looked at me and winked knowingly as he said, "You're a sly little devil, and I'll bet you've had plenty of—fun—in your life, eh?"

I looked squarely at him and said, "Yes, but thank God, I've been so darned decent too!"

Some men say they don't want to marry a girl who has kissed other men, or who knows something of life from experience. They prefer to do the teaching themselves—as a demonstration, I suppose, of their own vast experience. I ask to be delivered from such smug egotists. Pure gold must be tried by fire.

I want to get married. Of course, I do. But I, too, am particular, and if I can't get the kind of man I want,—and I have some very definite specifications, I'll be an old maid. As I see it, there are worse things.

CAN soul call to soul? Is there something in us that feels an approaching danger long before we can sense it? Have you, or those you love, ever had that experience? Read in OCTOBER SMART SET "The Girl a Man Forgot," and you will no longer question the existence of strange forces.

# My Little Boy Cries for His Daddy

[Continued from page 67]

possible we could unite our efforts and get more out of life by both of us continuing our careers. I am sure we are both concerned mostly for the welfare of our boy.

Although it is a difficult thing for a woman to do, I have tried to eliminate sentiment in the consideration of these various phases to reach a decision. I have tried to take my husband and myself apart, bit by bit, and see what makes us disagree so radically. I have kept ever in my mind the years of happiness and almost perfect mental and physical harmony we spent together.

I SHALL never forget the caresses of my husband or his tenderness at times of illness and sorrow. He has always told me that I was more like a sister than a wife to him and on account of my extreme youth when we were first married he taught me everything I learned about life. He always tried to shelter and protect me from the sordid and disagreeable and vulgar things which are going on in the world. He took me hundreds of miles away from relatives and friends when I was still in my teens and took care of me and kept his marriage vows to me. He was present when my baby was born and rejoiced with me when that little life began. A woman cannot forget those things.

On the other hand he has said things to me in anger that almost broke my heart and my spirit. Blows would not have hurt half so much as his words. After such tirades he would invariably say he didn't mean a thing he said but couldn't help saying the first thing which entered his head when he was angry.

On numerous occasions, after these minor quarrels, my husband left our home over night or for two or three days at a time. He would go to the Turkish baths or to a friend's house or to a hotel and remain until he was in an amiable frame of mind. Then he would return, usually bringing some kind of a gift or "peace offering" in the form of jewelry or flowers or wearing apparel for me. He was always extremely sorry for his conduct and would take the entire blame. I always forgave him unreservedly.

The first two times my husband and I were really separated, I was the one who made the first move for a reconciliation. On the first occasion, we had been apart for several months and I was living with my mother in a city about five hundred miles away from my husband. He was making his home with his mother. He was sending me regular weekly remittances which provided for my needs but I found I could not bear to be away from him so I wrote him two or three letters saying I wanted to return to him. In this instance I had left him and "gone home to mother" after a quarrel.

Finally I encountered a girl friend who was making a visit to the city in which he was located and I sent a message to him by her. Within twenty-four hours after he received this message he telegraphed me a sum of money and transportation to come to him. We established a little home of our own, with a dog, some chickens and a pretty flower garden, and were supremely happy for more than three years. In the meantime my husband had gone into business for himself and was doing remarkably well.

At about this period we began to quarrel again. None of the quarrels in themselves were important but to each one were added

the complications of the ones before and of the ones which had marked our first disagreements. They brought on the second separation.

My husband moved his belongings to a club and established his residence there. After he had been gone several weeks he wrote me a letter in which he proposed that I should divorce him at his expense and agreed to give me a weekly allowance—a generous one—so long as he could afford it and I did not marry some one else. He said also that another woman had come into his life and that our quarrels and spasmodic separations were unfitting him for business and that he did not believe we should ever be able to hit it off together.

The letter was a long one and contained many details which would interest no one but ourselves but I will give my husband credit for this, he laid all of his cards on the table and made me a fair and square proposition for a legal and permanent separation. This letter seemed to make my world collapse. The other woman part did not worry me so much because I understand men well enough to know that they can have affairs of this kind and still not care anything about the woman.

What shocked me was that my own husband, the man who had almost reared me, was actually talking about a final separation. Previous to this we had never mentioned divorce. We had quarreled times without number and many bitter words had been spoken on each side, but somehow I always regarded our differences as temporary. I had an intuitive or subconscious feeling that something would happen to keep us together, or at least close together, always. But here was a divorce offered to me and a divorce to me means the end not only of marriage but of friendship.

SOUGHT an interview with my husband which took place at one of his friend's offices and asked him to reconsider. I told him how I felt about the matter and that I loved him and him only and would never love anybody else. When I asked him what his relations had been with the other woman and he told me I said that it didn't matter a snap of my finger to me. I don't think this was beneath my dignity or any woman's dignity. I believe a woman has a right to hold the love and companionship of her husband by any means at her command.

The other woman in the case knew my husband was married. She knew me by sight. So I felt no compunctions whatever about hurting her feelings or disturbing whatever plans she might have had with regard to herself and my husband. She is a woman just as old and more experienced than I am, and it is up to her and all of her kind to look out for themselves.

This interview resulted in our second reconciliation. My husband returned home during the next few days and when he told me he had permanently severed his connections with his woman friend I believed him. In fact I learned months afterward that he was telling me the truth. This woman is now probably his bitterest enemy and has been since shortly after that interview.

Drink again complicated our difficulties about two years before our final separation. My husband has always been extremely ambitious. When he was a salaried man in his profession he always



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wanted to make money faster than he was making it. He is not an avaricious man. On the contrary he does not know how to handle money as well as I. If he has any, he will give it to the first person who asks him for it and I know that all he wanted money for was so that he could provide more comforts and luxuries for his family.

He has always been a drinker since his college days, although, until prohibition, he confined his alcoholic indulgence to beer. I never objected to that and we always had beer and maybe a bottle of wine or so in the ice box. We had parties at home at which moderate drinking and card playing were enjoyed and there was never any real trouble in this direction until my husband got interested in what he called "big money" making propositions and strayed away from his profession.

This turn in his affairs, and prohibition, took place at about the same time and his money making efforts threw him in contact with men who had more money than he and who coupled their business, so far as I could see, with drinking—in season and out. Any one who knows anything about drinking knows the rest of this part of my story. There was no beer so my husband and his friends took to moonshine and the many concoctions of a similar nature which have been foisted on the country with prohibition.

**T**HE drink was not altogether to blame because I know that my husband made considerable money in some of his deals and was several times in sight of at least small fortunes. I know also that he had extremely bad luck on two or three occasions and a long illness which incapacitated him for nearly a year.

My little boy was getting old enough to observe that all was not right in our home and began to ask me questions about his father, which brought home to me what a serious state of affairs had been reached. We began to quarrel and the quarrels were more bitter than any before. The climax and result of all these disagreements have been described. We have been separated for nearly two years and my husband and I are thousands of miles apart.

When my husband went away I doubt if he himself knew where he was going or what he was going to do. He had been in a vile mood for weeks before and his drinking had rendered him almost irresponsible. He seemed determined to ignore and even ridicule the advice of his friends and those who had his best interests at heart. His relatives received letters from him from various parts of the United States but he jumped about so fast there was no way of communicating with him. He seemed to be on a senseless rampage, with no fixed destination and no definite plans.

In the letter he sent me before he left, in which he instructed me to get a divorce, he said I would never see or hear from him again and to forget that he ever lived. He also said he wanted to die and hoped he would die soon. Finally he dropped out of sight in New York and nothing was heard from him for months by any one in the United States, so far as I know, until he suddenly began to write letters to his mother from Europe. He did not write to me until he had been gone more than a year.

Then I received a letter from him which was more contrite than any of his previous

apologies, verbal or written. The letter was mailed in England. In it my husband said he was a heart-broken outcast. He said he had learned by bitter experience and months of sorrow and suffering that he could not live without his boy and his wife. He said he had returned to his profession and was making the hardest fight of his life to quit drinking and reestablish himself in his own self-respect and in the respect of his fellow men.

He implored me to give him another chance and said if I would do so he would save up enough money to bring my boy and me to Europe or he would return to the United States. He promised he would stick to his profession and would never touch another drop of alcoholic liquor. I did not reply to this letter.

**T**HE next word from my husband came in the form of a personal visit from a former business partner of his and a family friend of long standing. He knows all the faults and virtues of my husband and he bore a message which was even more appealing than the first. He added to my husband's plea his own recommendation for a reunion and outlined plans whereby my husband could almost immediately reestablish himself in business at home if he should return. I did not respond to this entreaty because I could not bring myself to make an immediate decision, which was requested. I was too uncertain. I felt that I would be making an even more important decision than I did when I first married my husband and I could not make it hurriedly. My experiences with my husband have made me cautious.

During the past few months my husband has kept his memory green in his boy's heart by continuous letters to him and "pictures of daddy" taken at various places abroad. You can imagine the effect upon my boy. He talks almost unceasingly of his father, cries for him and is building all of his future hopes on the "good times he and daddy are going to have when daddy gets home."

As I consider what decision to make in this greatest problem of my life I ask myself countless questions.

Is my husband sincere or is he merely temporarily lonely and homesick?

Can a man who has thrown everything he ever had in the world to the winds, thereby losing friends and prestige, regain what he has lost?

Can a man who has consumed alcohol for twenty years quit drinking? If he is to have me, my husband *must* stop drinking.

These are some of the important questions which keep recurring to my mind and I confess I am unable to answer them to my own satisfaction.

I am unable to decide, after all that has happened, whether or not I still love my husband. Certainly I have not the slightest interest in any other man.

When I am trying to solve the problem for myself, I think sometimes of the gentle and honorable man with whom I spent about twelve years of my life in complete contentment and happiness. Then my thoughts are interrupted by visions of the man I have seen almost crazed with drink and anger who said things to me which nearly drove me out of my senses with grief.

What shall I do?

**W**HILE you are playing around what is the wife doing? Will she be satisfied just to stay home and wait? You'll be surprised maybe just as the husband was who tells what happened while he was Playing at Love. See SMART SET for October, on sale September 1st.

# In the Name of Love

(Continued from page 71)

however, and believing that Morris had really meant his apology for the scene on board ship, I had started work in the neat bungalow by the road, leading out to the Gold Face Hotel, in which Morris had established himself; having taken it and its servants over temporarily from a bank manager who had gone on leave.

For the first day or two I was quite happy, and this because I found my work interesting, and because I knew that I really was earning the good salary which had been promised me. Also, I had several meetings with Jim, my new employer's cousin, and with every meeting I realized more certainly that I was in love! Despite his look of intent worry, Jim was the most charming of companions, but though I caught him glancing at me every now and then in a way which hinted that he cared as much as I did, he did not say the words which would have lifted me into a heaven of my own.

**T**HEN a day came which brought me a hurriedly written note from the man whom I loved. He had been looking even more dejected and worried, and after reading his letter I understood why.

Though he had tried to write calmly, I could tell easily enough that he was in really desperate straits. How I longed to be able to help him then; how contemptuous I was with myself because I was so useless to him in his hour of sore need! I read his letter aloud to myself:

"I am trusting you with everything dearest to me, for, though I have done nothing wrong, appearances are all against me. It may be that even if I clear out at once, which I mean to do, and so give myself at least a chance to escape—the big trouble that is threatening my career may be broken. Because that is so, I have no right to confess that I love you, and yet I do. Nothing that I have said will hurt you if you do not care for me in return, and if you do care, Mary, then some day, somehow, I will get myself cleared. When that happens, I will ask you to be my wife; if it is necessary I will search the world to find you!"

After getting that letter I tried to find Jim but he was not at the little bungalow where he lived with two other Americans, and the offices where he worked were closed.

It was while I was passing the hotel that I overheard two men talking, and though no name was mentioned I knew at once that the conversation was about Jim.

I heard one say:

"Well, it looks as though he'd be both ruined, and disgraced. He's a good fellow, and I can hardly believe it of him. Anyway, I'm glad I'm not in his shoes now."

I wanted to hear more, though I dreaded what I might hear, but the men moved away. How I ached to be with Jim to comfort him, and to tell him, that, no matter what any one else might think or say of him, I trusted and loved him. I felt that there was nothing in the world which I could not be prepared to do for his sake; no sacrifice however big which I would not have made willingly.

I was utterly wretched at one moment when I thought about the unexplained trouble in which Jim had found himself and almost hysterically happy the next, when I remembered that he loved me. I went to Morris's bungalow that evening, as I had promised to work late.

Within a minute of entering his room, I knew that a change had taken place in him; that he was going to talk again about love. I don't know how I knew that, but I did, and the knowledge made me nervous and increased the misery which the thought of parting with Jim had brought. Though, thinking that I might find a relief in that, I was eager to be at work, it was very different with Morris.

He stood near one of the windows, smoking a cheroot and gazing out to where early moonlight was making the palm trees and the plantains look like weird black fingers pointing to the sky. Presently, however, he moved from the window and began to dictate to me, but even I could tell that he was but little interested in what he was saying, and that this portion of the story at least, was weak.

After awhile, he rose from the long wicker chair in which he had been lounging, and, throwing away the end of his cheroot came across to where I sat with the big writing-pad on my knee.

"It's not a bit of good, Mary," he said. "It's quite hopeless my trying to work tonight. As for the stuff I have done—you may as well tear it up! We can make a fresh start in the morning. I have learned that there are even more important things than work. I must have said that a score of times in my novels, but till now I never knew how true it was. You know what I am hinting, don't you?"

I did, of course, but I pretended to be very dull.

Drawing a straight-backed chair forward he placed it near mine, and touched my hair lightly with his hand.

"**MY DEAR,**" he said, "I am going to say again some of those things that I said to you on the *Orwauna*. This is to be a fateful night for us both, Mary, and one thing that you must realize is that I am in deadly earnest. It is the old story of love!"

He paused, and though I wanted to say something which would prevent him from going on, the words would not come. I think that I was almost as sorry for him then, as I was for myself. My heart was swelling with love for Jim, and Morris mattered nothing to me at all, yet though it may sound ridiculous, I was more conscious of his power and magnetism than I had ever been before.

I think that for the first time I was really afraid of Morris.

You must remember, that, save for the native servants who were in their own quarters and probably asleep, I was alone in that isolated bungalow with a man who had as I knew, the reputation of being ruthless with women.

"When we were at sea together," he continued, "you told me that you did not love me, and I took the blow as well as I could. I hoped for two things—either that you would change towards me, or that I would be able to change towards you. I have not changed, Mary! I wish to God that I had been able to do that, but actually I am more deeply in love with you than ever. Nothing matters to me now, but to have you beside me always!"

He leaned nearer still, and the light in his eyes set me trembling. So swiftly that I could make no resistance, he put an arm about me, and drew me towards him, and with his free hand up-tilted my chin.

"Mary!" he called me unsteadily. "I can't wait any longer!"

Again and again he kissed me though he could have got little pleasure from the kisses, for so far from being responsive,

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I fought against him. But he was strong, and emotion had made him reckless.

At last he let me go, and, loathing him and myself, I managed to speak.

"You're—horrible!" I said. "I don't believe you really meant to work tonight! You wanted to get me here just to—to behave as you have done! It wasn't fair, for you knew that I didn't care for you in that way."

"What does it matter?" he asked. "I hoped that you had changed and—oh, Mary, let's get this thing straight. You've no conception of what you mean to me. It may sound conceited, but I could have had my pick of a score of beautiful women—rich women; women in what we call society. But to me, you are above and beyond them all. I'll tell you this—and presently I may have to prove it—I don't care what means I use if only I can win you for myself! Love will come later. You are only a child in a way, though the woman I desire. Say that you will try to love me—"

"I can't," I answered. "It might be possible if it were only that I didn't love you. But I love some one else; some one who loves me, though because he has had bad luck, he can't ask me to marry him yet. I don't see why I shouldn't tell you—it's your Cousin Jim."

"Ah!" HE exclaimed, "I'd prepared myself to hear that. Well, let me tell you this—Jim is as badly up against things as it is possible for any man to be. Because I heard some rather ugly rumors I made it my business to find out all I could about this cousin of mine. I tell you the man's position is desperate! He may have been more of a fool than a rogue, but unless a very large sum of money is forthcoming at once, he will be ruined—finished! His career will be broken, and worse than that, the chances are about a hundred to one that he'll be arrested on a charge of misappropriating money. If that happens—it will mean prison!"

"Prison—" I said staring at him. "Yes. There is just one chance, so far as I know, of his getting out of this mess, and that is for some one to go along with the necessary money, to stop the arrest taking place. Now then I'm going to test this love of yours!"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "How—"

I faltered and he gripped at my hands and held them tightly.

"Does he know that you care for him?" he asked.

While striving to free my hands I shook my head.

"No," I said. "I got a letter from him today saying that he was going away, and that we might not be meeting again; not here anyway. But I am going to see him. I am going to tell him, that, money or no money, I am his."

"Are you?" he returned. "And what good would that do—to him I mean? It's about him that you must think, Mary, not about yourself, and not about me. Don't you realize that if you meet Jim and let him know that you care for him, you are going to ruin his life? That may sound brutal, but it is true. Will you give him the death-blow or will you give him a fresh start?"

He let my hands fall from his and—rising stood in front of me.

"There you have it," he said finally. "If you want this cousin of mine to be cleared, and to be on his feet, you will give yourself to me! Promise that, and I will arrange that you and I will leave here on Thursday for Australia. I'm not the marrying kind, but my love will be every bit as strong and lasting though you are Mrs. Dennison only in name. No! Don't

start like that, nor look like that! Remember that it is for his sake! Give me your promise, and the first thing I shall do tomorrow will be to pay a check to the people who are after him. Jim won't know where the money comes from—I'll take means to assure that."

I cannot possibly describe what my feelings were then, nor the agony which I suffered. I know that I hated Morris Dennison, but greater than my hatred for him, was my love for Jim, and my desire to save him from the disaster that threatened. That the threat was a very real one I knew from Jim himself, and I believed that Morris had spoken the truth, though I did not believe that Jim had done anything wrong.

It was the most awful experience of my life, but being perhaps not quite sane at the time, I was ready to make the greatest sacrifice that it was in my power to make, so I promised Morris that I would go away with him, if he made everything right for Jim.

I had risen and picked up my hat and cloak; when Morris, with that in his eyes which brought a shiver to me, came forward and took the hat and cloak away from my weak fingers.

"Not yet," he said. "Not yet! If you want proof that I will keep my part of the bargain, I will give you a check now, made out in Jim's favor. You don't want that? Well, I'm glad, for it shows that you trust me. But, Mary, I can't wait for all the sweets you have promised in coming away with me, and learning to love me. I want some of those sweets—now!"

I stared at him and some remnant of conscience made him lower his eyes for a second or two. Then his met mine again boldly, almost arrogantly.

"Why not?" he asked. "We have made a bargain which dates from the time of its making! Heaven knows that I don't want to make you think less of me than you do now. It's all the other way about, but I have been hungering for you ever since I saw you on the *Oranva*. Even before that—when I used to see you in *The Beacon* offices."

"Well, we are here in my bungalow, late at night and with my servants all asleep. I know that you want to get away, but why should you go? Why not stay for a while? I can get a rickshaw for you. I have only to rouse one of the boys, and in a matter of minutes after that you can be on your way to Colombo. But this hour is going to be the marvelous hour of my life. Oh, I know I am safe in saying that, though you imagine that the man for whom you are doing this, is dearer to you, than I. I am going to teach you that you are wrong!"

AGAIN—and heaven knows against my will and against every sane impulse—I felt the magnetic force of him pulling me towards danger. Yet I felt that—even while I longed for the strength to kill him! He must have seen how I was wavering, for, exultantly almost, he gripped at me, and half-carried, half-dragged me toward the big chair, where he had been seated while dictating his story.

"Now then!" he exclaimed softly. "Why struggle? Why struggle when you have promised that there is to be no struggling? What you have to do is to switch your thoughts round about. You have been thinking of me as a man you don't love. Try to think the other way. Try thinking about me as the man you *do* love."

I felt as I suppose a newly caged bird must feel.

"Let me go now!" I begged. "You can trust me. You can trust me to go with you to Australia. Only let me go now!"

"Let you go?" he said, and his words



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were almost inarticulate. "Anything rather than that, my Mary! You are here with me—alone, and though I needn't play the game, I am going to. But you *are* here with me, and it is going to be—an hour of love!"

Stark terror gripped at me, and even while his lips were groping for mine, and I was fighting not so much against him, as against the horror of my thoughts, there came a knocking on the outer door. That knocking sounded twice before Morris freed me.

"Who the devil can this be?" he whispered. "Anyway you'd better not be seen here. Not that I mind—I am thinking of you. There's a little room behind that punkah. Go in there—quick! It's probably some half-drunk fool from the club. Whoever it is, and whatever is said don't move nor make a sound."

BUT, peering through the slits in the punkah, I saw that it was no half-drunk fool who followed Morris into the room. It was an excited looking Jim Dennison!

"What's the idea?" I heard Morris ask, and was glad that I had brought my hat and cloak with me to where I stood.

"Something big has happened," Jim answered. "I came here because I wanted to see Mary Somerville. I've been to her rooms but she is not there. I suppose she is with some friends but I want to know if you can tell me where I can find her. Do you know anything of her?"

"Yes," Morris said—and I remembered then how he had cautioned me that, no matter who his visitor might be or what might be said between them, I must keep silent. "There's no reason why I should tell you, but to avoid a long talk and any misunderstanding I'll explain that Mary and I are in love with each other and that she sails with me to Australia on the *Omrah* as my wife."

I heard Jim draw his breath in so that it sounded like a thin whistling.

"As your wife!" he exclaimed. "I like that, Morris! Why, I know that you've had at least half a dozen unofficial wives. You can't take a girl like Mary Somerville away with you!"

"Can't I?" Morris replied. "Well I'm going to! I have an idea, James, that you were looking in that direction yourself, but you can wash it out. Mary is for me and not for you—and I'll bet she will tell you so herself, if you ask her. Try it! And now though I don't want to sound inhospitable, you'd better clear out! I know how you are fixed, but I have a fancy that things may right themselves soon. Only—"

"Only what?" Jim demanded. "Only this! Forget Mary Somerville. She is mine—not yours! She would rather be my mistress than your wife and—"

Near to faintness I yet heard the oath that came from Jim, heard the sharp crack of bone on bone as one of his fists crashed against his cousin's jaw. Again and again I heard that sound, and I ached to pull the punkah aside and to go out. There was the sound of a man falling. Then silence.

"My God!" Jim whispered. "I've killed him! Morris! Morris, you fool! Open your eyes! Good God, man! You can't be dead! You *can't* be! You are yellow but—I didn't mean to kill you!"

It was then that I went to Jim who was on his knees! It was then that he turned and looked at me through stricken eyes.

"You!" he said with utter contempt in

his voice. "So it was true! Oh, well—well nothing matters now."

How I managed to speak at all then I don't know, but I did, and I think, almost quietly at first.

"Everything matters," I told. "I'll explain presently Jim. He *can't* be dead! It would be too cruel! Not for him. I did not mean that. I mean for you—and me! Don't think badly of me, Jim, for I can explain it all—why I'm here—why I've promised to go away with him, though I love you."

He sat back on his heels. "Love?" he repeated. "I don't understand."

Morris stirred then, and tried to rise, and as long as I live I shall never forget that moment—Jim took him by the throat.

"You'll give me the truth or this time I really will kill you," Jim said wildly. "You've got one chance, but only one. Was Mary going with you because she wanted to go, or because, somehow or other, you forced a promise from her? The truth!"

There was sheer terror in Morris's squeezed-up eyes, and then he told the truth—or at least in part.

Almost as a hysterical girl might have done, Jim laughed.

Then he turned towards me, and though the quiver of excitement was still in his voice, he spoke quietly.

"My dear," he said, "with God's help I will make up to you for what you have suffered. I'll look after you and love you all my life long. Up to an hour or two ago, it looked as though I would be finished, but now—now I am all right. I'll explain everything as we walk to Colombo, but I must tell you that since writing that note to you, a miracle of sorts has happened. It's not only that I have found out that certain shares which were not worth a rupee yesterday are worth hundreds today but there is something better. I have been under suspicion of misappropriating money—swindling you would call it—and tonight, and because he was so badly hurt in an accident that he thought and probably still thinks that death is just at hand, the real swindler confessed. He had been extraordinarily clever and I had been foolish, and unlucky. But I am cleared."

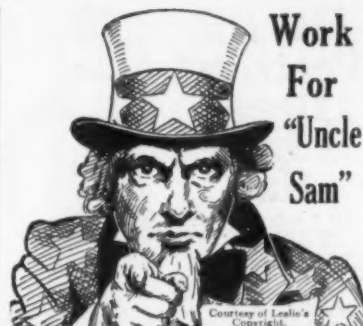
"Thank God!" I whispered. "Thank God!" he repeated solemnly. "Everything's going all right now."

FIVE minutes later, Jim and I were outside the bungalow, and walking slowly towards Colombo, but it was not till much later that he told me how all his heavy obligations had been obligations borne for the sake of his deep friendship for my father.

In other words, he had taken on my father's liabilities and had meant that I should never know of this.

Because they had done a good deal of speculating together—though honest speculating—it had seemed that at one time my father's name and Jim's had been linked, and with the clouds about him, Jim had determined, because of his love for me, that no hint should ever come from him that it was indirectly through my father that he had suffered so, and was in real danger of being unjustly punished.

He says now that he is repaid over and over again. And because I love my husband so, and because he loves me, I believe that that is true!



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# What a Widow Learns About Men

[Continued from page 35]

as a cat plays with a mouse, knowing my cruelty and delighting in it? I could attach no blame to him. He had not humbled my pride by taking me for granted as an easy conquest; but rather had flattered me in two directions. First, by holding me away; thus seeming to say: "She isn't the sort of a girl a chap can kiss just because he wants to." Second, by his failure to master himself, which told me that my charm was more potent than his will.

Instinctively demanding *finesse* of approach; repelled by men's want of restraint, which seems to be a widow's fate, it is small wonder that I loved him as I have not been privileged to love since.

That our love ended disastrously has no place here except in so far as it sent me adrift to find solace for a love that had failed in fulfillment.

This man, however, was a woman's idea of a cave man in civilized times. He was primitive, storm-swept but the gentlest of creatures. Such a man rarely has to fight for a woman's lips. His power lies neither in his brutality nor in his swiftness, but in his overwhelming demand.

I have found that philandering married men are invariably what is known as "fast workers." They will not be held at bay. There is simply no "managing" them.

It is a woman's business to manage men—unknown to them, of course. A widow more than any other, if she would enjoy the friendship of men, she must manage them, as I discovered.

But my feeling in this regard in no wise altered the fact that as a widow I was legitimate prey.

Husbands of even my friends showed me surreptitious attentions. Many times when I've been left alone with a man whose wife went to attend some household duty, he would spring from his chair and with the swift stealth of a thief attempt to bestow a kiss upon me, quite as if we had by agreement been waiting for this moment. Or, under cover of assisting me with my wraps some man for whom I had had the highest respect would try to hug me or squeeze my arm.

**I**N FAIRNESS, it must be said that the attitude of license toward a widow is not confined to married men.

The most amazing thing to me in masculine psychology is that it never seems to occur to a man that he may be too old, or too ugly to appeal to any woman.

Yet men love to smile in a superior fashion over the vanity of women. They point to the powder box, the lip-stick—the little artifices to which we resort in reality because of our *absence* of vanity. We are not the assured ones of the earth; but are forever afraid nature has not done quite enough for us; forever trying to patch up the bad job we fear has been made in our persons. We are desperately afraid of losing our husbands and our sweethearts, if we lose our complexions or hair too soon. No man that I have ever known was afflicted by a sense of romantic inadequacy.

One evening, after a particularly trying experience with an ugly, but brilliant old man who could not be convinced of my feeling in regard to him, either by word or violence on my part, I said: "I admire you more than any man I ever met. I am enraptured by your conversation, your mind; but the idea of being kissed by you is utterly repulsive to me. If you insist on it, I'll have to give up your friendship; Please don't make me do that. Men don't

seem to realize that a woman may crave their friendship and not want their love. They won't believe her when she tells them. Why is it?"

He smiled querulously. "It isn't pleasant for a man to hear from a pretty woman that he's physically repulsive; but there's a fascination about hearing even ugly truths. And certainly it's delightful to have a pair of lovely brown eyes pleading for my friendship. But you've been married. You ought to know that there is no such thing as friendship between a man and a pretty widow."

Unable to reason with him, I found that the only convincing argument was the tender of money to cover my dinner with a plain statement of why I preferred to pay.

More than once I have had to resort to this argument.

**I**T APPEARS that men simply cannot conceive of a widow finding them agreeable as dinner or theater companions, yet disagreeable as lovers. The minute they enter a taxi with her, their arms are around her. If they fail to kiss her, it is merely because she is too husky for them. The driver, the pedestrians, the passing cars, mean nothing to them.

I am speaking of men who have respectable names and honorable reputations in the business world; not of rakes. Their type is abundant in large cities. They have done things, met people, had many experiences and know life; and are really interesting if you can get them off the subject of women, booze and bootleggers.

Whatever the experiences of women who have never been married, it is clear to me that, not only do men regard widows as of easy morals, but *cager* to bestow their affections at a signal.

A few months ago a man from the South phoned me to say he was a friend of my brother-in-law's and had obtained my telephone number from him. Would I meet him at the McAlpin for dinner and theater, or whatever I wanted to do? As I was not listed in the phone book I could not doubt the source of his information concerning my whereabouts; also he spoke intimately of my brother-in-law, and there seemed no real reason why I shouldn't meet him except that I was very busy trying to get some work.

He would accept no excuse, and feeling that perhaps I would work better for a little relaxation, I consented.

I was about five minutes late and he was paging me when I entered the hotel lobby.

"Well, where shall we go?" he asked. "Wherever you like," I replied, not only because it was the proper reply; but because I know how dreadfully expensive so many of the restaurants are, and not knowing how limited a man's means may be, I never think of suggesting until his own suggestion shows me how he is situated.

"I have a bottle of real gin up in my room," he whispered with a beatific expression. "How would you like to go up there, and we can have dinner up there too?" Adding: "It'll be all right. I've registered for myself and wife."

Murder had never appeared to me as a pleasure; but in that moment I knew it could be. My first impulse was to walk out of the hotel; but on second thoughts the woman of today stood her ground.

I had put aside my work, which was important to me, to come downtown for this man's pleasure. Already I had given an hour to the matter of dressing and the subway trip; if I left him, there would be another thirty minutes lost, as I lived some

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That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. But how I hated to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that is almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For they could entertain their friends and family... they were musicians. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me so much that finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting my husband know.

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found that they were as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master them! My progress was wonderfully rapid and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which anyone can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song.

Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why... why..." he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon Jack insisted that I tell him where I had learned... when... how? So I told of my secret.

One day not long after my husband came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh,

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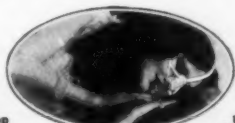
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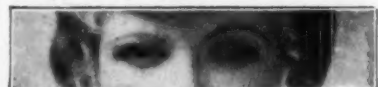
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distance uptown. I had fifty cents in my purse and could not cash a check at that time of the night. I would have to go home and cook, have dinner around nine o'clock or eat meagerly in a cheap restaurant. And aside from the lost time I would be in no frame of mind to work.

I had nothing to gain but my own sense of dignity. And the modern woman has learned that there is a more exquisite delight in revenge in such a case, than in nursing a defenceless pride, knowing as she does that he promptly forgets her scorn in pleasant substitution.

This new attitude of the feminine mind which lowers her own standard and perhaps leads man to a misconception of all women, is unquestionably wrong, occasioning just such insults as the above; but somehow it is more satisfying than a whipped feeling of helpless pride and a sense of utter futility.

I AM not by instinct nor by cultivation a grafter. I have a background of good breeding which is as compelling as my belief in God. I find it easier to forgive sin than vulgar inconsideration. Certainly, I am not setting forth my action in this case as an example. I have no pride in what I did; yet see as I do, how wrong the principle, I can't regret it.

Turning to him with a casual smile—one which he no doubt took for acquiescence, I said: "I think we'd better get our theater tickets before we have dinner, then we'll have that off our minds."

Without waiting for him to agree or protest, I started toward the hotel theater ticket office, walking rapidly.

As he came up with me at the counter, I said: (with the wise-eyed ticket girl listening) "Have you any preference? If you haven't, I'd like to see the Follies. The show is wonderful, they say, and I'm just dying to see it."

As a matter of fact I cared no more to see the "Follies" than some half-dozen other shows in town; but I had deliberately selected it because the tickets were at a premium. The ticket girl told us what I already knew; that the only place we could get them would be from a speculator.

I turned to him, naming a speculator and saying that we could take a cab and still have plenty of time to get back for dinner. I was full of enthusiasm and very eager. Declared there was nothing else in town worth seeing, and taking his consent for granted started toward the door.

There was simply nothing that he could do but follow, or refuse me in the presence of the girl and several by-standers.

I signaled a high-rate cab, and we started. When we got out I said, "You'd better hold the cab to take us back. We might have trouble getting one in this district at this hour."

So he told the driver to wait. The crowd in the office was terrible. It took us over thirty minutes to get the tickets which cost him sixteen dollars.

"It's too late now to go back to your hotel," I said as I named one of the most expensive cafés in town. "It isn't far. We'd better go there."

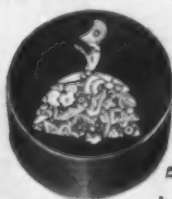
We did. I didn't see the bill, but I took care that it would be satisfactory to both the proprietor and myself. I didn't actually order things I didn't like merely to run up his bill; but I did assume the bad breeding of not knowing that it was his place, not mine, to order; and I ordered everything I liked most, giving preference to high cost.

Then I talked. In a stream. Never giving him a chance to get in more than a word. I recounted my travels to him in minute and complete detail. He must have been bored to extinction, for if there is one thing that will drive one insane it is





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a person who insists on telling all the trivial details of some trip he has taken. I gave him scenery; people met along the way; long conversations held between me and these strangers. If he tried to get in a sentence, I interrupted him.

I was making him pay dearly for taking it for granted on sight—before sight even—that I was the sort of woman whose idea of a pleasant evening was a booze party and a dinner in a strange man's room.

That I was paying, too, for my revenge must be acknowledged. I despised the man as well as my own conduct. Moreover, I was acting every minute; for I am not a chatterer, and enjoy listening much more than talking.

But I enjoyed the theater.

"Now shall we go back to the hotel for a little drink?" he asked afterward.

"Oh, it's too early to break up the party," I gushed. "You are a stranger. You must see something of the cabaret life of New York. Let's go to the Astor Roof."

A cabaret suited me just long enough to place one order and insure cover charges; then we moved on to another place. Also I developed a sore foot and couldn't dance.

I don't know what the man thought about all this. He was not a fool. But he went through with it, evidently misled by my silence in the hotel, and convinced that in the end I would go back for that little drink.

We closed up the town. Then as we stood on the street, waiting for a cab I said: "Well, I won't ask you to drive home with me. I live so far uptown, and it's too late to ask you in. You can just put me in a cab. I know you're tired."

I might have let him go like that—convinced that New York women were salamanders, bent on getting all they can for nothing—if he hadn't repeated what he had said in the hotel.

Then I told him not only what I thought of him, but exactly what I had been doing all evening. There was no quarrel. No loud talking. Just a woman in a still white fury, telling a paralyzed man a few bitter truths about himself and all men of his sort; and about how women regarded and treated such men—an example of which I had just given.

He did not speak once; but climbed determinedly into the cab after me. I could have prevented him only by calling an officer. I do not care for scenes, and besides I was not afraid of him. He was after all, a "modern gentleman" of a type all too prevalent today.

It may surprise women who have had similar experiences to learn that he was reduced to abjectness. His apology stretched over one hundred blocks, for now it was he who did all the talking. I had done and said all there was.

If there were an unusual experience it would have no place in this story, for certainly it is not given for its beauty; but

because it is the sort of thing with variations which I am continually encountering—with no more provocation and exactly the same reactions.

I don't know whether it is entirely due to my widow's estate, or to the trend of the times, but I am sorry to say that with two exceptions (and always aside from business contacts) every man who has taken me out to dinner, or to the theater, or called on me in my apartment within the past ten years has at some time during the evening developed a fondness which required demonstration.

An incident which is tremendously revealing and disillusioning in its relation to men occurred the winter before last.

Having let my apartment for two months I was called back to New York three weeks later and was compelled to take a furnished apartment until my tenant's lease was up. A gay young married couple had just previously occupied the apartment.

It was evident that they had been in the habit of having "parties" and some of their boon companions had not been notified of their change of address. Of five men who phoned them, four were not only willing but eager to find in me a substitute. They had never seen me. Had no idea of my age, appearance or character, but one "fell in love" with my voice. Two had a "bottle of Scotch and needed help to drink it." The other was a "stranger in town and lonesome." They were persistent, insistent. One declared he was "going to jump into a taxi and come right up." He called me three times in the course of an evening to plead and threaten. Only my assurance that I would not answer the door-bell stopped him.

Nor is the ruthless and atavistic pursuit of a widow confined to any profession or locality. Southern men, supposed to hold woman so highly, are, so far as I have found, different from men of the North and East only in that they speak more gently and are more apt to be offended by repulsion, which seems to say that they have more sex vanity if that be possible.

Of course, it goes without saying that as no two faces are ever exactly alike, so no two men are ever the same, except in fundamentals, but rare indeed are those men who have any sense of reticence with a widow. They feel she is "experienced." She "knows life." Moreover, it appears that every man who comes into the intimacy of social contact with her is convinced that she is lonesome as a girl who has not known the joy of man's companionship can never be—and it is "up to him" to see that she isn't lonesome.

Thus it is that while a brief widowhood may give rise to a fascinating sense of unsuspected personal charm, deceptive to onlookers and even to the widow herself, to remain a widow, as I have, for any appreciable length of time is to suffer a disillusion concerning love and marriage.

## Show This to Your Grandmother

[Continued from page 37]

make a lady look interesting,—(i. e. grizzly). Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks, flesh-colored are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs, nudity being all the rage."

Who wrote this? Washington Irving, in his *Salmagundi*, just about one hundred years ago when our great-grandmothers were getting their terrible start!

The truth is that this loving quarrel between the generations may be traced back over all the centuries. There is an ancient inscription on a tomb or tablet,

dating long before our Saviour's time, which declares mournfully that the young people had lost all respect for their parents and other elders and were rushing on to a destructive independence!

Who wrote:

"We think our fathers fools,  
So wise we grow:  
No doubt our wiser sons  
Will think us so!"

We may change the lines, even to the point of reversing them.

"We think our children wild  
So tame we grow:  
No doubt our wiser fathers  
Thought us so."

Neither couplet stands for the right attitude. We repeat that the older people are the young people's chance to lay hold upon the inheritances of the past; the young people are the older people's chance of sending all real goods down into the future. It is the very climax of folly to set those two chances to quarrelling with each other.

How much of the criticism of present-day youth centers on their fashions! Carlyle and his *Sartor Resartus* to the contrary, clothes are not always a reliable symbol. Yet even in this regard the elders of our day need to exercise their memories. Let them set the styles of their young days in contrast with the styles of their children and grandchildren.

Do you ask about bobbed hair? Let the middle-aged ladies hunt up some of their own photographs, as taken in the 80's! They will find themselves pictured with bangs down over their foreheads, and they will have to admit that the likenesses did not make them look bright!

Or do you object to the walking-skirt of the maid of the period? Very well! Search, O ye grandmothers, for the pictures of yourselves in the 70's, the Lucy Webb Hayes period of our national life. Had you forgotten those hoop-skirts which made it difficult for female pedestrians to pass each other upon narrow sidewalks without a disaster in wires, and which also strictly limited the number of guests that could be admitted into a parlor? As between hoop-skirts and the short walking-skirts of today, who will long hesitate in making a choice?

There were other styles that must be mentioned delicately. The terribly compressed waists of the dear old days and the physiological danger involved! Or that other monstrosity of feminine style that had its sway (that is the correct word!) when the ladies who are now fifty were twenty,—the bustle! Has that fashion, for crudity and indelicacy, any equal in the present period?

On the masculine side, the contrasts are not so marked, but even we sober fathers need not boast unduly. A college wag gave three periods in the history of his Alma Mater,—the no-collar period, the paper-collar period, and the linen-collar period! He might, also, have hinted at a celluloid-collar epoch! In the 80's alone, there were three dashes of masculine styles,—the tight-trouser period, the wide-trouser period, and the uncreased-trouser period! And even when Theodore Roosevelt was a college man enormous side-whiskers were a vogue! In our day comes George Ade saying, "A club-foot is a calamity; a hare-lip is a deformity; but side-whiskers are a man's own fault."

Is it not true that out of all those periods in style we gained at length strong men and women who have done their part well in the world's work? The truth seems to be that, in the opinion of those who are afflicted with deadly maturity, the young people are always going over the precipice; and that in reality the young people always decline, as a class, to fulfill the prophecy of ruin.

But we may be told that the charge goes deeper than that about fashions, and that present-day young people are frivolous. They have a passion for pleasure and entertainment. This is not a new charge. Give heed to this:

"Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,

And, while she polishes, perverts the taste;  
Habits of close attention, thinking heads,  
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,  
Till authors hear at length one general cry,  
Tickle and entertain us, or we die!"

Cowper wrote those words more than 140 years ago—just about the time Colonial Revolutionary youths were winning our independence!

Without doubt certain pleasures of the day are overdone or perverted. Some of the dances are the very essence of vulgarity, and already the reaction is at hand. It is likewise true that the moving-picture habit has its victims, and that the over-attendance upon the jerky melodrama of the screen does not increase brain power.

But is this not an unfair keeping of youth's books on one side of the ledger? Our colleges have constantly higher standards of scholarship. Were they ever so crowded? Our Summer Religious Institutes for young people have more gayety than formerly, and also more serious down-right study and work. And, for another test, let any one make up a list of his young friends who are decidedly intemperate and contrast it with a similar list of thirty-five or forty years ago. I verily believe that our investigations along the essential lines will convince us that, taking the class as a whole, we have never had any finer, cleaner or more wholesome young people than we have today. And, above all else, they are grandly real!

Even the fragment of evidence that we bring against them is seldom fair. A jaundiced adult said to me a few months ago that the popularity of the song "Yes We Have No Bananas," which quickly brought its two authors immense royalties, was a sign of youthful degeneracy! At once I asked him what he was singing forty years ago. He had forgotten. So I reminded him of, "Pharaoh's Daughter on the Bank, Little Moses in the Pool."

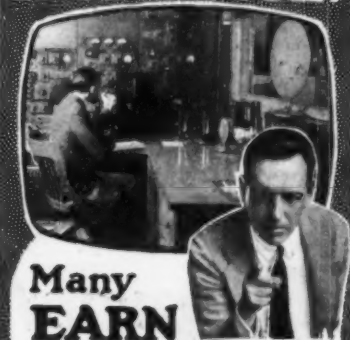
Personally, I do not take too seriously the charge that the latter makes doubtful use of an important Bible character. Both songs were made to be servants of merriment; and I confess to singing each of them without a qualm. But I do protest against an unfair judgment of current youth on such flimsy witnessing; and I must insist that the songs of the old days be placed in contrast.

One thing should be said that ought to soften somewhat the stoniest old heart. The young people of today have been hurled into the most complex, rushing, tempting period that youth has ever known. Within thirty years the telephone, the automobile, the moving picture, the radio, the airplane have all arrived! They all tend to make life speedy and intense. The Jewish law-giver is recorded as having "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Did any young people in the world's centuries ever have such tremendous visibles to master? And do they not deserve patience rather than peevishness? And sympathy rather than scolding?

Mrs. Letts said of the boys of Oxford, "They gave their merry youth away  
For country and for God."

That was less than ten years ago! My prophecy is that the young people who now walk our streets and prance into our homes so jauntily will not fail in the ordinary tasks of manhood and womanhood, and that they will rise grandly to meet the emergency tests that require genuine heroism.

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## Accusation

[Continued from page 60]

him you believe in him but be careful about becoming entangled yourself. You might do a great deal of harm and prejudice people against him rather than help him. Suspicion is one of the easiest things in the world to breed. The first thing people will say is why should you be so concerned in the matter."

It dawned on me that what mother said might be true. That in trying to help Joe blindly I might only make matters worse. But that was not going to change my purpose. It meant that I would stand by him no matter what happened. But how was I to approach Kitty Davies? For some reason or another she had strangely become an enemy and if I was to help Joe I needed her as a friend.

Then I remembered old Mr. Bowen, the minister, and his saying to me that if I ever needed help or advice I should come to him. He was the very one to give me counsel on the suspicion I had of Deacon Fowler. He would be just the person to give friendly advice for all concerned. Yet, first I wanted to see Joe.

I WENT downstairs cautiously, because if there was a scene still going on down there I did not want to become embroiled in it. Fortunately everything had quieted down and I found Ben Gray alone.

"What did old Josephus Hicks say?" I asked him.

"A lot of things that won't be printed in the *Clarksburg Gazette*. 'Deed, Miss Doris, if I'd have known old Joe Hicks was going to cut up the tantrums he did, I'd have never let you call him. He was crazier than Jed Davies, and Jed was drunk. I finally got 'em together by showing 'em that it was something fer them to settle between themselves and the young folks in private and not all over town. But never again does Ben Gray want to get mixed up in one of these irate parents' squabbles. Life ain't hardly worth it!"

"You don't need to joke about it!" I said, flaming. "I think it's terrible and I don't believe a word of it."

"There, there," Ben Gray said soothingly. "Don't go to taking me too literally, Miss Doris. It's a bad mess, that's a fact. And saying you don't believe it don't alter the main facts in the case none."

"Why, Ben Gray," I flared, "do you mean to tell me that I believe Joe Hicks is—is—" I stopped not knowing what to say.

"Now listen, Miss Doris," Ben said kindly. "Don't you go rarin' up at me, too. I just had a couple of old hyenas on my hands and got 'em quieted down without any blood bein' shed. 'Course I know you like Joe Hicks, and between you and me I think he's just about as fine a young feller as there is hereabouts. But the main facts in this case don't concern Joe Hicks."

"They don't!" I cried eagerly. "Oh, I'm glad!"

"I reckon you don't quite understand what I'm driving at," Ben Gray went on kindly. "You're a girl, Miss Doris, and I'm just an old fool. But this little gal of Jed Davies is going to have a baby. No matter how much raving anybody does they can't alter that fact none. Now just because she says Joe Hicks is the man, old Jed wants to kill Joe and old Josephus says he'll prove it's a lie if he has to spend his last cent. Now, I'm asking you, in a so-called Christian community like Clarksburg what good does that kind

of a rumpus do this poor little gal and her baby?"

"But I don't believe for a second that Joe Hicks is the man," I said. "And I don't thank you for saying it doesn't matter that he's the one accused."

"I ain't asking for no thanks, Miss Doris," Ben Gray said. "All I'm trying to say is that everybody gettin' mad at everybody else ain't going to help this little gal and her baby wuth a hoot. An' according to my way of looking on it, she comes first."

I think I had been so full of defense for Joe that I failed at first to fully understand Ben Gray's earnestness. His homely vernacular was such a matter of fact, almost humorous way of putting things, that I allowed it to nettle me and I must have showed it although I had begun to see the truth of Ben's argument.

"Now it ain't going to do anybody any good for you to get mad at me, Miss Doris," Ben said kindly. "I told you I was an old fool. And besides, I never got married. But I allus seem to get along with kids. You're kind of a kid to me and so is this little gal of Jed's. And so is that other little one that's going to be along bye and bye. Now just supposing it was you, instead of Jed Davies's girl. Would you want a lot of hullabaloo or would you want some one to keep you from worrying?"

"If I was in trouble like that, I wouldn't accuse an innocent person just because his father happened to be rich," I said, but the words did not seem to carry conviction. "I—I don't like you're supposing it might be me," I added.

"Of course you don't," Ben said. "But one of the easiest ways of finding out what the other fellow is up against, is to just put yourself in his place. If you was this little gal of Jed Davies do you think you would know what to do? 'Course you wouldn't. In the first place the whole town starts pointing it's fingers at you and you can't point back. That's the way with us humans. We ain't satisfied with nature's laws so we got to go and invent a whole slew of our own. And this particular one that makes an outcast of a little gal because she is going to have a baby is the worst of the lot. Some of Grace church folks say I'm an atheist. I reckon I am when it comes to things like that. They say a lot in church about the story of the fallen woman but when they find one right in their home town they begin hunting bricks. I reckon this little gal of Jed Davies's is going to have a hard enough time as it is without it bein' made harder for her. What she's cravin' for right now more than anything else, Miss Doris, is a little sympathy and honest-to-God friendship. Seems like you and she used to be friends, didn't you?"

"YES," I answered. "And I still thought we were good friends until a few days ago when I met Kitty on the street and she began making a lot of nasty insinuations about Joe and me. Not satisfied with that she has accused Joe. And I—I'm in love with him, Ben."

"Did you ever figger, Miss Doris, that maybe half the gals in this town was in love with Joe Hicks?" Ben asked.

"Oh, I don't mean like that," I said hotly. "I don't want his money."

"I don't mean like that either, Miss Doris," Ben said kindly. "I was only meanin' that maybe this little Davies gal was in love with him, too. And she don't



need his money now half as much as she needs something else."

"Please, Ben," I said, "Let's not say any more about it. I know you mean well but it is something we just can't talk about. First you make me feel sorry for Kitty Davies and then you make me hate her. She's in trouble, I know that and it isn't for me to judge her. Two wrongs don't make a right. But why should she accuse Joe Hicks? Why should she say insinuating things about me to my face. She wouldn't listen to me even if I did try to be kind to her."

"Don't be too sure she wouldn't, Miss Doris," Ben said. "And if it'll help me and you understand each other better I don't mind sayin' that I think she made a mistake in accusing Joe Hicks. Maybe she couldn't have named the real man."

"Couldn't have named the real man? What in the world do you mean by saying that, Ben Gray?" I asked.

"Maybe he's married already," Ben said.

I JUST stood and looked at him not knowing what to say in answer and he evidently read the perplexity in my eyes for he did not say anything further. The Western Union clock that hung over the desk began its funny little sounding off, the automatic control that regulates each day from some central station. I knew that in another minute the whistle at the mills would blow. It was twelve o'clock, I knew that, even before I turned to look at the clock. All morning I had been down by the river and my heart had hummed a tune in keeping with the rippling water. And now in less than an hour that whole happy world of dreams had faded.

But as I stood there looking at Ben Gray I knew that something very real had come in its place.

"I'm glad I've had a talk with you, Ben," I said. "I think I'm beginning to understand the way you see things. I was going to see Kitty Davies anyway, but now I think I can help her. Before, I was thinking only of helping Joe."

"Well, Miss Doris, I'm glad, honest," Ben said taking my hand in one of his big paws. "But be careful about this little Davies gal. She's all worked up so you got to be patient with her. It ain't herself she's worryin' about. It's that little one that'll be along bye and bye."

The heavy raucous moan of the mill whistle sounded. In a few minutes half a dozen of the office workers who lived at the hotel would be down for lunch. I was on the point of going up for mother when I decided that I didn't want any lunch; I didn't want to see any one.

"Tell mother I'm not hungry and that I've gone for a walk, will you please, Ben," I said, and went out the side door.

I had no idea where I was going. I wasn't even thinking of where I was going until I found myself turning into the lane by Price's Corner. I hurried on. I wanted to be alone, to think out the things that were all jumbled up in my mind. When I came to the mill-race wall where Joe and I had been together, I clambered up to sit in the self-same place with my feet dangling just above the rippling water.

It was good to be alone; just to sit there and gaze with unseeing eyes while the water sang a crooning tone above the rustle of the trees. I was thinking of Kitty Davies and trying, as Ben Gray had suggested, to put myself in her place. It made me shudder just to think of it and gave me a sickening feeling inside.

"What she's cravin' for right now more than anything else, Miss Doris, is a little sympathy and honest-to-God friendship," Ben Gray's words seemed to ring again in my ears. Oh, if only she hadn't made

that terrible accusation against Joe, I could have gone to her so easily; it was her own accusation, I argued with myself, that made it hard. Why had she named Joe if Ben Gray might be right in saying that she couldn't have named the real man?

Joe was the fairest and squarest boy I had ever known, I thought, and suddenly it came to me that that might be the very reason for Kitty Davies's accusation. She had blurted it out to her father blindly trusting that in some way Joe and old Josephus would do something to help her. Often we blunder on the solution to our difficulties when rational methods fail. I had no reason to believe that I had discovered the motive back of the things Kitty must have said to her father but the more I thought of it the more I became convinced that I was right. But could she, and would she change her story if it were not the truth? Slowly I realized that I could never go to her with any such view as that in mind; that would only antagonize her. I was still trying to build up a defense for Joe and I realized that my thoughts, even now, toward Kitty were with that as an end.

It was with a feeling of utter hopelessness that I turned to climb down off the wall when I saw some one coming down the path. Another moment and I recognized the newcomer as old Mr. Bowen, the minister. He had on the funny flat hat he always wore, winter and summer, and was walking along with his eyes on the ground and his hands clasped behind his back. He evidently was in deep thought and he had almost passed by without seeing me when he happened to look up in my direction.

"Hello, Mr. Bowen," I said. "I was going over to see you and now I think it's a whole lot better just to meet you this way. I need help and I think you promised to help me if ever I came to you."

"To be sure, to be sure," Mr. Bowen answered, and I thought he still seemed immersed in the problem that had been confronting him as he came down the path.

"Is it about yourself?"

"NO, IT'S about Kitty Davies," I answered. "I want to help her and I don't know how." Even as I spoke I suddenly realized that probably old Mr. Bowen did not know anything about it. "It is a confidential matter," I added hastily.

"Yes, I know," he said quietly. "I have just come from the Davies' home myself. Something must be done and it is very hard to know what course to pursue. But I think you can help me by helping Kitty. She has promised to come to the parsonage tomorrow to see me. I'm half afraid she may not come. Now if you would see her and offer to come with her I think much good might be accomplished."

"Oh, I'd be glad to do that," I said. "Kitty and I used to be such good friends but lately all that has gone. At first I was angry that she should turn against me but I think I am beginning to understand that she doesn't know what to do or where to turn. Should I say that you had asked me if I would come to the parsonage with her? I don't want to make a blunder but with Kitty feeling bitter against me and Joe Hicks's name being brought into it I haven't known what to say. I'm sorry to admit that I've been rather bitter against myself."

"Naturally," old Mr. Bowen said with a little smile. "That's human nature, my dear. If we didn't have our petty bitter-nesses we would all be angels and not of this world at all. But it is a more en-

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during trait of human nature to be able to dispel our hates. The peace that passeth all understanding is the peace that does not know malice. You might say to Kitty that I thought it would be easier if she had another girl to come with her."

"And you really think I can help, Mr. Bowen?"

"Most certainly," he said emphatically. "More, probably, than any one else."

I WAS on the verge of asking him if he thought it would be a good thing if Kitty could go away for a time but realized that that was something I should talk about with mother first. It had suddenly occurred to me that Kitty might go to Philadelphia with us. But that was something to think about.

"Mother and I were leaving tomorrow, Mr. Bowen," I said instead. "But now I am going to try and persuade mother to stay over for a few days. All of this has been so close to me and I know I should never rest away from Clarksburg unless something was definitely settled. I mean about Joe Hicks as well as Kitty."

"I understand," he said kindly. "Just keep your faith in things, Doris. Life goes on no matter what happens and those with courage go on with it. And it is human bitterness that destroys faith. The words, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' were not spoken in vain. To be truly happy means unburdening one's self of one's troubles. Hidden sores cannot be healed." He paused. "But I must not stand here preaching to you. I don't think you need it and I have an errand down the lane. I shall look for you tomorrow—with Kitty Davies."

I stood leaning against the mill-race wall for a long time after he had gone, wondering at the turn in my own attitude and where it was all going to lead. It was hard to believe that I no longer had any malice toward Kitty. I knew that I could go to her frankly now and not be disturbed by anything she might say to me. I wonder if it isn't the feeling a nurse has toward a sick patient, a feeling that enables her to overlook all petulance and ingratitude. Kitty Davies was sick, sick in mind as well as body. We had been friends all our lives and she needed that friendship now. Slowly it dawned on me just what old Ben Gray had meant when he said that Joe Hicks didn't matter. It was Kitty who faced the problem, the age-old problem that the world has not yet solved—the unmarried mother. I couldn't solve it but I could be kind to Kitty. Such things had always happened before only in stories—they were stories that had moved me sometimes to tears. But this wasn't a story in a book it was a story written on a page of life, of the life I had lived and knew.

It seemed strange that I had gone along, all through school, and then for five years in the office at the mills, with a certain slumbering hate against the town I was born in. That hatred had never burst into flame nor had there been anything in my life that had changed my attitude toward the town until suddenly I had been plunged into a series of situations that had thrown all the views I had held before into the discard.

I wonder now in looking back if that isn't the way life usually treats most of us. We go along day after day, week after week; the months draw into years; living has become a matter of adding today to yesterday and hoping for tomorrow. Then something happens that upsets all that has gone before. Things that we knew how to deal with yesterday have shrunk almost to nothing and before us looms a

world of which we had never even dreamed.

Father's death was one of those inevitable things that, despite the shock and grief that it brought to mother and me, was complete in its finality. He was gone; we would have to get along as best we could without him. Death, even in the grim starkness of it, left no doubts. There was no compromise with it. And now, only a few weeks after, I could look back to it and find that even my grief and sorrow had been softened. My father had become a memory, poignant perhaps, but I could now think of him as he was and the thought gave me comfort.

But the things that had happened since his death were intangible. One could not know for a surety how to deal with them. Deacon Fowler had made his insinuations and immediately I had jumped to the conclusion that every one would talk about me, and life in Clarksburg would become miserable. Instead, however, I had received only kindness and between Joe Hicks and me there had sprung up a deeper understanding. A boy and girl friendship had grown into love. I was going away but just as surely I was coming back.

Why couldn't things have remained like that? Why had this terrible misfortune come to Kitty Davies? Why had she turned against me and Joe? I didn't know but I did know that I had jumped to conclusions; that I had been as quick to turn against Kitty as she had been to turn against me and Joe. And what she needed more than anything else was sympathy and friendship. She had had it from old Ben Gray and old Mr. Bowen while I, who had been her chum for years, had allowed all those years to count for nothing. Was it too late for me to make amends?

AS I went back up the path to the hotel I made up my mind that I would try. I wanted Joe, my heart told me that, and I wanted him to know that I had faith in him. But I did not want to see him, or go for a walk in the moonlight down by the mill-race with the feeling that I had wronged Kitty. She was in the grip of a situation that left her hardly knowing what to do or which way to turn. There was an excuse for almost anything she might do. But there was no excuse for the attitude I had shown.

At the hotel I told mother what Ben Gray had said and of my meeting with Mr. Bowen. I asked her if she would be willing to stay over for a few days. She consented but had misgivings. I had misgivings myself but they prompted me to stay rather than leave. I wanted to have a real talk with Joe before I went away and, if possible, I hoped that it could be just such a talk as we had had that other night.

I went downstairs to the telephone and called the Hicks's home. I was wondering how to put what I had to say when Joe answered.

"This is Doris, Joe," I said.

"Then you've heard about what happened today," he said.

"Yes, Joe," I said. "And I don't want to talk about it. That's why I called. I'd rather you wouldn't come down tonight because mother and I—"

"All right, Doris!" he interrupted.

"But Joe," I said. "Don't misunderstand me. Mother and I are not going tomorrow and I would rather see you—"

I don't know what it was but suddenly I had a premonition that I was talking to space.

"Joe," I said.

There was no answer. He had hung up the receiver. I signaled the operator

but when her "Number, please," came over the wire I put the receiver on the hook. I couldn't call the Hicks's number again. There was a big lump in my throat.

My first thought as I went upstairs again was that Joe had made it easier, much easier for me to be sympathetic with Kitty.

"I thought you were going out with Joe," mother said as I entered our room. "I was, mother," I said, "but I've called it off. I'm going to bed instead. I'm completely fagged out."

The last was literally true because after I tumbled into bed mother sat up sewing and talking about the things we would do when we went to Philadelphia, and I did not remember when the light went out and she came to bed herself. When I opened my eyes the sun was streaming in.

My first thought was about the way Joe had hung up so abruptly the night before and surprise at my own attitude in the matter. Had I begun to be able to see things as they were and not go off in an emotional turmoil the moment something happened to disturb me? I wondered. During breakfast I made up my mind that something of a similar nature was going to occur when I went down to see Kitty and I resolved to be prepared for it.

THE Davies's house was at the other end of town. Kitty's mother had died two years before and she and her father lived alone. I hoped that he would not be there when I arrived, and I was glad when Kitty came to the door in answer to my knock.

"Well, what are you coming here for?" she said bitterly and her eyes narrowed.

"Can't I come in, Kitty, please?" I asked and tried to smile.

I thought for a moment she was going to shut the door and my heart sank. Even if I had hated her I couldn't have looked at the hopelessly pictured on her face without knowing the suffering she was going through.

"If I can do anything that will help—" I began.

"You can't," she said, dispassionately. "Nobody can."

Suddenly she burst out crying and I put my arms around her and closed the door.

"I—I guess you know, I—I lied about Joe," she said between sobs.

"Kitty!" I gasped. It was only what I had believed all along but the way she sobbed it out just took my breath away.

"I—I guess everybody'll know pretty soon," she went on. "I t-told Mr. Hicks and he—he gave me some money to go away. He—he said he wouldn't t-tell anybody until after I was gone. But I—I'm glad I've told you. I guess it won't matter after I'm gone, will it, Doris?"

"Don't say any more about it, Kitty," I said not knowing how to answer.

"It—it feels good to talk to somebody, Doris," she said. She had stopped crying and was looking down at her hands which kept twisting the handkerchief, wet with her tears, into knots. "Remember when we were kids and used to—to play with dolls? Some day we were going to grow up and get married and have babies instead of dolls."

"Please don't, Kitty," I said.

But she didn't seem to hear. "And now I'm going to have a baby," she went on. "And nobody'll love it, only me. I don't know how my father found out, but he did. He said he would kill me if I didn't tell him the truth. I couldn't tell him the truth—I was afraid he would kill me any way. So I lied and said it was Joe and then he was going to kill Joe. But I was so scared I was afraid to take it back."

"Why don't you tell, Kitty. It is only

fair to yourself," I said hopelessly.

"You—you don't know, Doris," she said. "I'd—I'd die first. I guess death wouldn't be so hard after all I've gone through. I'm sick most all the time and I'm nearly crazy besides. I wake up in the middle of the night so scared I can't even scream."

"I know how terrible it must be," I said. "But wouldn't it help if you told somebody. I met old Mr. Bowen yesterday and he said you were coming to see him today. And when I told him I was coming to see you he suggested it might be easier for you if another girl was with you."

"I'd rather have you with me," Kitty said. "Wait till I wash my face and get my hat. I'll be right with you."

When she was ready we went out the back door and in a roundabout way so we wouldn't meet any one. Old Mr. Bowen was waiting for us.

"I'm so glad you've come, Kitty," he said.

"I only came because Doris said that maybe you might know some place where I can go. I can't stay here, I'm nearly crazy now. Won't you help me find a place, Mr. Bowen?" she said looking up at him hopefully.

"Of course," old Mr. Bowen said. "But there is another way I want to help you, Kitty, if I can. If you would only tell me the truth I think it would help you more than anything else."

"Oh, I can't do that, Mr. Bowen," she sobbed. "Please don't ask me again."

"Do you remember, Kitty, the day you were looking for something in the choir room? You said you had lost a brooch?" he asked kindly.

"You—you found it, Mr. Bowen?"

"I found it," he said.

"Then—then you knew all the time, Mr. Bowen. You knew it was—it was—" she hesitated.

"Yes, Kitty," old Mr. Bowen said.

"But you won't tell my father," she panted. "He'd kill me!"

"I won't tell any one, Kitty, except the man himself. He should be told for the good of his soul. The fact that the truth is known will be punishment enough for him and—"

"Oh, you can't! You can't! Deacon Fowler would—" Kitty had blurted it out before she realized I was there. Now she turned and looked at me like a scared child.

Old Mr. Bowen leaned forward and took her hand. "You see, my dear," he said, "it was bound to be known. The truth always comes out."

I got up and went out on the porch. I knew there was nothing I could say that would help. How long, I wondered, had old Mr. Bowen really known the whole truth. I remembered what he had said to me that day on the street after the accusations Deacon Fowler had made against Joe and me, "Intolerance too often cloaks the desires of the intolerant."

"I don't think you had better wait, Doris," he said. "I will take Kitty home after we have discussed with Deacon Fowler plans for her welfare."

Slowly I went back to the hotel. When I came to Price's Corner I found myself turning once more into the lane that goes down by the mill-race. I went faster after that, and when I made the rise from where you can look down on Fisher's mill and the mill-race wall I saw that Joe was there ahead of me. I had known he would be there the moment I turned into the lane. That may have been one of the things that passeth all understanding or it may have been because of the newly made print of a golf shoe I had seen in the wet turf at the turn of the lane.

THE END

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## Put Your Imagination to Work

[Continued from page 58]

mind without the need of any effort to keep it there. A noise heard in the night is an object of spontaneous attention; we cannot take our attention off it until we have discovered what it is that makes it.

Second, the idea is accompanied by a strong emotion.

Third, it is an idea of such personal application to ourselves that it comes under the Law of Reversed Effort and any effort of the will we make to conquer it only makes it stronger.

Fourth, it is the part of the mind which the psychologists call the Unconscious or the Subconscious which finds the means of carrying the idea out.

THE Austrian psychologist Sigmund Freud gave this name, the Unconscious, to that great part of our minds—nine-tenths of every mind at least—in which is kept the record of the things which have happened to us but of which we no longer have any conscious memory. He showed that these forgotten experiences still give rise to feelings, and that everything which we do is controlled or modified by these feelings. Such feelings are wishes which we do not know we have.

It has been discovered that the Unconscious works always for a definite purpose; its object is the gratification of these wishes. If it happens that its wishes accord with our conscious will, we act instinctively in ways which produce for us health, happiness and success. Often, however, the wishes are ridiculous and impossible; if we act in accordance with them we become unhappy and unsuccessful and even ill. Fears and impractical desires in the Unconscious can cause changes in the body which are manifested in diseases which cannot be told from the effects of actual deterioration.

When we are awake and active, our minds are occupied by our conscious thoughts. When we sleep it is the Unconscious which is using our minds; on awakening we catch fragmentary memories of the dreams which go on all the time we are asleep, and which are the thoughts of the Unconscious. When we are hypnotized it is the Unconscious which controls our minds, and the strange actions of hypnotized persons are due to the fact that they are drawing on the great store of their unconscious memories. A hypnotized person will sometimes even speak in a foreign language which he does not know he knows, simply because in childhood he had a nurse who spoke that language, though when awake he may not remember the nurse.

Spiritualistic mediums whose seances are sincere are persons who can hypnotize themselves at will and admit the Unconscious into full control of them; then drawing upon the fund of their unconscious knowledge, they speak often with the mannerisms and even in the phraseology of some one dead whose name has been suggested to them, using everything they have unconsciously learned about the person. Many of the manifestations of spiritualistic seances can be produced at will by the psychologists with a hypnotized subject—such, for instance, as the automatic writing, when a person writes of matters with which he has no conscious acquaintance and his hand seems to be guided by an intelligence not his own.

For two thousand years the holy men of the East have hypnotized themselves by repeating over and over the name of Buddha; then the Unconscious controls their

thoughts and they receive from it messages in the form of dreams which seem to them to come from the gods.

But between these states of hypnotism or natural sleep and the state of complete wakefulness, there are other states, which have a resemblance to the condition of a hypnotized person.

At the moment of awakening from sleep, before our consciousness has assumed control of us, we are in such a state. Listening idly to a fluctuating sound, like the beating of the sea, will cause it. It can be caused by repeating to one's self a familiar prayer, or by listening to the voice of a speaker speaking uninteresting or unintelligible things.

In these states any idea which comes to one has one at least of the characteristics which had been found to be those of ideas capable of producing disease, insanity and even violent changes in the body. The idea tends to keep hold upon the mind without the need of any effort on our part to keep it there. If it happens that the idea is accompanied by a strong emotion, the idea is likely to be converted into a reality.

The patients in the clinic at Nancy are in such a state as this. At present there is no actual hypnotism used at Nancy. The relaxation of the patients is only a little nearer to hypnotism than the reverie which one falls into in listening to the sea or, at times, in church. The cures, according to the psychologists, are not effected in the clinic. They are effected by the patients themselves, at home, in solitude, suggesting to themselves that the improvement is taking place.

In the beginning it was believed that a specific suggestion was necessary for each disorder; but a patient being treated, for instance, for irregularity of the heart, would return and say, "My heart has become all right, but the sores on my legs, which you didn't know anything about, got well too."

By degrees specific suggestions have been used less and less. Practice has proved that the more simple, direct and general the suggestion is, the greater are the results which it accomplishes, because the patient accepts it as his own idea.

IT WAS found that with any suggestion which involved an effort of the will, the Law of Reversed Effort came into operation and the contrary result was produced.

If one said to himself, "I will not smoke," his desire to smoke increased; he could not lose his longing for tobacco. The suggestion, "I am getting so that I dislike tobacco," can however, be carried out. Tastes and inclinations which seemed inherent have been changed by auto-suggestion; people can cause themselves to like food which was abhorrent to them before, and to dislike drink and drugs which have had an overwhelming attraction for them.

There is doubt whether most cures, in cases where medicine is used as well as where it is not, are not due in a measure to auto-suggestion. Some psychologists go so far as to say that every patient who consults a doctor should be given some sort of prescription. But the doctor should not merely say, "Have this filled and take it." He should say, "This medicine is going to help you," and should describe to the patient so far as possible the progress of his recovery, telling him how his symptoms will disappear and his appetite return and strength increase. The patient's imagination having something to

work on, the idea of recovery becomes an auto-suggestion.

Doctors, according to students of auto-suggestion, make two serious mistakes. The first is in saying to a patient, "You are in a serious condition." The second is in saying, "There is nothing the matter with you," except when this is a denial of a specific infection. This statement, "There is nothing the matter with you," is the reason for the hatred of the medical profession everywhere by neurasthenics. The neurasthenic knows that there is something the matter with him, and in defending his belief against the doctor's denial he is likely to increase his trouble.

**S**OME persons have put auto-suggestion to work successfully and have cured or changed themselves without ever having been instructed by the psychologists. There is doubt, however, how successfully this can be done with specific troubles. The surroundings and experience of the psychologists supply the emotion which is necessary for starting the idea that is to be carried out. Without this, one is likely to encounter the Law of Reversed Effort and increase his trouble instead of curing it.

There are, however, ways in which a knowledge of auto-suggestion is useful to every one. Happy, healthy and successful people do not know why they are as they are, no matter what reasons they may assign in their own minds, any more than the unhappy failures and, in many cases, the sick know the reasons for their condition. We pick up the ideas which make us as we are from everything we come in contact with—from people, from books and the newspapers, from objects which we see and touch. When we have forgotten the source of our ideas, so that we no longer identify them with any one except ourselves, we act instinctively upon the suggestions they give rise to. From birth to death we are immersed in a continual bath of such suggestions. Some are for our good; some are bad for us. Apparently we accept the bad ones as readily as the good.

Two persons cross a room where a piece of paper is lying on the floor. The first person drops a piece of paper near, the second person picks both pieces up. The first person was a child, and imitative; to the child the paper might as well have spoken aloud, "Drop your paper here; here is where dropping paper is done." The second person was the housekeeper; to her the papers shrieked, "Pick us up and put us out of sight." A baby will put a diamond in its mouth; the suggestion of all things to babies, is, "Put them in your mouth."

When we consider that, after we have grown up, most of the suggestions we receive come to us from the forgotten memories of the Unconscious, it seems as though our lives were virtually controlled by chance. A god in the Unconscious seems to guide the fortunate people, and a devil in the Unconscious to rule the unfortunate ones.

A true suggestion, in the definition given of it by the psychologists is, "an idea which converts itself into a reality without the subject's knowing it is being done," or in some cases without his knowing why.

To a certain extent, however, every-

body can control his ideas and his imagination.

Now that the psychologists are demonstrating that the imagination may, under certain circumstances, put in operation something within us which may turn our imaginings into fact, it seems merely good sense to exercise as much control as we can? This does not mean that we should stop imagining things, for the imagination is as powerful for good as it is for bad. It means that we ought to steer our thoughts to create good for us instead of harm.

Consider, for instance, so small a thing as the belief in luck. One man will say, "I am always lucky." Another will say, "I always have bad luck." Students of auto-suggestion believe in luck to this extent: that if one lets his imagination dwell upon the idea that he is unlucky, he may set in operation the machinery of the Unconscious so that he will act instinctively so as to bring misfortune.

The same thing is true of all our other superstitions. The belief that a black cat crossing one's path brings disaster may arouse suggestions in us which cause disaster, though it has no other connection with the cat.

**S**IMILAR to this is one of the most frequent and uncomfortable of suggestions. It is the idea that when a thing of one sort happens another different thing is certain to occur.

"When I ride on a train it always makes me ill," is an example of such connection of ideas. In most instances of car-sickness, according to the psychologists, the first illness was probably due to a cause which had no connection with the train. All subsequent illnesses are produced by the Unconscious acting on the suggestion of the imagined connection between the illness and the train. Such suggestions are passed on from one person to another, and persons would never have been ill upon a train are made so by the knowledge that some one else has been.

Then, there is accidental death. Students of auto-suggestion believe, as Freud does, that many accidental deaths are unconscious suicides. When one who has let the imagination dwell upon the fear of being run over by an automobile is in real danger of being run over, he is likely to act instinctively so as to bring about the accident he fears.

Often it is possible to check a discouraged, frightened or gloomy thought at its beginning. When we cannot in this way merely forget it, we must remember that merely to fight it, is no use. To determine not to feel an unworthy love is to love more. To combat a bad habit by merely reiterating, "I will not do it," is to give it a greater control over our thoughts. The more effort of this sort that one uses the less he will be able to accomplish.

What we must do is to crowd out one thought with another of a different tendency. *We must imagine things the way that we wish them to be.* We must give our imagination something positive which it can picture and can work upon. To imagine ourselves happy and successful and, in many cases of disease, to imagine ourselves healthy, is to set going machinery within us which is capable of fulfilling the things that we imagine.

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## The Gap in the Fence

[Continued from page 41]

well-bred, the whole perilous situation between us—not as host and guests but as husband, wife and lover—might have gone up in one glorious flaming explosion. It would have been vulgar perhaps, but preferable to the sham of that friendly visit.

Our story ran pretty true to type—two men in love with the same woman. Haverock had loved her first, had a long first inning on his own in the carefree days of 1913, when he was the youngest and latest Royal Academician, the rage of the London season. At that time she was Lois Huntingdon, a debutante beloved of the society papers, and I, still a school-boy, had never heard of either of them. In 1913, Haverock asked her to marry him. Though she "rather liked" him, Lois refused. In 1914, in the uniform of a private of the Artists' Rifles, he asked her again. That second time she had almost loved him—as she had told me, he was immensely lovable then—but something had kept her from accepting him as a husband. Upon various leaves from France he had pursued his quest, as determined to marry her as she, in the end, was determined not to marry him. She never would have married him, had not fate, as queerly dramatic as ever, taken a hand in their affairs.

In the Spring of 1917, I came home on leave. The night I landed back in London, I was invited to a dance—and I met Lois Huntingdon. It was love at first sight for both of us and, in the speedy fashion of those days, we had declared it to each other before the evening was out. It was something more than a mere wartime passion, we didn't even talk at first of engagements or marriage. Our love was too great and strange a thing to be hurried.

This is no place to rave over the loveliness of Lois. Let me say that, on that evening, she was as lovely as a lovely English girl of twenty-three can be. As I drove her home from that dance, I felt all the sordid beastliness of the war slip away from me. The future stretched ahead, a vista of pure happiness.

**B**UT things were not to happen so. Life is not so easy. When I parted from Lois and she stepped inside the door of her father's house in Kensington, she found a telegram waiting for her, which in the cruelly brief fashion of telegrams, told her that John Haverock was lying wounded and blind at a Base Hospital, that he had no relatives to send for and had begged that, if possible, she would come over to him. It seemed that he was likely to die.

Lois, young, generous, and quick to pity, did not hesitate. She found no difficulty in facing the situation—there had not even seemed to be one to face. She telephoned to me postponing the meeting which we had so eagerly arranged for next day—and went to France. It simply did not occur to her to do anything else.

If Haverock had died then—well, he would have died, and left a little gap in Lois's heart for they had been friends for four years. But he didn't die. Though his sight was gone forever, he made a miraculous recovery from his wounds and, when in a Park Lane hospital for officers (of which he was the darling patient) he asked her for the tenth time to become his wife, Lois had not the heart to refuse.

In those first days of calamity with his eyes heavily bandaged, Haverock had the look of a lost child, pitiful and helpless. Lois had a soft heart for lost children. Besides, to her young sympathy, it seemed doubly pitiful that he whose sight had

led him always in the quest of beauty should no longer have any share in the light and color of the world. He had handed her his smashed life for repair, and it was an appeal she could not resist. She came to me, weeping, and told me that she had made up her mind to do it.

And I let her do it! I who loved her as I had never before loved. Allowed her to tie herself to Haverock's broken life.

God knows why I did it! In those days we were all brimful of every sort of heroism and idealism. War is a theatrical business. The emotions it inspires are often those of a melodrama. I thought at the time that I was doing right, that all of us owed Haverock some recompense for his terrible loss.

All the tragedies of the War do not lie still under wooden crosses. Some of them have gone on and on, eating like a canker-worm into the heart of life. I let her go to Haverock. For seven, bitter, empty years I repented it in loneliness. That was our tragedy, one of misunderstanding, of misspent courage.

As I watched her, seated at my table, with all the luxuries of peace about her, I wondered.

Lois had stood by her choice. I admired her for that. She had been for seven years a good wife to Haverock—and I was beginning to understand what that had meant, that she had had her Calvary as well as I!

For me it had been a part impossible to play. I could not agree to sacrifice the love which in so short a time had grown so precious to me. During those seven years I had stamped restlessly about the world—and now, foolishly, madly, had asked the Haverocks to visit me!

The villa, a dream-house tucked in the hills above Monte Carlo, below the frowning muzzle of the Tête de Chien and in full view of the gleaming lapis lazuli of the Mediterranean, had recently been left to me by an uncle—and I had come to live there, realizing that one cannot roam forever in search of forgetfulness. It was the sort of house that Lois could have made heaven. Fancifully, I was having the place altered, the house enlarged, the garden improved—for her. The work was finished, except for the terrace at the foot of the garden on which the masons were still busy.

The butler withdrew. We drank our coffee in silence. The candle-light made a golden pool of the room—a beautiful room in which Lois looked unbearably, painfully beautiful. The dark wine-colored hangings were a foil to her fair beauty (how often I had pictured her against them!) the carpet was soft for her feet. There were few pictures on the walls, an etching or so, and, above the wide Provencal hearth, a portrait in oils.

It was the portrait of Lois by John Haverock, R. A. which had been one of the Seven Wonders of the Academy Exhibition of 1914. It hung there, like a portrait of the Madonna over a shrine. In the first summer of the war it had been bought by some one in America. I had spent many months over there searching for it and persuading its owner to sell. When she first came into the room and saw it, Lois had given a little gasp.

"What's wrong?" her husband asked.

"Nothing, John—only that this is such a lovely room!"

And, when Haverock had asked her to describe the room to him, she had gone over its furnishing detail by detail, but she had not mentioned the portrait. The



omission had spoken a message to me. "I understand!" it had said. "I understand!" That gave me hope. I had been afraid at first that by telling Haverock in her queer matter-of-fact way that it was there, she might have passed off the presence of it as something now quite without meaning to her.

"Well—" I said at length, to break the silence which seemed to oppress us.

"A good wine!" said Haverock, finishing his port and fumbling for the decanter. I turned to Lois.

"Would you two like to come out into the garden?" I asked. "It's a mild night and the view is really beautiful! I'm building a terrace at the end of the garden. It's almost finished now except for the balustrade. Damn' slackers, those Italian masons!"

"Count me out!" grunted Haverock.

"Yes," Lois said, "he's tired. The journey from Paris is rather beastly, now that the Blue Train has stopped running!"

"You'll come, won't you?"

"Yes," she answered. "I'd love to!"

Haverock looked sharply round and began to haul himself to his feet. "Perhaps I'll join you after all," he said, "if the night is mild."

He reached for his wife's arm and, as his fingers closed upon its whiteness, I felt a sudden keen rush of hatred for the man who had robbed me of so much beauty. We all three walked through the open French window into the garden. I wondered again what Haverock was thinking, why he had decided to come with us.

We halted on the terrace, faced with one of the most wonderful views in all Europe. The beauty of the scene drew a sigh of pleasure from Lois. The wide sea lay plated with silver, under the young moon. Immediately below where we stood, a sheer magnificent drop of more than a hundred feet, lay the Corniche road, white with the dust of early summer.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" Lois murmured as she verbally sketched out the scenery to her husband.

Haverock took a sudden step forward towards the balustrade, groping with his hands. I had just time to seize his shoulder and drag him back. I had forgotten to warn my guests that the coping was not finished.

"What's wrong?" Haverock asked abruptly.

"Just in time!" I said. "They didn't manage to finish the balustrade this afternoon. Another step and you'd have been down on the Corniche!" My forehead was wet with perspiration and my hand trembled as I drew him clear of the danger.

"Thank you!" he murmured—and there was a queer note in his voice.

The incident had been a shock to me, not so much on account of the danger that had threatened my guest, but because for an instant, as his dark bulk had stood silhouetted against the gap in the fence, a thought had come into my mind. I had recalled with a strange and disconcerting vividness the words I had had that same afternoon with Mario, the master-mason responsible for the work on the terrace. I had walked down the garden at about five o'clock and found the workmen packing up their tools for the day. The balustrade was not completed. I asked Mario whether he intended to leave the gap in it unprotected.

"But why not, *signor*?"

"Because some one might fall through it on to the road below! You must put a plank across it."

"But there is no plank, *signor*!"

"You must find one. The thing can't be left as it is."

Mario had smiled at that, and shrugged

his shoulders. He thought me a trifle mad.

"Surely, *signor*, there is not even an *Inglese* so mad as to walk through a gap in the balustrade for the pleasure of falling a hundred feet on to the Corniche!"

At that moment my butler had come to announce the arrival of the Haverocks and I had hurried up to the house without first making sure that my orders were obeyed—which, of course, they were not!

I was frightened by the thought that was jerked into my mind by Haverock's near-tragedy—and it was a thought that frightened me, because as he stood on the sheer edge of the drop, I visualized all that the death of Haverock would mean to Lois and me; release from the bonds of circumstance, freedom to love each other, a new life and a new hope. For an instant I had feverishly imagined that the fate, which had separated us, had softened towards us, had for a purpose left that gap uncovered, led Haverock to it. Can you understand the horror that swept over me, that I, a gentleman and host to that man and his wife, should, even for a brief instant, have contemplated that?

The incident had left us all on edge.

"I THINK I'll be going into the house," I said Haverock. "But don't let me spoil your walk. I can sit indoors till you come back."

Neither of us attempted to dissuade him. We walked back in strained silence to the dining-room, where Lois settled her husband into his chair and I filled up his glass from the decanter. Without speaking we went out again into the open air, leaving him seated stiffly at the table, his eyes staring with queer sightless fixity through the blue smoke of his cigar, alone with the portrait of his wife.

"Well?" said Lois when we stood again on the terrace. She looked at me with wide questioning eyes and, in the glance of them, I forgot the thoughts that a short while before had made me sweat and tremble with fear.

I pointed to a stone bench that stood on the edge of the terrace farthest from the balustrade in the shadow of the flowering lilacs. "Shall we sit down?" I said. "There's so much I want to tell you, my dear!"

We sat down, with the plumed lilacs brushing our cheeks and their incense drifting about us with the heavy sweetness of a drug.

"I had to ask you to come here, Lois!" "And I—" she whispered, "I had to come!"

"Have you been happy?"

I waited breathlessly for her answer, for, men are so selfish in love that I could not have borne to hear that she had been happy with Haverock.

"Happy, Michael—happy? No—"

"My poor child!"

She hesitated and I saw her lips tighten. "No—neither happy nor unhappy."

"He hasn't been unkind to you?" I asked.

"N-no!" she murmured, but without conviction.

"Why did you insist on wearing those flowers?" I asked. "They don't go with your frock, you know—and you were always so fastidious about details like that."

She didn't answer. I bent over and lifted the waxen blooms, revealing the whiteness of her arm beneath.

"Ah!" I said with a sort of savage triumph. "Ah, I thought so!" That whiteness was marred by fine black marks—bruises—a man's fingers.

She drew away resentfully.

"Michael, he can't help it! His nerves

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are all shot to pieces. Sometimes he is unkind to me, very unkind. But I tell myself that his unkindness isn't aimed at me specially, that it's just a grudge he has against us all—and he has a right to have it—against us who can see! Life has been cruel to him—and he's getting his own back!"

"By being cruel to you!" I broke in, blind to any consideration but that of Haverock's having laid hands on her. "Good God, Lois—"

She went on undisturbed, almost as though it were a lesson she was repeating.

"Beauty was his whole life, you see. He was an artist and saw things beautifully. By taking his sight away, God has taken everything! Once he used to love his work and, when he was working, was happy. Now he has," she made a delicate gesture, "nothing."

Oh, the bravery of women! She had steeled herself against the hopelessness of her life by repeating whenever she faltered, that excuse for Haverock.

"He has you!" I said.

She smiled at my fondness. "I'm not 'mough, Michael!" Then, fiercely: "God knows, I've tried to be!"

I stared at her in silence. In the mingling of moonlight and shadow, with the night all scent and silver behind her, she looked more unsubstantially lovely than I had ever seen her.

"Lois," I whispered, "have you ever thought of me since then?"

"Always, oh, my dearest, always!"

"I made this place for you," I told her. "I built this terrace so that you could sit here in the sun! Was I mad, my dear?"

When she answered, it was a very quiet voice.

"I wish you hadn't asked us to come here, Michael!"

"Are you hating me for that? It was running a tremendous risk, I know, but—"

"Hating you?" she broke in. "I'm loving you, that's the trouble! Oh, it will be so hard—to go!"

"Why go? Why not stay here forever?"

"And John?" she asked wearily.

I DREW her closer to me, almost afraid that she might at any moment take wings and I should find myself alone again with my dream.

"Can't you tell him, Lois? Can't we three talk it all out? He *must* let you go. You can't stay tied to unhappiness forever!"

"My dear," she said, "he needs me. When I undertook this marriage, I swore to myself that I would see it through. And, oh, Michael, I was doing so well, so awfully well! It wasn't fair to bring me out here and show me all this—the villa, the picture, yourself!"

I smashed my hands together in sheer exasperation at the gallant stupidity of her sacrifice.

"Lois, it's ridiculous, quixotic!"

"But it's right, dear, right! We must go on as we have begun. I've been cleverer at it than you, you see. You must forget. It's hard, dear, but you must try!"

"Perhaps it's been easier for you!" I muttered and the next instant could have cut my tongue out for the words, for she flinched away from the injustice of them.

"Was that fair, Michael? I've had my hard times, too!"

"So there's no way out then?"

She shook her head.

"No, none. I must be with him forever!"

We stared at each other with sudden horror in our eyes. The solemn sound of those last words smote at my heart like the note of a passing-bell. In the way of

all unhappy lovers, we had had a sudden glimpse into infinity—and we were frightened as children are when their elders tell them that the universe is without end, that it goes on and on and on.

With a little stifled cry, Lois buried her face in her hands.

"Lois!" I cried. "Lois!"

I felt a tear fall on to my hand. I put out my arms and drew her to me. The mask that had pinched so horribly was off. We could no longer strive after a pretense of indifference. She was mine, and I, hers.

"Lois," I said, "Lois, I love you. Do you hear? I've loved you like hell since the first evening we met. What's the use of pretending to forget? We can't either of us do it! If you wanted us to forget, why did you come down here? You wouldn't have come if you hadn't realized that, sooner or later, we must be together again!"

In her turn, she put her arms about my neck, pressing kisses on my mouth, almost stifling me with the fervor of her passion.

"Michael, I love you, too!" she whispered in my ear. "You could give me the most wonderful happiness in the world. If only it weren't for John, if only—" She clung to me, weeping.

I held her in my arms, kissing the white curve of her throat, her dear head upon my shoulder, feeling, with the sweetness and the beauty of her, the years slip away—and I was back again in 1917, seated in a corner far withdrawn from the music of the waltz they were playing, with Lois a new and surprising wonder.

As we sat in the shadow of the lilacs, beyond all time and space, my thoughts shifted and changed from happiness to despair and back to happiness, like the colors of a kaleidoscope. I felt no shame at holding her, another man's wife, in my arms at last. Haverock, by his cruelty and insistence, had forfeited all right to her. The right was mine now, for what right was there in the world but love?

My thoughts swung away to Haverock. An empty life, Lois had said. Poor blind devil! Perhaps after all . . . And yet there were thousands of other poor devils who weren't dogs in the manger, who took their own particular form of hell with a smile, without trying to drag a woman through it with them. And Haverock had had his chance, seven years in which to pull himself straight, to learn to appreciate the sacrifice Lois had made for him! Why should we think of him? He was broken and finished. Why let two lives go smash for the sake of one?

My thoughts strayed. Two against one, one against two! And yet one had to be sorry for Haverock. Poor devil, with no eyes, nothing to live for, his whole scheme of things blotted out by the shock of a shell! I looked at the terrace where there were shifting shadows, changing their fantastic shapes every instant, like my own thoughts. My brain, so filled with those unsteady thoughts, felt strained to bursting. I stared across the shadows and saw Haverock coming down the path between the cypresses. I thought at first that it must have been an illusion. What could he be doing there? Why should he have come out again?

But it *was* Haverock. He stopped at the edge of the terrace, just clear of the shadows. His sightless eyes, swinging to where we sat, looked strangely alive and *seeing!* The butt of his cigar was between his teeth. The ash of it glowed like a third eye, watching. I sat without moving.

He stared and stared and seemed to nod his head. Only an effect of the moon-

light, but he *did* seem to nod his head. I wondered dully what he was doing there.

He turned away. Ah, I thought, he didn't know that we were there. Poor blind chap . . . cruel devil to have tortured Lois. That was the way my thoughts went, whirling from one notion to another.

He was walking across the terrace now, towards the balustrade. His cigar was in his hand. Queer, I thought, how those blind chaps learned to walk so surely, without groping their way. He reached the balustrade. He was standing very close to the gap from which earlier in the evening I had dragged him. Not finished, that balustrade. Mario had forgotten to put the plank there as I had told him. I would go for him in the morning. Better warn Haverock, shout to him to look out. Dangerous for him to be there, so carelessly smoking his cigar on the very edge of the drop. Suppose he were to slip! Release for Lois! Happiness for us both!

He moved along the balustrade, nearer to the gap. Lois had said "forever." Such a long time—forever! Anyway, it was Haverock's fault if he slipped. Blind men shouldn't wander out alone into dark gardens. What had he expected to find?

He turned and looked towards the bench. He raised his hand. Was it just to put the cigar to his lips—or did he wave his hand to me? That gesture of his, that was like a taunt, broke the trance that had kept me motionless there. I forgot everything; Lois, my evil thoughts, longings and despairs, everything but the fact that Haverock was in danger, that I had allowed him to go so far towards the gap without warning him. I sprang up and started to run across the terrace.

"Stop!" I shouted. "Stop!"

But Haverock wasn't there!

I halted—petrified. The moonlight and shadow worried me. I thought that perhaps I was not seeing properly, that he was really there after all. The gap was empty. Between the balustrades, where his dark figure had been, I could see the silver glimmer of the sea. My senses left me and, as Lois ran to my side, I fainted.

That must have been an awful night for Lois. Though she has never mentioned it to me since, I know that, tossing and turning in the sweat of fever, haunted by the terror of what had happened on the terrace, I shouted wild cries, calling myself a murderer, shouting to Haverock to "Stop! Stop!" It was all utterly beyond her understanding, for she had not seen him fall and did not understand how the accident had taken place.

Poor child, it will be a long time before she forgets that night. She had a double burden to bear, of me raving like a madman and him lying downstairs—dead. Though she had never really loved him and indeed come almost to hate him, the shock of seeing him brought in from the road, all smashed and twisted by his fall, had been terrible. Heaven alone knows how she lasted out the night! She had courage that would have been remarkable in the bravest of men.

It was almost a week before I was strong enough to face the inquest; a week of endless hours during which, though my body rested, my mind could find no peace. When, helped by the butler, I came downstairs, I felt like a murderer on his way to judgment. The day after the tragedy, the magistrate and the police doctor had been up to view the body. At the end of their examination they had informed Lois that the problem of how her husband had come to fall through the balustrade would compel them to put certain purely formal questions to her and myself.

They were in the dining-room, two kindly bearded Frenchmen who smiled at me and asked me to sit down. The room was just

as it had been on the night Haverock met his death—except that the portrait of Lois which had hung above the mantel was now on the floor, leaning against the wall.

It was Lois whom they questioned for the doctor sympathetically suggested that, in my weak condition, their investigation might trouble me.

"It was an accident, then?" said the magistrate.

"Yes," Lois answered. "My husband was blind—the war, you understand."

"Will you tell us what happened on the evening in question?"

She replied without faltering.

"My host here and I went for a walk in the garden, leaving my husband seated at the table in this room. He must have come out in search for us and fallen through the gap in the balustrade of the terrace!"

THE magistrate nodded. A quick glance passed between him and his colleague. "Was that so, m'sieu?" asked the doctor.

It was all that I could do then not to break out with the truth of what had happened, not to tell all that lay like a weight of lead on my conscience, how I had sat without moving and let Haverock fall. I had become so obsessed with the thought of my guilt that to have unburdened myself to any one would have been a blessed relief. The words were on my lips—when I hesitated.

"What after all," I asked myself, "would be the good of complicating matters by naming myself a murderer?" In the eyes of the law I was not one. I had taken no active part in Haverock's death—only a passive one. They could not charge me with not having warned him of his danger. Lois would tell them that I had shouted to him to stop—but that it had been too late.

My brain swam, and I nodded my head.

"Mrs. Haverock is right. That was what happened."

The doctor turned to Lois.

"You are quite sure, madame, that your husband was blind?"

"Why, yes," she answered. "Ask any one in Monte Carlo. The whole world knew of his tragedy!"

The magistrate interposed a question.

"Were there any extraordinary signs of disorder in this room, madame?"

My dazed mind could not follow the meaning of this question. Something in their attitude told me that there was more than mere formality in their enquiry, that they were not satisfied with the evidence of Haverock's accident. My agitation was such that I felt sure I had betrayed my secret, that they must be able to read it in my eyes.

Lois shook her head in answer to the question.

"No disorder, m'sieu, except that the picture which you see leaning against the wall and which formerly used to hang above the mantel had broken its cord and fallen to the floor."

"Ah!" said the magistrate. "A picture tell! You found it lying there when you came in from the terrace?"

"Yes."

The doctor crossed the room and turned the canvas to face us.

"A heavy picture!" he exclaimed. "A heavy shock, mon ami!"

We all stared at him in bewilderment. "But I don't understand," said Lois.

The doctor, lost in admiration of the picture, did not answer.

"Magnifique! A true work of art. One could not fail to recognize, madame! It is strange, is it not, mon ami, that the portrait should have been of madame, that he should have seen that first—when his eyes were opened?"

"Please! please!" Lois cried. "Won't

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# AGENTS

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you explain what all this means?"

The doctor nodded. "Certainly. It means that your husband was not blind!"

"Not blind? But I—"

"I should have said perhaps that he was not blind when he died. The shock of the shell had paralyzed certain of his optic nerves. The shock of this picture falling restored those nerves to life. I will not worry you with medical terms but I am sure this was what happened. An examination of your unfortunate husband's eyes proved it beyond a doubt. He was not blind when he fell from the terrace. Perhaps his sight was not good and so he mistook his bearings. Perhaps he had reason to fall—"

"Monsieur Haverock," added the magistrate, "had been blind for seven years, *n'est-ce pas?* That must have been tragic for him, a great artist! He must have felt sometimes that his was *une vie cassée*—a broken life—bringing only unhappiness to himself and others."

He reached for his hat.

"We shall never know the truth. In any case, madame, our verdict shall be one of 'Death by misadventure. Good day to you!'"

With a bow and a smile to us, he and the doctor took their departure.

Lois and I are married now—and our

happiness is such that I cannot bring myself to spoil it. The night of John Haverock's death is a closed book between us. By mutual consent we have never spoken of it. I have never told her what happened when she lay that night in my arms with the lilac blossom brushing her cheek. She has never spoken of my hours of delirium and the things that I said then.

What good would I do by confessing to her now? The past is past and the future is before us. Our happiness took so long to win that I dare not risk spoiling its perfection. But sometimes, at night when I lie awake or when I am alone during the day, the haunting memory comes back to me. I ask myself again the desperate questions to which I can find no answer.

Did Haverock wilfully go to his death, having seen the picture at his feet and guessed the truth of the love between Lois and myself? Or was he blindly searching for us in the garden and did I as good as murder him, when for a moment I hesitated to run after him and drag him away from the gap?

These things God alone can determine. They remain the ever-present shadow behind my happiness. Perhaps in His eyes I am a murderer! My conscience gives me no peace.

"I ESCAPED from the black fiends who trailed me only to fall into the hands of a white man, a grim, ugly, ruthless creature." This situation makes the drama and the romance of Trapped in a Jungle—a SMART SET true story for October, on sale September 1st.

## Love

[Continued from page 80]

You are living in a community of neighbors and a world of human beings, Elsie, on whom you depend and must depend for your comfort and happiness and very life. None of us is independent. We all lean to some extent, on each other.

For this reason, can't you see dear, that it's wise to respect the opinions and customs of others?

In tennis, if you refused to abide by the rules you would soon be outlawed. And it's equally true that those who defiantly flaunt the conventions which human beings have adopted in self-protection as unwritten rules of the game of civilized life, are outlawed. They inevitably suffer and bring suffering on others. So if I were you, my dear, I would content myself with viewing the sunrise from a window at home and keep to conventional hours in that delightful and stimulating friendship of yours with Ned.

Mabel is worried over her marriage. After one year of marriage, problems sometimes loom larger than they ever will again. Each year brings a little better mutual understanding, and more sensible mutual adjustment where both partners are reasonable, tolerant and good-humored. Her letter is illuminating:

Dear Mrs. Madison:

When I was introduced to the man who is now my husband, I thought him entirely different from the white collar type of men I'd known and I became interested at once.

He looked a little rough and ready and his face showed signs of long overseas war service. I hesitated to marry him because my friends showed a little surprise over the type of man I'd chosen. They said nothing, but I could tell.

He is kind and in the true sense a gentleman, however, so at last I married him.

A year has passed. Soon we shall

have to move to a distant city because of his work. I don't want to go. I hate to leave my dear father and mother. And lately I've felt a little ashamed of my husband. He's so commonplace. He never studies or reads anything except the newspaper. I long for a cultured atmosphere.

Do you think it would be very dreadful if I were to leave him? He is content but I am dissatisfied and restless.

MABEL.

My dear Mabel, there never has been a marriage that was 100 per cent. congenial. That's because human things are not 100 per cent. perfect. I doubt whether the happiest wife has not had a moment sometime when—just for an instant—she considered divorce or at least separation. It's difficult to adjust two lives to each other.

Don't for an instant think your marriage is a failure. Your husband has disappointed you in some ways. You also have disillusioned him—never doubt that. If he is too kind to show this, thank your lucky stars that he is loyally kind.

As for leaving your parents—that's life. Your husband comes first. You made that bargain when you and he were married. Don't be a quitter the moment things become a little difficult. Meet your marriage problems frankly as they come up but meet them by living with them in your home, with your husband.

If you long for culture, my dear, go ahead—read and study. What's to prevent it? Let your husband express himself just as freely by reading the sports page to his heart's content and smoking his pipe, if he wants to while he reads.

Here's an ultra-modern problem, which possibly a number of my readers have had to face:

Dear Mrs. Madison:

A young man whom I met at a

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dance lately, asked me to go for a ride in his car. It was a lovely evening and we flew along until at last we came to a very quiet, sheltered road. Here he parked the car.

I asked him why we were stopping. Instead of replying he drew a flask from his pocket and offered me a drink.

I refused.

"What a little Puritan!" he exclaimed, and tried to kiss me.

I asked him not to kiss me as we were comparative strangers—certainly not in love with each other.

"Why do you think I brought you here," he said, "except to pet? Why should you object? Surely you must have noticed many parked cars as we came along? Every one pets. I wouldn't pay any attention to a girl too narrow-minded to pet."

I asked him to drive me home. He said that unless I was sufficiently good-humored to enjoy myself, drink with him and act "reasonable," I could get home the best way I knew how.

I walked home—nearly six miles—at night, alone. I was frightened to death. But I would rather have died than stay any longer in that car with that man. Is it true that nowadays a girl who does not pet and drink is hopelessly old-fashioned and cannot expect to be popular?

CELIA.

There always has been petting and there probably always will be, Celia. For it is natural to demonstrate fondness and love in this fashion. Petting is part of courtship.

But to seek to pet every girl of one's acquaintance and to take offense if she has too much pride and reserve to permit the caresses of a man who is just a friendly acquaintance, is a vulgarity which belongs especially to some men of this generation. Possibly it goes with the hip flask.

**HIGH-POWERED** cars that take one quickly to secluded regions, and crowded conditions in many homes making reasonable privacy difficult for young people—with many other new complications, bring new problems.

Be very careful my dear, as doubtless you will be after this experience—with whom you go riding. Remember, you place yourself in the power of the man at the wheel when you ride alone with him. It is not enough that you should know him. He should be a tried, true and trustworthy friend.

You were quite right in refusing the drink. A woman under the influence of liquor is a woman without judgment, likely to say and do things she may regret the rest of her life.

You will not lose real popularity through demanding respect. The girl who is best loved by men, who is sought after as friend, sweetheart, and wife, is the girl who understands the art of being charmingly, bewitchingly good.

Problems that seem overwhelming are not so hard once they're frankly faced. Are you a lonely girl? Are you unpopular? Are you perplexed because the course of true love refuses to "run smooth"?

Let me hear from you, dear girls. This is your column, for free discussion and solution of your love problems. Be sure to put your correct name and address in the upper left hand corner of your letter. These will not be printed, but I must have them for good faith. Only fictitious names signed to the letters will be used.

(Signed) Your friend in need,  
MARTHA MADISON.



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# Can You Recommend Your Boss?

[Continued from page 23]

wave. My mouth is kind of big, but it is a good shape and I have good teeth which I keep shined up very white and then I use a vermilion lip-stick. Why do I do it? Well, I like my looks that way. Besides I have a cousin who is in a Broadway musical comedy and she tells me how to be a smart-looking girl and not an old intellectual looking moss-back.

Then I have a very good shape, slim, five feet six and 120 pounds in my street clothes and very careful to keep it. I wear silver gray chiffon stockings that cost three dollars, but I wash them every night so they last for months. And when skirts are eighteen inches from the ground in Paris, well, so are mine, in New York.

When I was applying for my job, the old man looked me up and down in a sour way, his eyes lingering particularly around the ankles and knees. "Well, if he doesn't approve of me," I thought, "I don't approve of him, either." Because he was a wizened bilious-looking man with a sawn skin and the whites of his eyes were yellow, too. He wore *pince-nez*, a cheap ready-made suit of some hard and shiny cloth like alpaca or mohair and thin black kid shoes like an old lady.

**H**E IS a very well-known man. Why, if I told you who he is, you would nearly pass out with the shock. For one thing he is worth only twenty million bucks. But when I asked him for twenty-five dollars a week, which was what I had been getting, he tried to beat me down to twenty. Then after a long argument, and I am no good at that haggling sort of thing, he said:

"All right, I'll try you for a hundred a month. But co-workers here (that's what he called the other poor devils in his employ) all work from eight-thirty in the morning until six." In this way, you see, he knocked a few dollars from my salary and added several hours to my work.

I didn't like him. But I had been out of a job for two weeks, which made a big hole in my finances, and my mother had had to have a doctor a lot and also they had raised our rent so we had just had to move. And you know how much that costs. So I had to take the job. Now I have a good disposition and I would not have objected to his objections to my clothes and general get-up. That was all right. Every one has a right to his opinion. But in the light of what happened I think is was peculiarly disgusting.

At every opportunity he would get in lectures as to how girls who did not rouge were so much more beautiful and sweet and womanly.

He would say:  
"Miss Edgar (which isn't my name), I don't see how on your salary you can afford such expensive stockings."

My stockings and dresses worried him a lot that way, and it kind of gave me the creeps the way he would lamp them with his yellowish eyes.

"Well," I would tell him, just as polite as could be, "I do pay a lot for stockings but my mother and I take such good care of them it isn't really an extravagance. They last for nearly three months. You wouldn't think it, would you?"

Then he gave me quite a talking to on the modern generation, flappers and so forth.

Of course I didn't argue with him. But I have a lot of ideas on this subject. For instance, after five years of observation I have come to this conclusion.

Among the girls who work in offices, those who look the cutest, have the snappiest clothes, hair-cuts, make-up etc. are the ones who are the smartest, the most sensible and get on to things the quickest.

But those girls who wear specs, who have a nest of long, womanly hair done as in 1912 under a ladylike hair nest, who wear black cotton stockings, long skirts, heavy underwear, and are in general appearance, long-footed intellectuals, aren't nearly as smart as the ones like myself, who know how to be a little stylish and gay-looking.

These others may use long words and are sort of wordily facetious and look down on musical comedies and save their money for Shakespeare revivals and make it a point to let you know they care only for the Fine Things of Life. Yet in getting on to things, learning quick, taking in the news, getting work done quick and without fuss and questions and mistakes—pretty skittish-looking stylishly dressed kids have these apparent high-brows, skinned by ten miles.

And when you think it all over, it stands to reason. The plain ones are plain, not because they have not been blessed with a face or a figure, but because they haven't the energy, taste, gumption or nerve, to be slick, handsome, dashing, and snappy-looking.

Yes, this is so. And since they don't know how to look cute, these brainy-looking girls pretend they do not care to because of their high mental powers.

And men, particularly employers, fall for this delusion. As soon as a stenographer looks kind of handsome, men think, "Dumb-bell!"

The man I was telling you about was always giving me advice about womanly behavior and there was a strong religious slant to his lectures because he was terribly religious and his only charity was sending missionaries of the more hard-faced sort to Asia and Africa.

One day I was working late. I worked late for him almost every night of my life. He certainly knew how to get his money's worth out of you. In fact I have a hunch he took great satisfaction in making all his help work over-time, not because there was important work to be done, but because it gave him a big kick to get more than his money's worth out of us.

It was after seven o'clock. And I was smoking a cigarette! This sinful habit was not a recent acquirement. As a matter of fact my father taught me to smoke when I was thirteen. He was a Danish army officer and it seems that women have smoked in Denmark for many years, some of the most aristocratic ladies smoking cigars.

**S**UDDENLY the old man came into the office. When he saw my lighted cigarette which I had laid on the edge of the desk, his yellow eyes had such a look!

"Hello, Mr. B—," I said.  
"Do you think that is very nice?" he said, meaning the cigarette.

"Well, I don't think there is anything so awful about it."

But this is where the big surprise comes in. Instead of dropping to his knees and praying for me, as you might expect, suddenly he smiled an uncanny kind of smile, showing a lot of long yellow teeth; the kind of smile that seemed to indicate that he and I were a couple of rascals together and came over and grabbed me with his dry skinny hands and began



smacking me. Awk! As my cousin in musical comedy says, "It isn't that I have such strict morals, but I got a weak stomach."

Of course, in a half a second, I had given him a push that shoved him halfway across the room.

"Say, you old fool," I said. "You cut that out!"

Then, of course, you know what happened. Any girl who has worked for this kind of man, knows. He turned green, trembled with rage, called me a Jezebel and a painted huzzy, told me to get out quick or he'd have the police on me! His argument was that I had been tempting him! Leading him on! Can you beat that? But, of course, you can, if you use a lip-stick and have worked for men as long as I have.

As for me, of course I didn't keep my mouth shut either. Not that I was such a bit of outraged womanhood, but because I was surprised into a terrible rage, I did get out. He owed me five days' salary and still does. And you know, I haven't the slightest doubt (having been one of his "co-workers" as he called us, for so long), that the fact that he beat me out of five days' pay gave him more than enough satisfaction to compensate for the unpleasantness.

**NOW B—** can get away with this sort of thing for this reason. If a girl tells on him, he can say to his church brethren:

"Who are you going to believe, that painted harlot, or me who has been a deacon in this church for forty years and given hundreds of thousands to spreading the gospel?"

However, old man B— is not a common type among bosses. But still there are enough of them. I would give such a man a reference like this:

To Whom It May Concern: Leroy P. B— thinks smart-looking clothes mean you are a bad woman and among other things, that you would be willing to kiss him. He is extremely religious and also very tight which is a terrible combination, and often found. Also he has accumulated about twenty millions not by his imagination and energy, but by his talent for saving, by stinginess, by cheap food and hideous clothes, by the starvation of himself, his family and his employees. Consequently, B— is not only the kind who may pinch your leg, but he will think up so many slick ways of docking you that by the end of the month you'll owe him money."

(Signed)

Maisie Alice Edgar.

Now for a more common kind of employer. There was D—. Every girl comes upon a Mr. D— sooner or later.

He was about forty, a very, very successful and able business man. His salary was over fifty thousand dollars a year. He had a red face, a fishy eye and looked something like a sheep. Mr. D— turned off a terrible amount of work. And he had cultivated the roughest, harshest, most yelling, hard-boiled cold-proposition manner in America. I think he did it, because like a lot of American business men, he thought this was being A Big Executive. His way of being executive in a nut-shell, was to holler.

"S EDGAR!" He'd yell at me from his office in such an abrupt snarl I'd jump as though galvanized. I'd go into his office with my pad. Then while I was still standing up, he'd rattle off dictation as fast and as incoherently as he could.

When finished, instead of saying "That's enough," or "All right," he'd leave me sitting in doubt as to what to do. Should I wait for more or go? At last I would say doubtfully:

"Any more?"

"At's all," he'd snarl, and I'd go out blushing with embarrassment and feeling as cheap as though I had made the most horrible social blunder.

Mr. D— had a talent for intimidating people. It wasn't that I or others, were really scared but he had such a gift for rudeness, you were always on tender-hooks. You see rude brutes like that have the rest of us in a hole. We polite ones have a horror of scenes, of getting mad and yelling, because to us it means something unpleasant to remember with shame for years afterwards. So when we work for an insect like Mr. D—, in order to prevent him from provoking us to a rage and a scene, we are always on the jump to keep him quiet and satisfied.

Such men certainly get work out of those who are much nicer and even smarter than themselves. But they also send us to sanitariums.

D—'s friends claimed he was a big-hearted rough diamond. If he had been I wouldn't have minded his snarls and yells and unjust accusations. But he wasn't. When I say "friends," he had no real friends that I ever saw, just "business friends" which is something very, very, different again. That is, they were men who wanted to get something out of him. D— himself, whenever it was to his interest to be nice to some man, could be such a hearty, loud-laughing brute, inviting them to the house for golf and cocktails as he passed out the big cigars. He could soft-soap them in the slickest, heartiest way you ever saw.

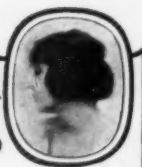
In fact, one of the things that makes me (as an insignificant stenographer and poor, unimportant female) a little scornful of men in business is that they are so loudly, transparently sociable and jolly to those they want to get something out of, or to hang something on. And yet in a weird way the whole kit and boodle of them do it and are done by it. Why, if some one acted that way to me, or any other women, why I would think it was a scream,—like as if a chap were trying to hide in ambush going through all sorts of clever, crafty maneuvers, behind a plate glass window.

**SO IF I** had thought Mr. D— had "a heart as big as the world," (as one advertising man who had been after him for a year for a hundred thousand dollar account used to say), I would not have minded his loud voice.

He'd blame people for things long before he found out they didn't do it. He would steal ideas from poor fellows whose living depended on their being paid for their ideas! Soak anybody wherever it was possible for him to, without getting in serious trouble, or where they had no legal comeback.

When I went to work in the office, I soon became his personal secretary because I was the best stenographer in the place, and had the best disposition. He had me working for him on an average of ten hours a day and two or three evenings a week for a year. Yet he never gave me a raise. Now you will say this was my fault—because I never asked him for one. But there is this about it. I am the kind who just can't ask for a raise. Well, everybody else in the office, because they had more spirit than I, forced D— to put up their salaries fifty cents or a dollar at a time. But I can't do that. I was D—'s favorite and his indispensable

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assistant. But never a nickle more from him, in two and a half years.

Then one day he began upbraiding me for losing a letter.

"Here it is, you darned fool," I said, pulling it out from a pile that was under his hand. "You're such an offensive pup that I'm quitting today!"

Say girls, that was a grand feeling—to be saying what you think to a magnificent male who can make fifty thousand a year, who has had you in a nervous frazzle for a big slice of your life. Swell! I'd no idea it would be such fun.

Now just to show you the kind D— is, and if we ever get bosses references, we ought to put it in D—'s letter of recommendation.

As soon as I had cussed him, he was simply pie to me. He tried to get me to stay, offering me a raise of ten dollars a week! He had to. I had been his office wife, taking all the routine out of his hands,—knew the ins and outs, where things were, every little subtlety of the business. But I wouldn't stay. The thing had got on my nerves and I was determined to have nothing more to do with him.

"No," I said, "I'm the kind of good-natured girl whom people can impose on and use, and take advantage of in every way. And as you are the kind of a man who will soak people, I'm going to quit you. I am not the kind who can fight for their rights. Some girls enjoy this and if their boss cheats them out of their rights, they take pleasure in getting even by cheating him out of things, taking time off for sickness, etc. But I can't do that. So I guess I will just have to find some boss I like better than I do you. May be that won't be so awfully hard, either."

There was one other boss I had that I must speak about. He was just the opposite from Mr. D—, so polite and kind of anxious not to offend you or over-work you, that after a while I couldn't stand it. I was just dying on my feet from not enough to do. Every time he would ask me to take a letter he would do it so bashfully, as though I would be offended if he spoke right out like a real man.

Well sir, I found myself loafing on this poor fellow, and just because he would let me get by with careless work, and coming in late, and two hours for lunch, feeling grieved if he asked me to do anything that was the slightest bit hard.

This boss makes a big mistake. Any smart girl likes to work fast and hard. I do anyway. I find I need definite, brisk orders to work at full speed and it is only then and when there is a lot to do that I feel lively and the working day is short.

I will speak of another kind of a boss and a kind that is common. This is the type who wants a stenographer who is a knock-out for looks, whether she can write short-hand or not. Why? Because he is one of those men whose chief object in all they do, is to surround themselves with women who are possible sweeties.

**M**ANY girls much to their regret find themselves in the employ of just such a papa. You will say, then let them quit. Again I must remind you that it is expensive for us to just get broken into some job and then have to leave. It puts you way behind financially and is also awfully embarrassing, both to resign and to look for new work. Yes, it certainly is hard luck to find yourself at work for a flirtatious man whose person and actions in general give you the pip and with no chance to get away from him.

I worked for Jack C—; a big man about forty-three or four; high-color and inclined to be fat; slightly pop-eyed, but one of those men who is certain he is quite a sheik, and has twenty expensive suits or made-to-order shirts of the finest English broadcloth, usually in pale colors that he thinks are wonderful.

Well, C— was a stock-broker, very smart and said funny things—usually on the dirty story line,—drank a lot, had whiskey in his desk, spent money easily, had a flashy sport model roadster and at least twenty-five or thirty golf clubs in his bag; he prided himself because he knew a great many actresses and famous people. He had a wife and three children living well out in the suburbs, Stamford or farther. He was the kind who was always making cracks at the expense of his wife, i.e. as to how glad he was when she was going to Maine for the summer. Then he called her the Ball and Chain. Oh, you know all those worn-out, tire-some things cheap wise-crackers say about their wives.

**A**T the same time, this wife, as I found out when I finally saw her, was a peach of a woman, very charming, high class, and stunning. She was the nice kind who thinks so well of everybody that her husband found it a perfect cinch to fool her. What lies he would tell, calling her up and saying he was working that night, with an orchestra playing full blast right into the telephone. Incidentally, I am sure it was her money that bought him a seat in the Stock Exchange.

And yet, if this wife showed any inclination to want other men's company, (because certainly men a thousand times nicer than C— must have found her attractive), this fat husband would be so offensively jealous and suspicious and raise such a row! That's just it. Cheap, philandering men like that are always the most jealous.

Well, now about C—'s methods with me. Oh, he was so affable, friendly, jolly and full of funny jokes! This type sometimes fools you at first. He would give me a higher salary than was the scale; take me in his confidence, tell me about his wife's awful, unfortunate, unreasonable jealousy (this was before I ever saw her). During business hours, he would ask me if I would have a drink. I would take a drink of course, though I am not an alcoholic by a long shot. But my weakness is I like to be a sport and be nice. And the way such men get to be too friendly with me is that I can't bare to be considered a prude or a suspicious female who thinks men have a design on her. I always just try to be jolly and nice.

Then, C— would have me work for him in the evening and say we would go out to get just a bite for dinner and then take me to a swell place like the Ritz and make it obvious that he had spent about twenty dollars on my dinner, so I would feel in an awed and grateful mood. Then back to the office where he would take another drink and talk, talk, talk, about himself, and his views on love, and what was love anyway? And the short-comings of his wife and how he wasn't happy and how if he could get someone to really care for him! And how he was really deep-down the loneliest man in New York! So sad, so sad, as he told it to me.

Then after about twenty minutes of work, it would be eleven o'clock and he would take me home in a cab and begin fumbling for my hand.

"But nix on the love making," I'd say, when he'd start that.

"Now, who the hell said I was going to make love to you?" he'd say, very in-

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dignant as though I were a conceited prude, and in this way making me feel like a nickel.

Well, this would be repeated many times, this pretense of evening work. Yet he would keep me fooled into thinking the work really was important. I would be eating more and more of his expensive dinners. Then we would be having to go to his town apartment for things and he would give me kisses that he would pretend were just brotherly and kidding and if I said, "Cut that out," he'd get sore and say that for a good-looking girl I was the most suspicious schoolma'am he ever saw.

He would raise my salary giving such plausible reasons, and making me, in spite of my level-head, feel he was the most appreciative and generous of employers. More dinners. We would begin driving out to the country to road houses. Then I found that what was happening was that about three times a week I was necking with a married man whom I didn't like at all, whose glassy red lips and small freckled hands and general portliness gave me the heebiejeebies.

SO I quit one day. I just didn't turn up at work. I sent him a special delivery letter. Yes, in my life as a stenographer I have put up with much, too much pawing. Why? Just because I cannot bring myself to be the kind of female who says "Stop! Don't! Now quit that!" I am much too polite, that is my whole trouble in dealing with my bosses.

But if I had my way, men like C— would all be spotted and classified. Because to take a job with one of these is not only a waste of time but embarrassing and disagreeable. Not only that, but some young kid, (not a hard-boiled girl of twenty-three like me) some poor young kid every so often will make the big mistake of falling in love with such a man; of thinking that a dinner at the Ritz means she has as good as entered the Four Hundred, that a ride in a three thousand dollars roadster is like marrying Royalty.

So for three or four years the poor kid will be counting on marrying this boob, counting upon his divorcing his wife (when in reality he would just as soon divorce a couple of million dollars), avoiding all the fun and dances and nice young fellows of her own age, all because of love of a fattish married sport, her employer who has bunked her as to the real situation.

Then after three or four years of kidding herself, at last the child comes to and realizes he is just a cheap, sexy papa of forty-eight or so, who thinks it's something that twenty head-waiters know him by name. And so it goes.

Now from these confessions don't think I wish to say the big majority of employers are awful. Not at all. Most of them are nice hard-working men, very anxious about their businesses, good to their office force, kind-hearted and considerate. But I just want to say that there are also in the world some prize packages who make things hot and uneasy for thousands of stenographers. And all I say is, it's too bad we can't get them all spotted by letters of recommendation. And that's a swell idea, if I do say it!

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## Skylight Satan

[Continued from page 77]

my presence for he turned swiftly as a person does who realizes he's being watched. Our eyes met, and we both smiled strange little smiles at each other as if we were not quite sure how the other felt about it.

"Did you get the mules, all right?"

"Yes, with French heels," I answered, trying to forget what the girl had said about him. It seemed like a slander. He was so strong and above-board looking. Still, I forced myself to realize that a man hardly ever earns an ugly reputation unless he deserves it to some degree.

"Good!" he exclaimed, turning again to the open window.

My embarrassment was not as sharp when I stepped out from behind the screen this time. Nevertheless I was still self-conscious enough to be uncomfortable.

The artist worked swiftly and intensely, ignoring me as if I were only a wooden or marble image. First rest period came sooner than I expected. Immediately upon telling me I could be at ease he solicitously draped a dressing-gown around me, and motioned to the big chair nearby:

"It's quite a strain holding that pose. Won't you please sit down, and relax a bit?"

The same little suggestion of a smile hovered around his lips as he spoke.

I sat down and watched him stride over to the window where he leaned against the sill. The vision of him dreaming out of that window fascinated me against my will power. He seemed like a boy wrapped in wistful dreams that might have been of his work, or of somebody he loved. I let my own fancies drift out of that window until a little inner voice warned me I was allowing appearances to camouflage the truth. "He's only a fake," warned the voice. But a woman believes the thing that she wants to believe. I wanted to believe the best about the artist, and I fell to defending him against that little voice of warning.

"He hasn't got the eyes, nor the shoulders of a 'Skylight Satan,'" I told myself. But, on the other hand, the damning voice said he had the hard chin of a man who gets what he goes after; and that the restlessness of his sensitive hands suggested a passionate nature cunningly held in check.

**MY MIND** and heart were in a state of conflict when we went back to work. He kept me until five o'clock.

"Tomorrow we will have to work all day and perhaps much of the night. The job's got to be handed in at nine, the day after tomorrow. I'll pay you well for the night posing. . . . Be here at eight, please."

It was noon in the big studio.

I was about dead from exhaustion for I'd been holding a tiring pose overtime. During all the morning hours hardly a word had passed between the artist and myself. But, now he was speaking and there was a solicitous note in his voice.

"You were a mighty good girl to hang on that long. Here, slip on the gown, and I'll pour you a brace."

His fingers brushed my shoulders as he draped the dressing-gown over me.

I lay down wearily on the divan. Although false strength flowed through me like a current of electricity when I drank what he gave me.

"This port wine will give you life," he smiled, slipping his arm behind me. With his free hand he held the glass to my lips

so the port trickled down, bringing a heady sensation almost immediately.

"I wish I'd known you two months ago when I was illustrating a magazine serial entitled 'Purple Tides.' Sandra, the girl in the story was your double in print. She was everything you are in life. And, there wasn't one model to be had then who suggested Sandra's lure. I had the author's conception of his character in my mind," he said, "but I couldn't exactly translate it into my work. If only I'd known you, which reminds me, you haven't even told me your name."

"Kay—" I found myself answering just as if I had been half-commanded to do so. "Kay—" he repeated several times musingly. "Kay for Kathleen, I suppose."

I nodded.

"It sort of rhymes with the short of mine—Jay—for Jerome, you know," he said his voice setting me to thinking.

It was the voice of a young man, and it seemed hard to connect it with a person of his reputation. But, suppose his voice and his nice eyes were only masks? I shuddered at the idea, wondering just what I would do if he suddenly showed his true colors.

"I'm stronger now. If you're ready to continue—"

"All right, Kay," he said, rising. "But if you feel a tired spell coming on again, just sing out. We're going to have to work tonight anyhow—"

I tried desperately to remember my exact pose as I stood on the dais but the rest period had strangely unnerved me. It was necessary for him to turn me slightly away from him, and the contact of his fingers on my shoulders left me trembling long after he commenced work at the easel.

He worked steadily until four o'clock. I felt as if I would collapse. I guess he realized my condition because he gave me another glass of wine, and said he would fix some tea and sandwiches in the kitchenette. It sounded funny to hear a big man like him speak of making tea and sandwiches. "But, of course," insinuated that voice of warning, "a person called 'Skylight Satan' would know how to do all kinds of things like that. Making tea and sandwiches is part of his pose." Suddenly my eyes focused on the easel. An idea came to me:

"If he's a fake artist I can soon find out," I said, deciding to inspect the easel and see if he was really doing a picture of me. I had hardly gained my feet, however, when he appeared at the portières and invited me to the next room, suggesting that I cut the bread.

"I butcher it into great hunks, and I'm sure you like your slices very slim—like yourself, Kay," he said.

There was a first cup of tea. And a second. Then, I suddenly looked up to find him gazing at me in a way that I cannot quite describe.

"Kay, you're the most beautiful—"

"Don't—please," I begged, at last beginning to believe I was face to face with a man who had worn a false face to lure me. A queer pain, like that of a knife stab, spread through my breast. It is always that way when a woman is forced to believe what she does not want to believe about a man. Then before I knew it he had me in his arms.

"Let me go—let me go," I finally cried, drumming futile fists against him. Hysteria was threatening as he freed me.

"I'm sorry, Kay," he mumbled drawing

back. "I didn't mean to do that to you." But, the rest of his words were lost to me; for I had dashed behind the screen and was donning my clothes as if the studio were in flames.

Jay blocked my way to the door. His face seemed white and drawn; his voice strained.

"Please stay, I've got to get that sketch to Lane's in the morning. It—it means everything to me."

There are times when we can't quite account for our motives and actions. That was one of those times for me. I knew then that I should go and never return. But, I could not refuse him.

"I will come back later—if you promise on your word of honor never to touch me again—like that," I said, my voice shaky.

"I promise, Kay," I heard him answer. But I never dared look up to watch his eyes as he made this promise.

The next moment I was in the hall and taking the steps two at a time. The cool of dusk was in the air when I reached the street. A sense of relief and refreshment swept over me as I turned toward the river . . .

"The next time I'll know better than to give into my own feelings. But there's not to be any next time. He's given me his word of honor about that," I concluded, still trying to place some faith in the honor of a man who bore the name of "Skylight Satan."

From the first moment we started back to work that night both Jay and I were under a terrible strain. He sketched in silence, and without ever coming near me. We both acted like two people imprisoned in the same room, and watching each other with animal cunning for reasons of our own.

The first real rest came at nine. My limbs and body ached from the strain of holding the pose. A sensation of exhaustion was eating into my vitality like acid. It was all I could do to assume the pose again.

Perhaps a half-hour passed before my knees actually began to give way beneath me. I sagged forward at first, destroying the pose. Jay called to me about this. But when he saw me try vainly to regain it he rushed over to a cabinet. Drawing out a flask he filled a glass and forced me to swallow it all. It resuscitated me momentarily. Once more I mustered my remaining strength and will power.

"Only a little while now, my dear—hang on if you can—"

Jay's words were like vague sounds drifting through my consciousness—consciousness that seemed slowly departing from me. The lights overhead dimmed. The floor began to rise up . . . Then I fell forward on the dais, and was drowned in darkness that swirled around me.

There was no darkness when I next opened my eyes. Instead, dazzling light. It was everywhere, pouring in like a blinding torrent.

In that waking moment I was certain only of not being home in bed with Claire. I managed to raise up into something of a sitting position. It was then that I saw an object through the portières that made my mind function. It was an artist's easel!

Dazedly at first, then impetuously, came the flood of memory. I remembered everything up until that moment when I crumpled on the dais. Fog cluttered my mind from then on. The drink had been drugged!

I scrambled out of the bed and rushed into the studio. The artist was not there. Nor in the next room. I called. No one answered. I ran to the great open win-

dows and screamed. The sound of my voice frightened me. I did not dare do it again.

The door!

I ran there. But it held fast against all my twisting and pulling at the knob. The artist had gone, locking me in to await his return. I rushed to the easel. There was no picture of a girl there as I had posed—only a blank canvas.

My knees were bending beneath me. I managed to reach the divan. A phone stood on a little table at my elbow. I swept it up, calling for police headquarters. I succeeded in making the officer who answered, realize that I was locked in the apartment, and wanted a policeman sent to my aid. Police headquarters took the address saying an officer would be sent right up.

I had barely hung up the receiver when there was a swift rap at the door. The voice that answered my inquiry was strange.

"I'm locked in here," I said from my side of the door.

"Locked in," repeated the man outside.

"Well, do you want to get out?"

"Yes, at once!"

"Just a moment then—"

THE knob began to twirl, then the strange voice reached me again. "Sometimes this lock plays tricks. I will try a key—ah! There we are—"

With these words a tall slender man, immaculately attired, pushed the door open. His eyebrows arched at sight of me.

"You—er—live here?" he asked pointedly, his eyes searching the room.

"No—I am a model. I posed here for the artist—"

"Ah! I see," he interrupted smiling in a way that I did not like. "The artist is out? I will wait . . . May I look at some of his work?"

Without waiting for permission he strolled into the skylight room and up to the easel with his blank canvas. Then he came back to me, his eyes appraising me slowly.

"Well, I can certainly compliment this artist on one thing—his model. Eh?"

Again he flashed a smile at me that I didn't like. And suddenly before I knew it, the stranger caught both my hands.

"Sometime, when you're not too busy perhaps you'll pose for me. May I have your name and address?"

I did not like the man. But I told him my address. It was a matter of business. Suddenly he turned.

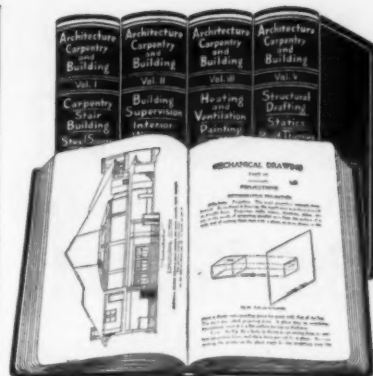
"I can't wait. Give him this for me," he said, thrusting an envelope into my hand, "and—keep this. It is my card. Sometime when you're lonesome, or want to be amused, call me up."

With this as a parting word he walked swiftly to the door, threw me a kiss from there, and disappeared.

I was still standing in my tracks holding the envelope and card when the sound of steps ascending the stairs came to me. A moment later Jay's wide shoulders filled the doorway. He rushed toward me with a smile. But, I drew back, and away from the man who had tricked me.

"You—you—cad!" I cried. "I might have known you'd turn out that way after learning they called you 'Skylight Satan.' I was a fool to have stayed and let you exhaust me, then dope me and—"

"Good Lord, you're hysterical Kay—you're out of your mind! I—kept you here after you fainted last night because there was nothing else to do. You barely aroused once all night. I didn't even know your last name much less your address. There was no way to get word to your



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folks. I—left a note by the pillow this morning explaining all this, and saying I'd gone up to Lane's with the drawing. Kay—didn't you get that note?"

The sound of steps in the outer room kept me from making a reply.

A policeman was standing there. "What's wrong up here?" he demanded.

"I suppose this young lady called you up here to take me over to the police station on account of certain things she thinks have happened—er, I'm quite ready to go, officer," Jay said, starting toward the policeman.

I found my tongue then.

"No—officer—please. There's been a mistake. I—only thought I was locked in—"

"For the love of St. Patrick! I very time a woman calls the station to have her husband, or sweetheart arristed, she changes her mind. Ye're all aloike. If ye call again, I'll till the sergeant to lock ye both up for disturbin' me pace of me mind!" he growled, then turned on his heel and went out.

"Why have you done this, Kay?" asked the artist when we were alone.

"I don't know—except that I suppose a woman always wants to believe what she wants to believe. Right now I—I—well, I want to believe in you—"

"Kay!" he cried, taking my hands. "I tell you, you fainted from exhaustion last night. I only carried you to the bed and—"

"Then you really didn't try one of your tricks on me? I only dared take a chance

that the 'Skylight Satan' story was untrue because Claire and I needed money—"

"Skylight Satan story! Good Lord, there's something out of gear somewhere. No one ever called me 'Skylight Satan.'"

Nervousness overcame me. I dropped the envelope and card given me by the strange visitor to the floor. I saw Jay's glance follow them. An exclamation of surprise broke from his lips as he bent over and picked them up.

"Where did these come from?"

"A tall man came in a few minutes ago and asked for you."

"That was Ralston, the artist who had owned this studio and lived here for two years. Here's a note saying I can't keep it after this month. You see I had only sub-let it temporarily—"

Understanding came to me then. I gasped out, "Then he must be the one they call 'Skylight Satan'! I might have known it from his looks and actions—"

"Kay, did you really believe I was that kind of a man?" asked Jay, a hurt look in his eyes.

"I—I—really didn't want to believe it. But, how did I know you'd only sub-let the studio from the real owner? And—then yesterday when you acted that way—and last night—"

"Kay, would you—still think of me that way if—I kissed you again? Would you, Kay?" he demanded.

My head tilted back, and my eyes closed. "Oh! I'm so glad you're—you're just yourself, Jay," I answered, lifting my lips up to his.

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## Short Skirts Made a Woman of Me

[Continued on page 43]

ually and socially. Ask almost any woman that you know. Anyway, that's the notion of the average woman. But I wonder if she would be satisfied if she thought that she appealed to her husband—or to her "steady"—intellectually only, but not as a woman? Would she? I think I know.

I worried about it. I did a lot of introspection, wondering about myself. I looked into the mirror and I saw what others saw—a dried-up office worker. I tried to console myself on the theory that I was of the slender type, which is still true. I am light boned. But I was skinny.

"Not only skinny—boney," my brother Bruce said, with that brutal frankness of brothers and sisters. "Say, Flo, why don't you put some fat on those bones? Drink a lot of cream, or something?"

"A lot of rich cream? I couldn't get it down!"

"Well, drink milk, then."

"I don't like milk."

And that's the way it was. My complexion, my general appearance, went with my thinness. I looked like an "old maid." I saw those advertisements, "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion." What irony! I never had it.

My brother was merciless. He didn't mean anything. It was just the cruelty of family life. But mother took my part.

"Never mind, Bruce," she said. "Florence is smart. She has the best mind in the family."

"Gosh," said Bruce, "a girl like Flo has got to have."

But my sister Kathryn was, on this occasion, a little kinder.

"I think Florry is working too hard."

I thought that myself. The strain of office work, partly. But I knew that I was not beautiful or attractive, in a feminine way. But I didn't do anything about it. I suppose I took it for granted that nature was kind to some women and not to others. Some girls were lovely, and some were smart. And some were neither. At least, I had some consolation.

But there was another girl in our office who also caught the eye of Mr. Tracey. Agnes May had what I didn't have, in a physical sense, just as I had what she didn't have in a mental sense. She was in the reception room, and thus had an opportunity to talk to any one who came in.

One day, Agnes stopped Mr. Tracey with a question and a smile—this was after he began to take me out. I stood in the doorway waiting for him, while this baby doll with her blue eyes and blonde bobbed hair, detained him. When he finally came I thought he looked self-conscious about having kept me waiting while he chatted with an attractive girl. Of course I would never allow myself to be jealous or envious, and so I thought I would put him at his ease, and show that I had no interest in his flirting with her.

"Miss May is a lovely girl, isn't she?"

But that only made him more self-conscious. "Oh, yes—yes," he said, and he colored up a little. Then he added, half apologizing or explaining, "Naturally, I



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I have seen a lot of pretty girls, at my age, Florence. But I'm not taking any of them out."

That made it quite personal, and I thanked him in my heart. But just the same, I felt that I was contrasted with Agnes, as a matter of feminine attraction, and it made me the more sensitive about my shortcomings. It worried me. Why couldn't I have a little of that girl's roundness and bodily grace?

Still, I might not have done anything about it except that two or three things happened all in a bunch, to stir me up. First, there was that crack of Stella Proctor, about skinny legs and short skirts. Then, one morning at breakfast Kathryn mentioned an item in the paper relating to a taxi-driver's attack upon a young woman passenger.

"But what can a girl do?" mother said, in a tone of helplessness.

"I know what I'd do," I said, hotly. "I'd push his eyes right out of their sockets." Just then Bruce came into the room, laughing. He had overheard.

"Oh, you would, eh? Only there's no danger, Flo, of any man ever wanting to attack you."

I was so angry I almost could have killed him. Mother rebuked him, but the hurt had been done. However, it still needed the last straw to break the camel's back. It happened that afternoon in the office.

John Tracey, after seeing the boss, stopped to talk to me and to invite me to the theater for Saturday evening. We stood at my door and across the room Agnes May stood talking to another girl. Of course, I knew she was there, but I didn't want John to notice her. You see when the short skirt fashion came back, with the announcement from Paris that they would be worn up around the knees, there were a few pioneers who followed the prediction faithfully. Well, Agnes was one of those pioneers. I'll admit she had wonderful legs. Remember this was a couple of years ago, before we got used to knee-length skirts. It seemed bold, then.

Now, as John and I talked, I saw Agnes standing on one foot, that is, raising the heel off the floor and swinging her foot around outward, and then back, resting on the toe as a pivot. It just turned her calf around and back in what I suppose might have been a tantalizing way. Perhaps she was unconscious of it, but I thought it was deliberate. I kept on talking, as usual, but I was provoked. The idea of her showing off that way! And then when I glanced back at John I found that he was staring at her legs. I stiffened up, almost rigid, and I stopped talking. He looked back at me and saw that I had caught him at it. Of course, there was nothing to stop him from looking at her legs. But he saw that I had observed him and he flushed. He started to say something, and stammered.

"I've got to get back to work," I said, trying to be natural.

"But—er—it's all settled for Saturday night, then?"

"No, I'm not going Saturday. Good-by."

He felt my antagonism, and I felt his own spirit stiffen.

"Very well, good-by," he said. I stepped back to my room, but as I closed the door I saw Agnes May turn and smile at him.

I felt that it was all off between us. Looking at her legs! While talking to me! Would these humiliations never cease? I called him a beast, but in my heart, as I know now, I was envious and infuriated that Agnes had what I lacked—feminine attractiveness.

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BLACKHEADS

PIMPLES

But what could I do? I did not even know that there was anything I could do, but I was ready, now to start anything. I spent a miserable afternoon. Even my brother Bruce at the dinner table that evening, noticed that there was something wrong. As he went out into the living-room he apologized.

"I didn't mean what I said this morning, Flo," he said. "I take it back. I'm sorry."

He put his arm around me in his clumsy way, and I kissed him. Then my feelings boiled over and I broke down and cried. Poor Bruce didn't know what to make of it, but he told me again not to mind what he said. Mother came and put her arms around me and said my nerves were all gone. But, of course, it wasn't just that.

I FELT better after my cry, and Bruce hung around and tried to be nice. I asked him how I could get fat, and he asked why I didn't try cod-liver oil. I once had a taste of that, so I said I would rather stay thin, and we all laughed. Then the door-bell rang.

Mother started up and said there was something she had forgotten to tell me. The new rector of the little church down on Lake Street was coming to see me about playing the organ. They could not afford a professional musician, but he had heard I was a pianist, and perhaps we could make some arrangement. So before they opened the door I skipped upstairs to wash my eyes and get some powder and fix up a little.

I expected to see a middle-aged preacher, and so I was surprised to find a man who looked younger than John Tracey. He and Bruce were talking athletics, and after I was introduced, Bruce said that Mr. Griswold had been a famous athlete in college, and knew all about training, and could tell me how to get fat.

"So you want to be fat?" he asked, in a cordial way that made me feel at home with him. "Just how fat?"

"She wants to look like Aunt Eppie," said Bruce. He was speaking of poor Mrs. Hart, a neighbor. We called her Aunt Eppie as a nickname among ourselves in honor of the fat lady character in Fontaine Fox's cartoons.

"Oh, goodness, no," I said. "I only want about thirty pounds."

"But, why fat?"

"Because I'm skinny."

The rector went over to Bruce, who stood up. Mr. Griswold felt of his arms and chest and shoulders.

"See, Miss Beech, your brother is not fat. But he's not skinny. Do you see what I mean? What you want is what he has. And that's not fat."

"But he's a boy," I said.

"What you want is twenty-five pounds of good lean meat, and that's the only thing in the world that will give you any shape. And then maybe five pounds of fat."

"You don't want to make me a prize-fighter?"

"No, but it's a great thing to be a tennis champion or swimming champion. You see, Miss Beech, the body should be nearly half muscle. Most of your body heat is produced in the muscles. Most of your food is used up in them. Your health depends upon them."

"So I should join a gymnasium, or something?"

"Not necessarily, but you've got to do more than tickle a typewriter. I'll have to take you in hand and put you in training."

"I'll play your organ for you," I said, "if you'll help me to get muscle."

He asked me what kind of food I lived on. Of course, it was rolls and coffee for breakfast. For lunch, at some restaurant,

I would order lamb chops or chicken croquettes, and then leave most of it on the plate. Then I would have a pot of tea and a chocolate éclair or pastry. The same way at home. Mother always had a nice dinner, but I only picked at the substantial food, and then always finished the cake or dessert. And more tea.

"And that's all you eat?" asked Mr. Griswold.

"You didn't tell him about the chocolate creams, Sis, or the ice cream sodas," said Bruce.

The result of it all was that I went into training, after a fashion, and reformed my diet. I read all the food articles in the woman's magazines, and they were very helpful. I thought I could not drink milk, but I found that if I used enough oranges, grape-fruit and apples, I could get the milk down. I used milk at all meals instead of tea and coffee. I would eat an apple or an orange during the afternoon, and another during the evening, and then I would be able to drink another glass of milk or more before I went to bed. I drank my warm milk, for breakfast, and on going to bed; it helped me to sleep better. I was able to use a quart, up to a quart and a half a day, and that probably had more than anything else to do with building me up. Of course, my walking and other exercise helped to make me hungry.

The next most important improvement in my diet was to use more raw salads and vegetables. Some green food every day, also two or three kinds of vegetables, especially carrots. Also I learned the value of whole wheat bread and bran. I ate less meat, but I had vitamins and organic minerals. I was no longer half starved. For breakfast I had orange or grape-fruit, a small dish of well-cooked oatmeal with cream, but no sugar, a slice of whole wheat toast with one or two dates or figs, or with honey, and a glass of warm milk, not hot.

Keeping in mind the advice about the green food, I made my luncheon usually a salad meal, either a combination salad, lettuce and tomatoes, or a tomato surprise; occasionally a chicken salad. With this I would have bran muffins and a glass of milk. That was a satisfying luncheon, but not too much. Then in order to have my best possible appetite for dinner in the evening I stopped eating candy, though I might eat fruit in the afternoon instead. In other words, I applied the rule that so many sensible mothers now use with their children, permitting candy only after the last meal. I applied this also to sodas.

For dinner I would have a small piece of meat, the only meat all day, but I would try to eat a lot of the vegetables, with whole wheat bread. For desserts we began to depend more on baked apples, prunes and fruit sauces. Then there was my glass of milk, or two. And lastly my bed-time drink of warm milk.

Of course I felt better on this food. I was stronger. All my functions were working better, and more regularly. My nerves were better.

FOR exercise, Mr. Griswold advised walking part way to work and all the way home. I knew I needed this because of the short skirt fashion, but I didn't mention this. What I did say was: "What about my upper body? Are Indian clubs any good?"

He said they were just the thing for chest and shoulders and arms, at least for women. Bruce had an old pair that he used at school. So I used Indian clubs, in time with a phonograph record, ten or fifteen minutes every day. In addition to this, Mr. Griswold gave me three or four exercises for my mid-section, bending down

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to touch the floor and up, twenty times; side bending and twisting around, for my waist; and lying on my back and sitting up, for abdominal strength.

I didn't get all these instructions that first evening, but gradually during two or three weeks. I walked down to the Lake Street Church that evening with Mr. Griswold, to try the organ and see if I could manage it. He was a young man, but sincere, of ability and fine personality. I thought of John and made mental comparisons. The young rector did not suffer by comparison. John was successful and prosperous, with a wonderful new car. Poor Mr. Griswold had only his idealism, his ability that was doubtless wretchedly paid for, and his love of service to his church. Every inch a man.

THEN on a street crossing, we almost ran into John. That is, John in his beautiful roadster, almost ran over us. He honked his horn and stopped his car dead—then he saw who it was. He must have been on his way to my house to make his peace, and here he found me walking out with another handsome young man. He gave me a queer look as he lifted his hat. I nodded and passed on. I thought of his interest in Agnes—that kind of interest, and my resentment came surging back.

Mr. Griswold was engaging. By the time we got to the church I was just beginning to wonder if this splendid young man, even if he made little money, might not more than take John's place. I was self-supporting. I was bitter about John, and I wondered. I had no plan regarding Mr. Griswold—it was just the thought that occurred to me.

When we reached the church Mr. Griswold turned on the lights, excused himself a moment and in another minute returned with a lady whom he introduced as "Mrs. Griswold." You could have knocked me over with a toothpick!

The man was married! Mrs. Griswold was a nice girl, but very plain—dear me, so plain! I wonder why handsome men so often marry homely women. Of course I was nice to her, and when I got used to the idea I found that she was really very nice. Then I became interested in the organ. It was very fascinating, and I almost forgot myself in the music that I tried over. Both the Griswolds walked home with me, and the last thing he said was not to forget my walks.

Bruce went to the theater on Saturday night, the play that I had been invited to, but I went to bed early, like a Spartan. On Monday morning, Bruce told me that he had seen John Tracey at the theater. "Alone?" I asked, before I realized how such a question would sound. Bruce looked at me, something like the way he looked that night when I had the crying spell.

"No, he wasn't alone," he said, in a careless sort of way. I wanted to ask if it was a blue-eyed, bobbed hair blonde, but of course I didn't. I just knew it. Bruce didn't know what else to say, either. But the next thing he did was to put a record on the phonograph, some lively jazz.

"Tell you what you want to do, Sis," said Bruce. "If you want training, you and I ought to do a lot of dancing. That will put some meat on your legs, anyway. We'll get at it tonight, huh? I've got about five minutes now."

And that started that. With me it was a duty. I think the dancing did even more than the walking to build me up, and as time went on we did more and more of it. I never missed a chance to dance. Then the Charleston came in. Bruce went and learned it and taught me. I got so I

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could do it pretty well at home, but not in public. It was a part of just what I needed. I kept on with the Indian clubs and the other exercises.

I tried to forget John in the weeks that followed. Of course I didn't dodge out of his way when he came to the office, and sometimes I met him, but it was different. I felt the stiffness of his attitude and I'm sure he felt in my attitude, a sort of tension. He chatted quite freely with Agnes May. She, by the way, wore her skirts shorter than ever. I didn't know how much he was going out with her, and of course I didn't ask. It was a closed chapter, anyway. But I kept on with my program of training. My pride was aroused. There were other good fish in the sea. And if men were attracted by physical beauty and shapely legs and sex appeal—well, I was a woman, too, and I was going to look like one, if anything I could do would have anything to do with it.

Progress was slow, but it came. One Sunday morning I thought I noticed a little filling out of my calves, and I got quite a kick out of it. It spurred me on. I was even more careful about my food.

Actually I never did get quite the whole thirty pounds extra that we talked about. I am of a slender type, with light bones, and I never would develop the full, substantial-looking legs that some girls have, unless I got really fat. But some people never can get fat. And I wouldn't want to. However, I finally did put on about twenty-three pounds, but that was enough to make all the difference in the world.

ONE day, I think it was five or six months after our break, and I had then gained about twenty of my final twenty-three extra pounds, I had on a new frock, a soft mixture of silk and wool, in a nice gray. It was a color that made my complexion look even brighter than it was. Of course my skin had improved. It was no longer dry and thin; indeed, it was quite a normal, healthy-looking skin. I had gray silk stockings to match and some new pumps. This frock, by the way, was shorter than anything I had worn, but I no longer cared about that. It was very smart. John, having just concluded an interview with my chief, stopped on his way out. I thought he noticed the frock. "You really are getting heavier, and stronger," he said and he stepped back a little for a better inspection. He looked me up and down, very frankly—including my legs.

"Oh, yes," I said, carelessly. "I've been walking a lot."

"I thought you were doing a lot of walking." He said it as with a hidden meaning.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "You nearly ran over me one night, when I was walking to the church where I play the organ—with the rector."

"I saw you with a young man," he said.

"That was the rector. And you almost made Mrs. Griswold a widow."

"Made who a widow?"

"Why, his wife. He's married."

"Oh!"

There was something in the way he said that.

"And then," I added, "I've been dancing—with my brother Bruce."

His face lighted up. "I wonder," he said, "if you and I know the same steps?"

"Do you dance as well as you sing?" I asked.

"Oh, I couldn't dance as badly as that."

"Of course, if you dance worse than you sing," I said, "I've got some nice new songs."

"Thank you, Florence," he said. "Can't we try out the dancing tonight—at the

Rose Bud? We could have dinner there. I'll drive round and pick you up."

It was a surprised mother who met me at the door that evening, when I told her breathlessly that I wanted a bath quick, but no supper. When John came he didn't say a word about my appearance, though he looked a lot.

"You didn't say anything about how I look," I said, as we got into the car.

"I was waiting to be sure that it was you," he said. "You never used to look like this. You're changed, Florence."

"I should hope so!"

"By the way, your little friend, Agnes May—"

I stiffened a little.

"My little friend?"

"She's going to marry Mr. Carrigan, your buyer."

"Oh!" And then I did feel relieved. "Oh, I'm so glad of that," I said, but I meant it in two ways.

After that, the ice thawed out completely—nothing to detract from a perfect evening. Not a sign of a cloud in the sky. The ride was wonderful. The dinner was more wonderful. The dancing was the most wonderful of all. The dancing, for us was new. It put us on a different footing, changed our former relationship. We used to talk, to play and sing. He had admired my "mind." But this dancing—it was more friendly, more personal, more fascinating—it was different. We actually danced until we were tired.

Well, I think you can guess the rest of the story. Within three months I was writing my name with "Tracey" on the end of it. And it was really because the present fashion compelled me to do something to improve myself.

Short skirts, along with bobbed hair, have made life simpler and better. John says it is all due to the vogue of silk stockings. Partly perhaps, but I think it really means that women are more frank and honest, in dress as in other things, and they want to be themselves. Prudery? There's no such thing any more. Anyway, it was silly. If a girl has beauty, why hide it?

Fat and heavy legs used to be almost the rule, mother says. But today they are neat and slender, and yet rounded and developed. The typical girl's legs of today are patrician. They have grace. They express feminine daintiness, even though they fill out the stockings just about right, and help to make the perfect picture of the well-dressed girl. Any woman today is a girl until she's old, and even then she's chipper. And they show the effect of all this dancing, tennis, swimming and walking. Even driving a car gives us lots of exercise for the legs. We feel like getting around with sixteen ounces of clothes, where our mothers used to wear sixteen pounds or more. It was almost hopeless for them to try to be active.

But here and there I still see women with legs that seem to belong to the olden days, either thin and undeveloped as mine used to be, or fat and heavy through lack of activity and over indulgence in eating. And I say to myself that if only they cared to make the effort they could improve themselves—as I have done. They are too easily satisfied with themselves. They do not make an effort, unless their pride is aroused. I could not have such pride in myself if I did not feel that my legs are nothing to be ashamed of, and that my whole body is the same—not heavy, not too big, but healthy, strong, active, full of life and, according to what John says, no longer lacking in—well, the thing that was lacking before, feminine attractiveness.

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OF SMART SET, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Apr. 1, 1926, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. Berlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of SMART SET and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magus Magazine Corporation, 119 W. 40th St., New York City; Editor, F. Orlin Tremaine; Managing Editor, F. Orlin Tremaine; Business Manager, R. E. Berlin. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Magus Magazine Corporation, 119 West 40th Street, New York City; Sole Stockholder, George D'Utassey, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.) R. E. Berlin, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1926. C. E. Stahl, Notary Public, Queens County No. 8752. Certified in New York County Clerk's No. 88 New York County Registers No. 7285. (My commission expires March 30, 1927.) [Seal]

## Dear Doctor

[Continued from page 48]

Very slowly he turned away from the instrument case, a tall, commanding figure yet strangely cool.

I was taken back by his calmness, in the face of such terrible disaster. Had he no heart at all?

"I'm going to adopt him," I said.

He looked away.

"You can't."

"Of course, I can't give him luxuries—"

"But I've already filed adoption papers."

Nothing he had ever said had quite the same effect. Until I realized that I had lost Billy, I hardly knew how much I longed to assume responsibility for him. My brain reeled. I suppose I stared at him stupidly.

"I wanted him," I kept repeating. "I wanted him."

"You never told me."

"Why didn't you say you meant to adopt him?"

Now, I understand that his next move was a kindly one. Then, it infuriated me when he put his hands on my shoulders and held me rooted to the spot.

"Why didn't you say you entertained any such idea?" he asked.

There rose before me the memory of another encounter like this in the children's ward at the hospital. I twisted away.

"O—oo—Dr. Lady," shrieked a voice outside. Billy came strutting in. "Dr. Lady—guess what!"

"I give up, Billy," I said through the numbness.

He clasped me about the knees the way children do, and his little character-doll face, turned up. The tears started to my eyes.

"Dr. Daddy says I'm going to be his little boy," he crowed. "'N I'll be Patty's sister. 'N I'll see you ev'y day, too, Dr. Lady. Gee—Dr. Lady—oo—oo—" he panted, driven to speechlessness by the wonder of it all.

I just bundled him up into my arms and carried him off to my own room. I fought to keep back the tears. It wasn't only the loss of Billy that stung me, but the culmination of months of friction, represented by this incident. I was tired, physically and mentally.

It was dusk. I sat at my window in the house on Poplar Street. Now and then Billy stirred in my arms. Several times he nestled his cheek against the back of my hand, as if he knew of the burden on my heart. We were waiting for Patricia, who had been taken out for an automobile ride by some friends. Billy had come in her absence and he meant to surprise her with the great news.

THE door-bell rang. Before I responded, I knew what to expect. If my brain did not comprehend, at least I had a premonition. For I had dimly recognized the far-off, harsh clang of an ambulance bell.

They brought Patricia in, a little crumpled form resting lightly in the long arms of the ambulance surgeon from Midland Hospital. A policeman followed. For a second everything blurred before me. A doctor must have nerves of tempered steel and a heart of marble. A patient must just be a case—but this patient was Patricia. So white, so still, so relaxed in her unconsciousness that she might have been dead already.

"She mustn't die before he comes," I said to myself. "She's all he has. She mustn't die at all!"

The interne followed me upstairs. He had come to Midland six months after

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I did, and accordingly I knew him quite well.

"Suppose I should have taken her to the hospital," he said huskily. "But I thought Dr. Jarvis—"

"Quite right, Phil."  
I was feeling the pulse, the feeble life-beat that scarcely seemed strong enough to sustain her.

"He'll fix it so you won't get into trouble. What happened?"

"A truck—around that bad corner at East End road. I looked her over. Nothing broken so far as I can feel. One surface bruise on the knee. But I can't get her out of this coma."

In all my life, my wits never were clearer. I seemed to have no body at all. I was just a sharp, alert brain working madly to put my finger on the trouble.

"Can't I do something else, Nona?" asked Phil Manning.

"Warn the housekeeper not to tell Dr. Jarvis; I'll do that. When you get back send a nurse, and tell Traynor I want him with the bedside X-ray."

Not a flicker of consciousness rewarded my first efforts. Her heart was in a dangerous condition; her breathing inaudible except when, at intervals a deep sigh seemed to be dragged up from the depths of her oblivion. The pulse was not only faint, but irregular. But as the interne had said, there were no visible signs of injury.

"Shock," I thought, and for a child with Patricia's heart, to suffer shock was dangerous. Yes, it was fatal, but not so much as in thought would I allow the suspicion to enter.

I flew around opening chests, and closets, getting what I wanted. Mrs. Connor was nowhere around. Hot packs, towels, hot water bags, stimulants. I chafed her hands, her forehead, her cheeks. She was cold and yielded as a pliable wax figure might have done. This inner lack of resistance really drove me frantic. And how sweet she was, lying there stripped of all the artificial petulance which the constant yearning for her dead mother had developed. Her hands lay palms upward as if she were beseeching my aid.

I slipped my hand under her head and raised her a few inches.

"Open your eyes, Patsy darling," I urged. "Come, open them. You've got to open them before daddy comes. You must show him that you're going to stay a little while."

The fluttering stopped. A faint blue tinged her lips. I put her down again. What was I to do? I could not call Dr. Jarvis away from an operation and thus perhaps kill another child.

In spite of the warning Mrs. Connor had received, she told Dr. Jarvis the terrible news. He shuffled into the room a few hours later, shoulders sagging, face seamed and gray. Earlier in the day he had been a vigorous, buoyant specialist, with the world at his feet. Now he was only a broken, frightened man, the father of the child on the bed.

As he approached, I stepped aside to let him look at her. He covered his eyes. "Is she going to die, Doctor?" he asked humbly, as if I were the great authority and he just a beginner.

"Not if I can help it," I assured him, and my voice must have rung with confidence, for he lifted his head and stared at me in bewilderment.

And I meant it. If science and human will power could save that child, I meant to be the instrument of salvation.

The nurse came. The X-ray man. Then two specialists from nearby cities. I wanted them, since for ethical reasons Dr. Jarvis could not assume charge of the

case. At midnight, after the X-ray plates were examined at the hospital, we were informed that the patient showed no sign of internal injury.

"Then it's complete shock," I said. "Complete shock," echoed Dr. Jarvis like one in a daze.

"I think you'd better go to bed," I suggested softly.

"Bed? Oh, no—no—"  
"Now, look here. I'm in authority," I said, forcing a laugh. "I won't have you in this room any more. I order you to bed," and taking him by the arm I led him out.

He yielded because he no longer had strength to resist. "Why did I let her go?" he demanded of me, once we were outside.

"You mustn't blame yourself. The Chases had often taken her driving." "I should never have permitted her out of my sight. Never—"

He went into his room. Downstairs, Mrs. Connor was filling the furnace. The scraping of coal reached my ear. Across the hall Miss Dobbin the nurse, was taking constant record of the child's pulse. Billy—I thought of Billy with a start and instituted a hunt. Soon I spied a bundle rolled up in a big armchair. It was Billy, poor mite, fast asleep in his clothes. He must have been cold. I released his tired little toes from the bondage of shoes, gathered him up and carried him off to Mrs. Connor's room.

Though there was nothing for me to do, or even for the nurse. I kept watch all night. Several times Dr. Jarvis looked in, but I was firm about not having him remain. At three o'clock, Mrs. Connor brought up a tray. I could not eat.

"And is there no change, Dr. Nona?" asked Mrs. Connor.

"None," I said.

"THE good Lord spare her!" she whispered fervently.

Dawn brought no hope, except that Patricia still breathed. The day nurse, coming at seven, persuaded me to try to sleep. I lay down on a couch in the living-room and napped for an hour. I found myself sitting up suddenly as if I had been called. Dr. Jarvis sat slumped in a chair, looking at me with wide distracted eyes that told the story of an agonized night.

Then followed three days that I would like to forget, but the more I try to wipe out the details, the deeper they etch themselves into my memory. For during those three days, the child lay in one unbroken coma, and hope seemed very remote. For three days the tiny spark was kept alive with oxygen, with rare drugs, with every device known to man—including, I am sure—will power.

It seemed to all of us that we were willing that sluggish heart into activity. It was terrible, crushing. A friend sat at the telephone all day answering inquiries. Flowers, fruit, toys from grateful patients arrived every hour. Nobody wanted to believe that the man who had saved so many children should himself become bereft.

And yet, it was still doubtful whether she would ever play with toys again. Billy, wandering forlornly about the house, cried incessantly for Patricia to join him. What could I tell him? Each morning when the sun streamed in through the east windows, it seemed that the child must thrill to the new day. I would watch her by the hour, eagerly awaiting the miracle. Sometimes she appeared so natural that I dared not even glance away lest I miss the great hour of awakening. But at night, when dim lights hung over the bed, all that was an illusion. It was neither life nor



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death but a sort of death in life. She was such a little creature to be battling with the giant, Death. What chance had she?

At about noon on the third day, Dr. Jarvis and I sat drinking coffee in the dining-room. He was completely unstrung. His hand shook as he raised the cup, and at every noise he started. That odd lock of gray hair had turned completely white.

"You must sleep," I said to him. "You'll break down."

"And how about you?"

"I'm doing something. But you're just thinking."

I left him there with his head bowed on the table. "He needs care as much as Patricia does," I thought. I wanted to rush back and stroke his head.

Illnesses of this sort make us feel how little we know of healing, after all. I was thinking that only Divine interference could save her, when I caught sight of Billy kneeling at the foot of the bed in the attitude of prayer. His palms could scarcely meet, they were so chubby, and he had his eyes closed, but he was shouting as if God were so far away that he would not hear unless he lifted his voice.

"DEAR Dr. God! Dear Doctor, if you are a good doctor you must make my sister better. Dr. Lady can't. And Dr. Daddy can't. Dear Dr. God, I want her to get better 'cause she don't know I'm her brother. Please Dr. God? Amen."

What possible connection this waif's prayer had with the occurrence of that evening, who can say? At about nine o'clock, while Miss Dobbin and I sat opposite each other with the bed between us, we started at the same instant.

"Did you see that?" she cried.

"Yes—she opened her eyes."

Patricia's eyelids fluttered. Voluntarily she moved her hand.

"Get Dr. Jarvis," I ordered, and slipped my arm under the child.

"Wake up, Patricia," I urged. "Wake up! That's it. That's the girl. Come dear, open your eyes. Open them—wider—wider—" I was conscious of my own desperation. If Patricia slipped back into the darkness now, we would not be able to recall her.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly the drugged lids lifted. She was too weak to force her eyes completely open but nevertheless it was plain that she was making the attempt. A sob caught in my throat.

"Patsy," I whispered, "do you hear me? Talk to me."

Her lips moved ineffectually. She tried harder, and painful though it was, I rejoiced that she still showed the will to live, at least.

"Mother!"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you—my—mother?"

I had to think quickly. Any means was justifiable.

"Yes, Patsy, yes. You're my own dear little girl."

Her father entered in time to catch a gleam of recognition from the dark eyes he had been waiting these many days to see. Patricia's fingers were twined in mine, and in this way she fell into natural slumber.

"Dear Dr. God," prayed Billy again. "You're a good Doctor. Thanks, Amen."

Slowly I disengaged myself and started out. Dr. Jarvis would want to be alone with his child. But he blocked my path, by seizing both my hands in his. I dared not look up. I was exhausted after the long ordeal and did not know whether I could control myself.

"You don't have to thank me," I murmured.

"I shall never be able to."

Already his personality seemed to assert

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itself over my cold trembling spirit, not with the old authority but with a new warmth.

"I'd have done that for any child," I said.

He pressed my hands.  
"I believe you would."

I wanted more than anything to get away, but at the same time, I stood breathlessly still. One does contradicting things in emotional moments. The child on the bed stirred, and I took the opportunity to free myself.

An hour later, Patricia awoke visibly stronger, bright-eyed, and demanding her mother. I came over.

"You're not my mother," she said, and began to cry.

"Your mother's not here, dearest," said Dr. Jarvis.

The child breathed convulsively.

"She was here before. She told me so."

His eyes sent me a wild appeal. Was she delirious? I smiled. I didn't know how he liked the idea of my offering myself as a substitute, but I meant to go ahead. I was convinced that this obsession had to be uprooted or Patricia would not want to get well.

"Let's pretend I'm your mother," I suggested to her.

**T**HE alarming audacity of the idea dried her tears. "You're not my mother. You haven't got golden hair."

"But you haven't either. Why, Patricia! I never noticed it before. You look just like me."

I sent Billy for a hand mirror. I pressed my face close to hers and together we regarded the images.

"See that, dear?" I said gently. "Your eyes, your nose, your chin—they're just like mine! And our hair is cut the same way. If I had a little girl she'd look just like you."

I could feel Dr. Jarvis's eyes boring into me but I kept resolutely on. A faint flush came into the child's cheeks. She breathed rapidly, almost eagerly. Then her lips parted in a smile and flinging her arms about my neck, she hugged me close and kissed me.

"You'll be my make-believe mother!" she cried gladly.

"Me too," echoed Billy.

Dr. Jarvis sat in suspended stillness, saying not one word.

That evening, on the desk in my office I found a note. "My dear Doctor—I know I'm a bear. But do you think you could marry me?—D. J." Unaccountable anger swept through me. I started out to find him and met him in the hall.

"I was just coming to see you," he told me.

"And I to you."

"I forgot to add something to that last note of mine."

"Does it matter?" I said defiantly.

"I think it does. Though perhaps you took it for granted. I meant to add that—I love you."

My anger gave way to an uncontrollable burst of laughter.

"That's rather important, isn't it?"

"All important. I do, Nona."

"Because I helped save Patricia?"

"No—longer than that, Nona. From the day I decided to adopt Billy."

This may sound very abrupt as I tell it. You must remember that we were two people accustomed to making momentous decisions hastily.

"Do you know I was almost jealous of Patsy a moment ago when she kissed you?" he added softly.

"Well—you don't have to be—" I began.

A second later he had accepted the challenge. We are partners now—forever.



#### MISS ANDERSON'S STATEMENT

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction that Marcelous Marcelers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled. They can be worn any time which means that you may be doing useful work while the hair is being waved.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson



#### Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over 100 other publications witnessed a successful and satisfactory demonstration of these wavers.



#### KAUFMANN & FABRY CO. Commercial Photographers

Maison de Beaute,  
Chicago, Illinois

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Marcelous Marcelers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as it entered my studio. That at the right shows the Marcelous Marcelers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March 1926  
Emma W. Stolzenbach, Notary Public

Just Thirty Minutes—once a week—at home

# Yours..The Loveliest Marcel Imaginable

Be FREE—free from slavery to your hair, from the tyranny of the hot iron, the expense of the beauty shop, the inconvenient "appointments."

Of course you're weary of your unceasing slavery to your hair. You are sick of the endless round of beauty shop appointments, the indifferent operators, the difficulty of appointments, the disastrous results of hot irons, the tedious process of the "permanent," the bother of water waves, the constant expense. But, more than ever, you know how imperative it is to keep looking your best. "If other women can take the time and trouble, if they can afford the money, to keep their hair constantly waved, then I must, too." And you go the weary round again.

#### End—TODAY—the expensive, time-consuming, hair-ruining "beauty shop" habit

Don't be a slave to hair care a minute longer. It isn't necessary. You can be immediately, and permanently, free from all the nuisance of hot-iron marcel, "permanents" and water waves. But that doesn't mean that you must let your hair go, that you are doomed to straight, straggly, unkempt locks. Far from it!

#### A more beautiful marcel than you have ever known

You can have most gloriously waved hair you have ever had—a coiffure of smooth, loose, becoming waves framing your face, showing off your hair in all the beauty of its natural lustre, giving new grace to your shapely head. Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcelers once a week—at home—gives you this marcel of unbelievable loveliness. Think what an untold convenience it will be—never to have to step outside your home again for a wave—never to bother with appointments—never again to experience the disastrous effect of the hot iron.

**A \$1.50 marcel saved every time you use them**  
You know how appallingly your waving expense mounts up—particularly in summer. Often the wave on which you have spent a dollar or more is gone before you reach home. Or a few minutes in a hot, steamy kitchen ruins it. Frequently you are forced to forego a dip in the lake, or other sport, for fear you will spoil an expensive new marcel.

The Maison Marcelers save all this expense and worry. Just the price of a marcel or two, and you are free forever from further expense. In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new hat, in but little more time, you can afford the little frock you want—paid for out of the money saved by the Maison Marcelers.

#### Be the envy of all your friends

Think how your friends will envy you your constant good grooming! Think what a reputation you will earn for unflinching smartness, with hair never straggly and unkempt, but always in the loveliest of soft, becoming waves!

Now you can do what you please, when you please—and have beautifully marcelled locks wave in and week out. What does it matter if a hot game of tennis straggles your locks?

#### All Your Questions Answered in Advance

To anticipate the questions which come up in many women's minds we offer the following answers which are vouched for by any woman who has used Maison Marcelers.

Will the hair be entirely dry at the end of thirty minutes?

Answer: Yes. In using Maison Marcelers, you merely dampen it.

Is all of the hair waved by the Maison Marcelers?

Answer: Yes. The hair is waved right down to the end.

Is all the hair marcelled at one time?

Answer: Yes. There are ten Marcelers in the set, sufficient to do the hair in one operation.

Is more than one set needed in a home?

Answer: No. One set of Maison Marcelers will do very nicely for the family.

How long do the Marcelers last?

Answer: They last indefinitely. We've never known a set to wear out in service.

I have a permanent. Can I use these Marcelers?

Answer: Yes, you can use them. Regardless of how fuzzy the permanent is, it can be shaped into a perfect marcel by these Marcelers.

Thirty minutes with the Maison Marcelers—just the time it takes you to bathe and change into fresh clothes—restores your hair's glorious wave.

What if the morning is spent in heating housework? By the time you have slipped into your crisp afternoon frock, your hair, thanks to your Maison Marcelers, will look as if you had just been waved by the finest operator in town.

What if you do have a last-minute invitation, just as you are washing your hair? By the time it's dry, the Maison Marcelers, slipped on in a jiffy, will have formed every strand into deep, undulating waves smoother and more perfect than it is possible to attain by ruinous hot irons.

#### It waves while you dress

All you do is slip the Maison Marcelers on slightly dampened locks—and while you dress, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcelers off—and your hair lies in a wave as utterly charming as the one pictured above. Does it sound too good to be true? Let your mirror decide. It will prove the almost unbelievable wonder of the Maison Marcelers results.

#### Bring back your hair's natural beauty

No matter how ruined your hair has been by previous waving methods, your Maison Marcelers give it a chance to regain its own soft, silky lustre. It's amazing how quickly you will find it recovering from the harmful results of its mistreatment. As you know, every time you have your hair waved by a hot iron, each tiny, fragile, hollow tube of hair is bent and twisted first in one direction and then another. This constant bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, leaving you with brittle, uneven-length hair.

Once you are freed from the tyranny of hot irons that burn, break and discolor the hair and dry the scalp, the hot blast of water-wave setting, that makes the hair so dry and brittle, or other waving method that takes out all the life and lustre and makes the hair harsh and kinky, your hair begins to return to health and vigor. Six months of the Maison Marcelers, and you won't know your hair, so thick, even and lustrous will it have become.

#### Ideal for any type of hair—any arrangement

It doesn't matter how you wear your hair, in a shingle bob, Ina-Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part, the Maison Marcelers give it the correct line for that style. And it doesn't matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—you will have a wave that is utterly lovely.

It is the simplest thing imaginable to marcel your hair with the Maison Marcelers. Just slip them on, catch the locks in place, and slip them off again at the end of thirty minutes. Anyone can do it. You can marcel your whole head, or you can simply reset the difficult side locks or a few unruly strands in the back. You can sleep with the Maison Marcelers on, if you want. They are made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed.

Before putting this Marceling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcelers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Miss K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marceling outfit is wonderful.

#### A wonderful offer—for a limited time

We know that the quickest, surest way to give this revolutionary new invention complete supremacy over all other waving methods is to place it in the hands of women who will use it. Their enthusiastic endorsement will give this new device countrywide popularity in record time. That is why we are making to you, as one of the first 10,000 women to own the Maison Marcelers, this special, limited-time offer: A complete set of Maison Marcelers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.

#### Send no money—just mail the coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel again. After you have tried this marvelous new marceling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

## Maison de Beaute

711 Quincy Street, Chicago, Illinois

## COUPON

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Gentlemen: Please send me your newly-invented marceling outfit, including Maison Marcelers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

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NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Marceling Outfit will be sent postpaid.





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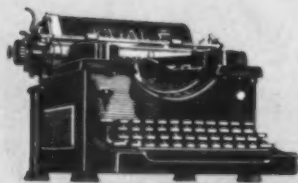
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